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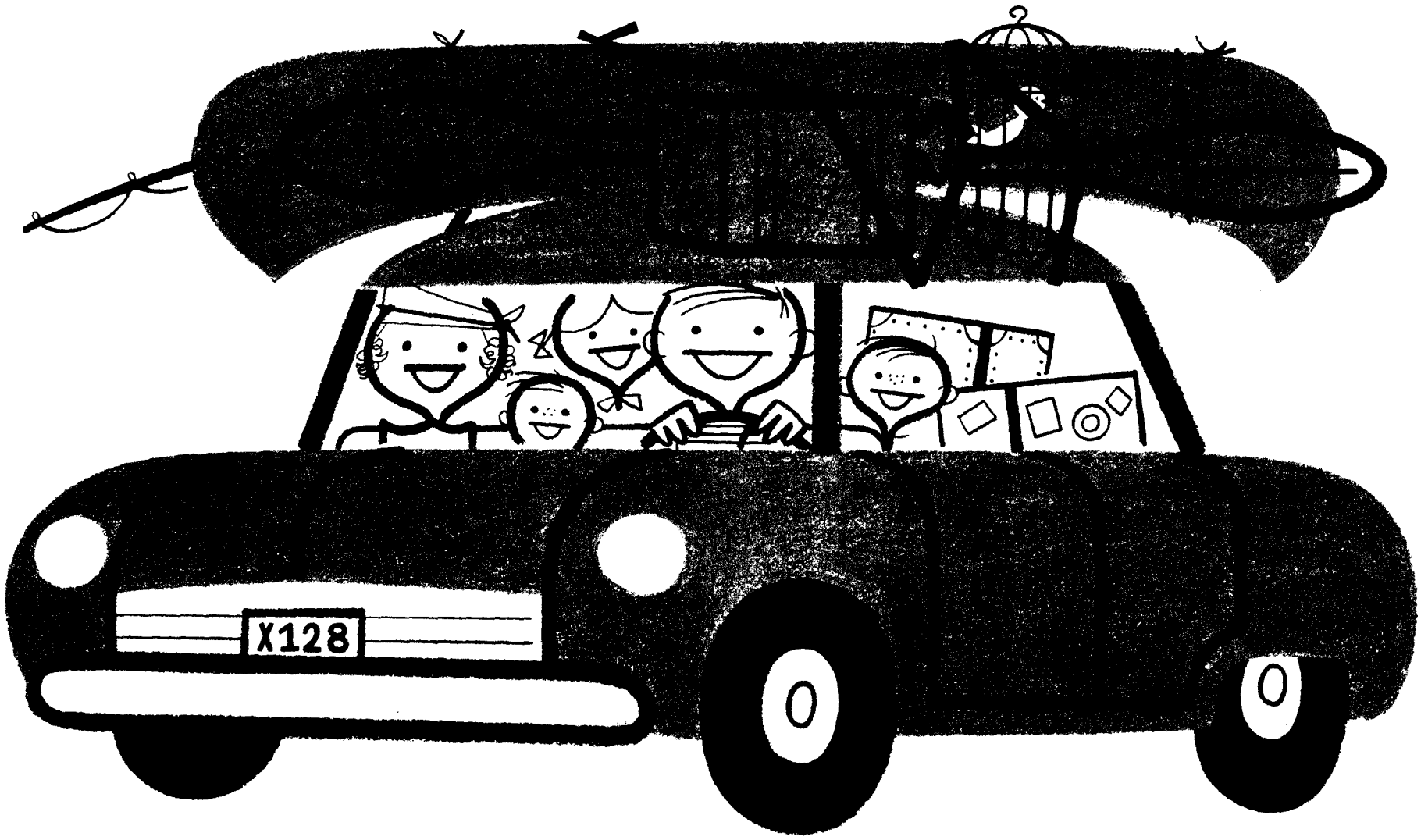

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AUGUST 6, 1954

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THE COVER . . Arthur Lidov

The guard tower in back of Joan (Cupie) Mitchell, five, rises above Alcatraz Island, the site of the most feared prison in America. Because her father, James, is a guard, Cupie and her two sisters live in a three-bedroom home down the cliff a bit from the cell house. Turn to page 19 for the story and first photos of the children who share the 12-acre Rock in San Francisco Bay with 290 problem convicts

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Why the lady's ALLERGY suddenly vanished...

DOCTORS who treat allergy frequently encounter cases that have all the elements of good detective stories.

Consider, for example, the case of the housewife who had asthma and hay fever every summer. Strangely enough, her doctor found that pollens—which usually bring on these disorders—did *not* cause her trouble. Tests showed that she was sensitive to feathers, particularly those of the sparrow.

In tracking down clues to this case, it was discovered that outside the patient's bedroom was a vine in which many sparrows nested. When the vine was cut down and the sparrows departed—so did the patient's asthma!

Allergies may be caused by an almost endless number of substances which, to the average person, are entirely harmless. The person sensitive to one or more of them may develop skin rashes, sneezing attacks, digestive disturbances and other allergic reactions.

Most allergies are mild, and only occasional attacks occur. However, people highly sensitive to such substances as feathers, pollens, or dusts may have attacks so severe and persistent that both physical and mental health are affected. Whether the allergy is mild or severe, it is important to find the cause of the trouble.

In doing so, the doctor asks many detailed questions which may quickly reveal the trouble-maker. When and where do the attacks occur? What kind of furnishings are in the home? What chemicals or medicines were used recently? Are pets kept in the house? What foods have been eaten lately?

Allergies due to an obscure cause—or more than one cause—generally require detailed diagnostic studies, including simple skin tests. These usually reveal the cause of the allergic condition. Once found, complete relief may follow simply by avoiding the offending substance.

If treatment is necessary, the doctor will prescribe in accordance with the nature of the patient's sensitivities. Generally, a series of immunizing inoculations are given. These may greatly relieve allergic symptoms in over 4 out of 5 of the cases *provided patients maintain close and continued cooperation with the doctor.*

Whenever recurring and unexplained attacks of sneezing, itching eyes, skin eruptions, digestive upsets, headache, or "wheezy" breathing occur, medical attention should not be delayed. For early treatment brings best results—especially for "hay fever" and other seasonal allergies.

While medical science as yet has no "cure" for allergy, this disorder can usually be controlled and distressing symptoms greatly, if not entirely, relieved.

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IF SOMEONE were to say to me —and no one ever has—that Ben Hecht and I have a lot in common, I would have to agree. I wouldn't have agreed yesterday, but this is fresh thought with a high butterfat content, and not yet pasteurized. To put it one way, and with modesty, neither of us feels any great embarrassment in the presence of a typewriter. We both have led rather vital lives. We are prose men rather than poetry men, with an extremely limited appeal for the academicians. We are, of course, noncollege men. Moreover we share a slight tendency to be disrespectful and independent —and of course either one of us could take the foregoing and prove it all absolutely wrong. Okay with me so long as *he* doesn't try it.

What this is all about is Hecht's latest book, A Child of the Century, a title which gave me the first of many laughs because I cannot imagine Hecht as a child of anything. The book, an autobiography, is neither childish nor for children. But for the large portion of the public that likes, say, Gene Fowler's books, Ben Hecht's will be just right.

★ ★ ★

WHENEVER YOU see a list of the 10 Best Dressed Women you see the usual names: Mrs. William S. Paley (the former Mrs. Stanley G. Mortimer, Jr., and former to that, Miss Barbara Cushing); Mrs. Winston Guest, Joan Crawford, the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. This, Mrs. That. All names you've seen before with one exception. There is always one dog, somebody you never heard of, somebody whose name gets on the list for one of various reasons: either she's a good customer of the *couturier* who gets out the list, or she has her own press agent, or both.

If all this makes me only a merchant of the obvious, that's what it makes me. But it helps to bring up the fact that Arlene Francis, a while back, was named Woman of the Year by the National Father's Day Committee. They gave her a medal too, inscribed thus: Father's Favorite Female.

The award to Miss Francis raises several points. I can't complain about not being called on telephone polls. I have an unlisted number. But I am a father and I was not asked to vote. This is not to say that I would not have voted for Miss Francis. I have come around to a favorable opinion of Miss Francis after a decidedly unfavorable one that I held during the war, when it seemed to me she made chumps out of contestants on her radio show, Blind Date, for responding to her rather too-obvious appeal. "Mm, a machinist's mate second class, and very nice, too," she would say. "Ong, gong, gong," or words to that effect from the poor boob, who had not managed to wangle a date during his liberty. Since those days Miss Francis has relaxed somewhat, is presented five mornings a week on an NBC-TV show imaginatively called Home, and weekly on ABC's Talent Patrol, an Army variety show, and on the CBS panel show What's My Line?

I cannot tell you the name of any member of the National Father's Day Committee. I assume that they are all men of sterling character,

AL HIRSCHFELD

They also gave Arlene Francis a medal: Father's Favorite Female

representing business, agriculture, the professions and some necktie company. Or the Necktie Institute, if there is one. They meet for lunch at a good hotel, decide to hold Father's Day again this year, and then entertain nominations for Woman of the Year. I am not too curious as to the names of the members of the committee, but would give a quarter to know the names of the nominees who were defeated by Miss Francis. I hereby openly request the list of those names, and if I get them I'll guarantee to publish them. Wouldn't it be awful if they turned out to be the 10 Best Dressed Women?

★ ★ ★

DO YOU KNOW what it would be nice to have? It would be nice to have the money that will be made by the 1954 version of the movie Magnificent Obsession. It runs 108 minutes and my guess is that Universal-International will gross around $50,000 a minute on it. If I'm wrong I'll bet I'm wrong on the conservative side. This one has almost everything: the noble widow, in the person of Jane Wyman; the irresistible regenerated playboy of Rock Hudson, and situations that are absolutely sock. The widow goes blind, her sight is saved by the playboy-turned-medico. There is, too, a splendid offering of a simple religious doctrine; and everything takes place in the zone of plenty, with the implied warning that the rich have their troubles too. It's an absolute fact. I know quite a few loaded people who aren't happy, although in the words of the philosopher Joe E. Lewis: Rich or poor, it's nice to have money. As I once warned you, this department doesn't go in much for reviews as such. I like to present sidebars, as they are called by those curious newspaper chaps. One of my bosses has kidded me about my being fascinated by names, and Obsession gives me plenty of fascinating material. Rock Hudson, for example. When he first came along I thought he was a typo for Rochelle Hudson, one of the prettiest girls that ever appeared in pictures. A pity about him that his real handle, Roy Fitzgerald, isn't fancy enough for him. Then there is a girl named Barbara Rush, a good name to have in a doctoring picture, if you know your medical institutions. (Also a good name if you're doing a picture on the signers of the Declaration of Independence.) But the top fascinator in this one is Gregg Palmer. Do you suppose his real name was Pitman Spencer, or Spencer Pitman? Gregg Palmer, take a letter, longhand and shorthand.

★ ★ ★

A READER wants to know how old I am. That's easy: I was born January 31, 1905. Not going to tell you what time of day because then I'll get a free horoscope, and the last time I got one of those (about 4,000 words long) it bothered me. But I'll tell you in another way how old I am: a patient of my father's used to give me a $2.50 gold piece every Christmas, and I once took four of them to pay my way into the Pottsville Assembly, *the* big dance of the year in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. That ought to date me. Now, if I wanted to be elegant and pay a dance subscription in gold, I'd be thrown in the clink. If you're going to be thrown in the clink it ought not to be for something elegant, but for some boyish prank like the one I *was* clinked up for.

Never mind. ▲▲▲

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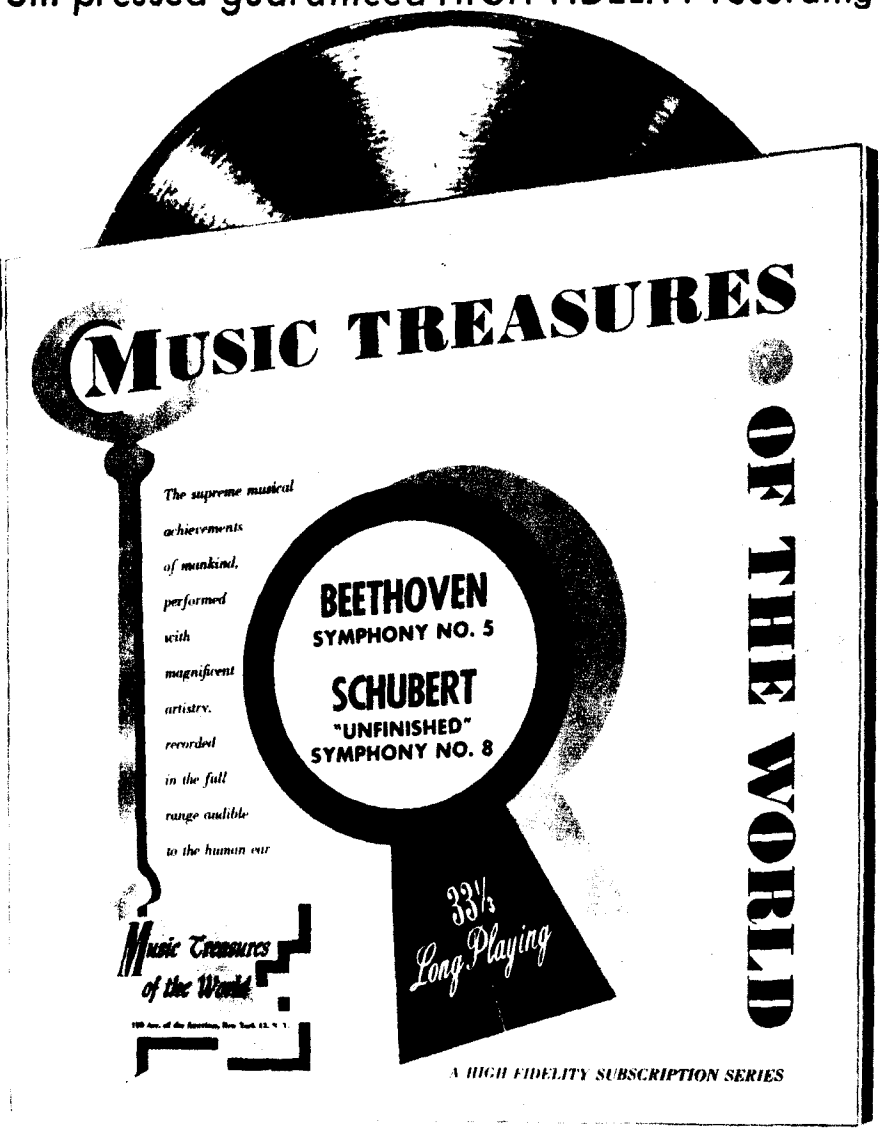

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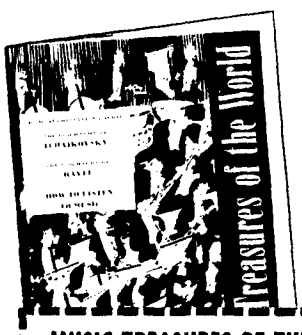

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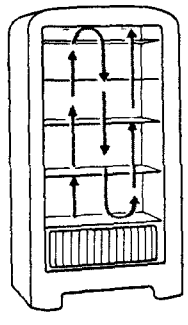

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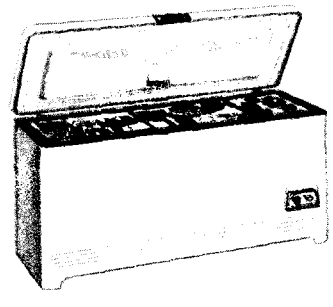

COLLIER'S CREDITS...

WOODFIELD

Strauss gets a scoop at Alcatraz

FEW prisons are run in such secrecy as is Alcatraz, which makes Billy Woodfield's pictures and Gitta Parker's text a very remarkable accomplishment. For this outstanding feature, on which our cover is based, we have to thank Ted Strauss, chief of our West Coast office in Los Angeles, who says he has been itching for years to get a story about the Rock, but could never satisfy both the requirements of security and of reader interest. Some months ago he and photographer Woodfield were allowed to visit the island and go through the main cell block and prison industries buildings, but the chance to do a story seemed as remote as ever.

"As we returned to the mainland on the island commuting boat that afternoon," Strauss tells us, "we noticed about thirty children lined up on the mainland pier. They were carrying lunch kits and books. That's how the idea of doing the Children on Alcatraz occurred to us. Woodfield sent a formal request for permission to shoot the story and it was okayed by the Bureau of Prisons in Washington through Warden Swope."

Thanks, Ted, for going to Alcatraz.

* * *

TOM MEANY'S exposé in this issue of Carl Furillo's trickery in playing the Ebbets Field right-field wall is such a valuable document that Fresco Thompson, Dodger v.p. in charge of farm clubs, is sending a copy to each and every outfielder in the Brooklyn minor-league chain.

So if someday one of them makes the grade and you see him chasing the ball out there with a glove in one hand and the Collier's chart in the other, you'll know what it's all about.

* * *

THE last we heard from Robert Wallsten—actor, playwright and author, who's responsible for the serial that is starting with this issue, Marriage Comes Second—he was buzzing around the Italian countryside in his little French car, "with no schedule, doing what I please when I please."

Sorry, we can't reveal a single exciting experience. "It's all material for a piece I intend to write, so I don't want to say anything about it," he says.

Get that story started, Bob, we want to know what's going on over there.

* * *

JIM POLING, who did the story about water hyacinths, was graduated from the U. of Michigan in 1928, went into publishing and was managing editor of Doubleday & Company when World War II came. After four years in the Navy he became Eastern story editor for a Hollywood motion-picture firm.

"The day I was criticized because my expense account was too low made me realize the movie-mind and mine were not attuned. So I started free-lancing for magazines in 1948 and have never since been criticized for a low expense account. . . .

"The water-hyacinth story had an element of danger. I set the world's straight-up-in-the-air jump record in the Lacassine Bayou. I stepped on a rock, and the rock walked out from under me—it was a doggone armadillo!

"Despite this kind of thing, however, I can testify that you will find more and stranger wildlife around an oasis known as Bourbon Street in New Orleans than in any old bayou down in Louisiana."

H'mmm. Let's have another look at this fellow's expense account.

* * *

JOE LAITIN, in collaborating with Dr. Francis T. Hodges on the story about general practitioners, found that the doctor wasn't the only writer in the Hodges household. Susan, eleven, wrote a verse for us and we publish it because it's the best handling of the subject we've seen:

MAGAZINES
Some magazines are big
Some magazines are small
Some magazines are special
But I like Collier's best of all.

* * *

SUPERHUMAN note about Harold Smith, whose story about safe driving is farther along inside: he taught his wife to drive and she liked it!

Human note about Smith: he has scraped fenders in parking lots twice in 28 years.

Irrelevant note about model Marti Lynn: she demonstrates one of Mr. Smith's maxims on page 76. Below, she is demonstrating how to cause a traffic jam. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

MARTIN IGER

Miss Lynn before being seated

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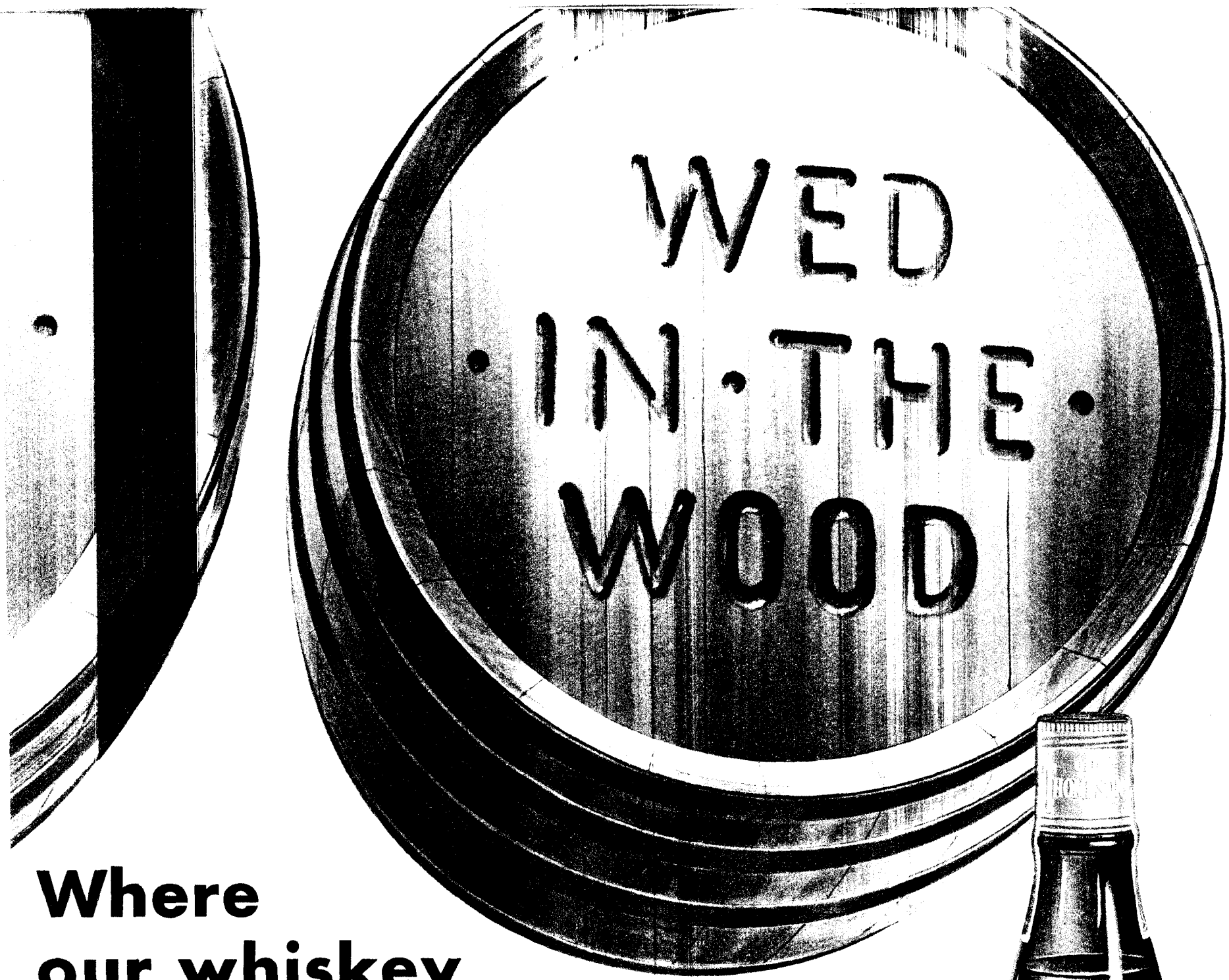

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS...BY GLENMORE

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"Listen," Norm said, "get in there and swim—you're going to win some points"

My Brother's BIG DEAL

By SPAIN SIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

THERE are some people you don't like and you can just walk away from them. And then there are some that you don't like and you can't leave them alone, because you want to kill them—and that was how I felt about my brother, Norm. I never realized how much I hated Norm until he got this job as lifeguard at the Glendale Municipal Swimming Pool. Every summer I live down at the pool, sitting around in the sun, forgetting high-school teachers, and taking a dip from time to time. But old ball-of-fire Norm changed all that; he trapped me into the city swimming meet.

I was lying there minding my own business, everything George, when dear brother Norman took one look at me and went off his old rocker. I should have expected it. I mean, he can't stand to see me relax. No kidding. He's been that way for years.

"Listen, you worthless sunburned slob," he said and shoved me with his foot, "you've been sleeping around this pool long enough. Get in there and swim—and I mean *swim*. You're going to get us some points in this meet." He shoved me again. "Hey, wake up, boy—I'm talking to you!"

Man, what I hate most about Norm is the way he hollers at me. It's terrible. Just because he won the breast stroke in the Olympics—and all the women hang around him practically breaking their faces off smiling at him—he thinks he can give me The Word.

I opened my eyes and saw his big feet in front of my face. Right then I should have grabbed his ankles and upset him. He would have fallen backward and fractured his skull on the concrete edge of the pool. I mean, they couldn't have pinned anything on me; it would have been an accident—a couple of brothers horsing around. I would have been real sorry about it.

"Well?" he said. He put his foot on my stomach and kind of stood on me. We were drawing a pretty good crowd.

"Okay, okay, Kingfish," I said. "Now get off my stomach."

Man, that guy's a character. He won't let anything alone until he's got his way—or it blows up in his face. I *had* to say yes.

Norm is studying law at USC, and he's always sounding off about Life. He thinks he's real deep. But if you ask me, all he's good for is swimming and the malts and hamburgers that he buys at noon and splits with me. He's pretty strong, too. He can squash a beer can with his bare hand. Not that he ever drinks the beer—he just squashes the can. I mean, he's got his good points, but he certainly is a lousy human being. Mom says I shouldn't talk like that about Norm, that we're just different types. I guess she's right. I read books and am faintly amused by life. I always say: Why knock yourself out? What's it going to get you?

I WENT into training with Swede Pollard, Eldon Rumrill and five other guys that hung around the pool, and we all got pretty fed up. Norm kept hollering at us all the time, even when we were half drowning from exhaustion. And when I'd be so tired I couldn't even see, Norm would yell at me, "What's the matter, boy? You want water wings?" That was Norm's standard insult for anyone who couldn't swim.

Then one night after everyone else had gone in to get dressed, he stopped me at the shower-room door. He was standing in the foot bath, blocking the way.

"I guess you're pretty fagged, aren't you, Pete?" he said, and he actually looked sorry for me.

"Yeah," I kind of moaned, and smiled painfully at him. But when I tried to go past him, he shoved me back and came charging out of that foot bath like a maniac.

"Hit the water, boy," he yelled. "Hit the water or I'll drown you, one lung at a time. What do you mean, you're fagged! I'll show you what fagged really is. You're going to come out of that water as limp as seaweed." I ignored him. I turned and started for the shower room.

"Hey, chicken legs," he yelled, "where do you think you're going?"

I turned around and glared at him. "Look," I

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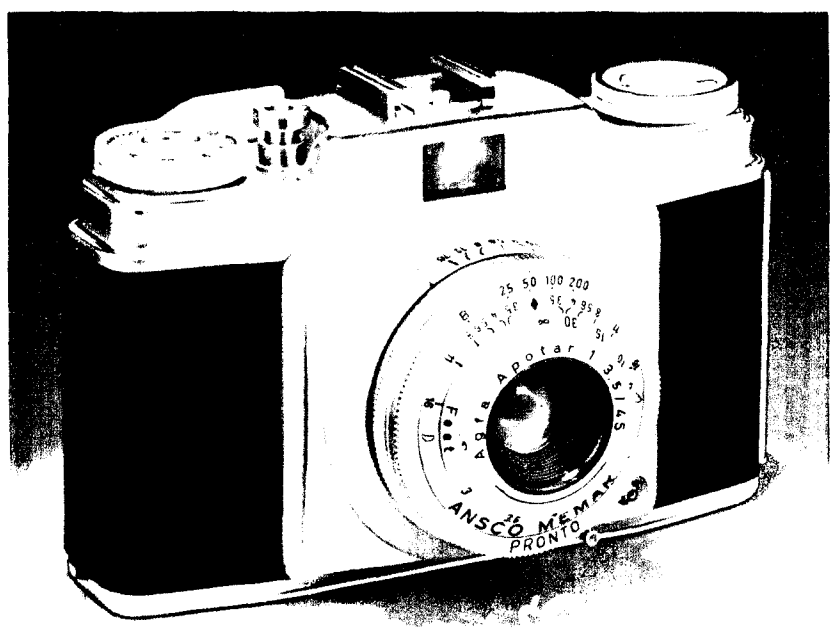

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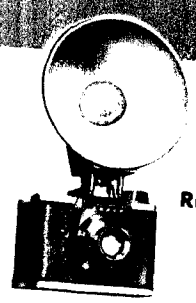

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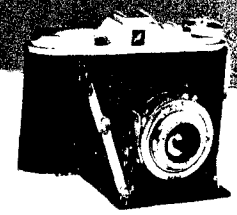

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said. I was so mad I could hardly think. "I know you're a big, tough guy, Norm; but I don't go for this sadism stuff, see."

"What d'you mean, sadism?" he said. He took a step toward me.

"You heard me," I said, "sadism. Why are you picking on just me?"

"I'm not going to have my kid brother flapping around like a lousy chicken in the water. When that meet comes off, you're going to know how to swim."

"Okay," I said, "if I'm such a lousy swimmer, why did you pick me anyway? I didn't ask to get in on this crumby deal."

"We need everyone we can get; nobody's going to chicken out now."

"Chicken," I said. "Is that the only word you know? Chicken this, chicken that. Boy, what a vivid vocabulary."

"Hit the water, boy," he said, coming toward me.

"Hit it yourself," I said. "I'm through. I quit." I turned around and started walking away from him. He grabbed me by the neck and the ankle. I remember sailing through the air and hitting the water flat on my stomach.

"I'll kill you!" I yelled when I surfaced. I would have, too. I was crazy mad. I've never hated anybody so much in my life. Then he dived in and pushed me under and straddled me like I was a bucking bronco. I kept thinking that he'd get the chair for this. I'd drown, and the body would come floating up to the surface a few days later, and some old babe would see it and let out a yipe. "You'll burn for this," the cops would be saying to Norm, and his face would be white as a sheet. Man! I *wanted* to drown!

"Okay," I said, when Norm jerked me up.

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, I'll work out."

"That's better," he said. "This is one time you're not going to walk off like the royal governor of Moravia. Mom and Dad may let you get away with that routine, but you made a deal with me." He ducked me.

"That's right," I said, gasping for air when I came up.

"What's right?" he said, ducking me.

"I mean, I'm not the royal governor of Moravia."

"That's right. You're just a scroungy little fifteen-year-old blip." He ducked me again.

"That's true," I slobbered. I was hiccuping water.

"That's better," he said. "Now smile." I smiled hysterically. I could wait. I'd put arsenic in his malt. He'd never know what hit him.

THE night of the meet he reminded us how to tuck for turns and how a racing dive should be aimed out into the air instead of down into the water. I didn't bother to listen.

Suddenly he turned to me in front of everybody and said, "And as for the chicken here, I'll be standing by with the water wings." That practically killed them. Old Swede almost choked to death. I didn't say anything, just gave them all my old, faintly interested smile. Man, how corny can a guy get!

The fifty-five-yard free style, my event, was the first of the evening. Swede and the rest of the team came over and slapped me on the back—everybody, that is, except old Iron-lips Norm. "Good luck, Pete," they said. But it didn't do any good. There in the glare of the lights, with everybody and his cousin staring at me, I felt like I'd been wound up so tight I'd burst. My tongue felt like cotton, and I started trembling. Norm was right, I thought. I was chickenhearted. And now everybody was going to find it out.

I turned from the diving ledge and tried not to notice the eyes that watched me going to the showers. Then I saw somebody coming toward me from the shower room. The loud-speaker, which was blaring the names and positions, suddenly went silent, and then it announced that the Glendale coach was bringing one of his men a pair of water wings. Norm stood there in front of me grinning, and holding them out. "Here," Norm said, "I guess you'll be needing these."

I didn't think. I could hear the crowd laughing. I grabbed the wings and slammed them back into my brother's face. Then I turned back to the diving ledge and went into a diving crouch. When the gun went off I was in the air.

ALL I remembered afterward were the white lines of my lane dimly showing under the water, the arms of other swimmers flashing in the light, and then my head cracking into the end of the pool. Some guys hauled me out and I stood there weaving dizzily, listening to the loud-speaker, hearing my name announced as the winner of the race. I had broken some kind of record for the city. There was a lot of roaring and clapping and confusion, but all I wanted to do was to get out of there. They could have it—Norm and everybody else. They could have their big lousy deal. I started for the showers ignoring their blue ribbon.

The crowd got quiet, and all you could hear was the water lapping at the sides of the pool while I walked past.

Then, just as I was about to go into the showers I bumped into old Norm, standing in the foot bath with his arms crossed on his chest. One side of his face was bleeding where I'd hit it with the valve on the water wings, but he was grinning from one big ear to the other. I mean, he has ears like a donkey, and they stick out when he smiles.

"Hello, Kingfish," he said.

"All right," I said, "you got your points." I started to go past him, but he shoved me in the face.

"Where do you think you're going, Governor?" he said. "You got to go back and get your ribbon, boy."

I just stood there, not moving; I still felt like killing him. Then he went on, getting kind of mad, and yelling, "Look alive, Governor, your public's waiting. And I want you here at nine o'clock tomorrow, understand! I'm not going to have my little brother flapping around at the Olympics like a lousy chicken in the water." He really looked mad, and he was hollering his head off. But for the first time in my life, I didn't mind. Suddenly I started laughing, and I couldn't stop. I couldn't stop because I knew he was my brother who loved me—my brother who wanted *me* to be a champion more than anybody else in the world.

I laughed like a crazy fool all the way back to the judges' stand, and old Norm was pushing me and hollering at me like a madman. And the crowd was laughing too. That Norm! I mean, he's really a character, but he's got his good points. —SPAIN SIRE

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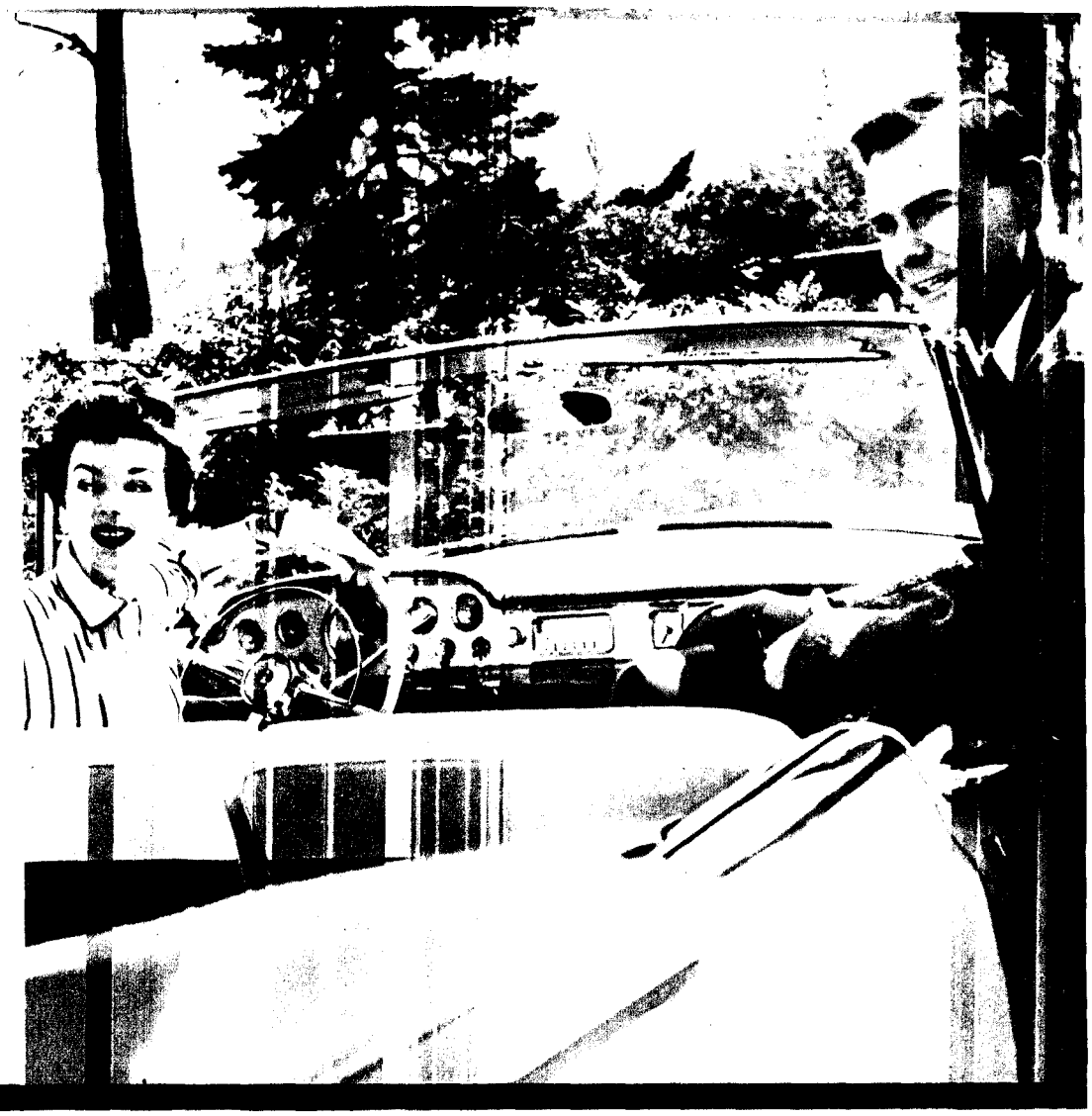
YOUR NEXT CAR



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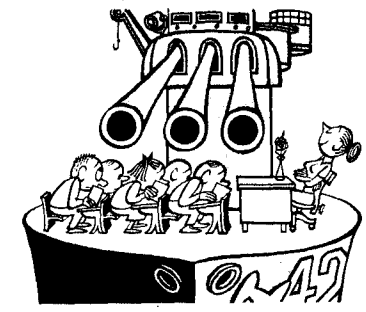
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This cop in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was just about to hang a ticket on a long-overparked car. But he changed his mind when he read the sticker on the windshield: "This car is the property of the United States government. Traffic tickets must be accompanied by the regulation seven carbon copies."

★ ★ ★

One of the better ideas arriving at our beat-up desk this week is from Mrs. Polly Angelinio, of Moscow, Idaho. She's all for converting obsolete Navy ships into schools. Tie them



IRWIN CAPLAN

up on the water front and pipe the kids aboard. Might have some trouble mooring them on the shores of Moscow, Idaho, for example, but it's still a good idea for somewhere.

★ ★ ★

In St. Louis, Missouri, Mr. Leon Duchoquette was purchasing a bottle of perfume for his girl. "This," said the lady behind the counter, "is something special." Mr. Duchoquette read the leaflet that came with the bottle: "The head of the fragrance," it said, "is floral, with a high-pitched soaring, piercing top note. The base reveals dry, spicy, woodsy and lightly amusing characteristics." Mr. Duchoquette, duly impressed, nodded. "Wrap it up," said he. "This ought to do it."

★ ★ ★

If we hadn't read the last paragraph of what those doctors at the University of Rochester (New York) Medical School had to say, we'd have felt better. They said an atomic bomb's blast will not burn you if you duck within 1/25,000 of a second. But then they had to add, it's not possible to duck that fast.

★ ★ ★

Breathing heavily, a handsome couple dashed in to a justice of the peace's office in Manchester, New Hampshire. "Make it fast, Judge," gasped the young man. "We're double-parked outside."

★ ★ ★

This orator told an unflatteringly calm audience in San Francisco there is too much hysteria in America. Whereupon, Mr. Noel Blankenburg reports, a cynic in the front row asked: "Just how much would you say is the right amount?" (It's interesting to note that most stories like this have the cynics sitting in the back row.)

★ ★ ★

The three young women sitting just in front of Mr. Tim Haehle in a Hastings, Nebraska, bus were heckling the driver. The driver paid no attention, until one of the girls asked him whether he would mind if they smoked. "Not at all," said he. "But some ladies may get on, and they might."

★ ★ ★

To add to the world's troubles, Texas and Wisconsin are now unfriendly. Someone in Wisconsin declared publicly that diapers in the Badger State are as large as any used in Texas. Lone-Star Staters not only deny it, but add that there are more diapers in Texas than in Wisconsin. The latter replies that there may be more in Texas, but only because Texans wear them longer. United Nations sidestepping the issue.

★ ★ ★

Demosthenes with his pebbles was a chowderhead compared with a neighbor of Mr. Carlos LaBine, of Des Moines, Iowa. The neighbor yearns to make his son an orator. Every evening he requires the lad to repeat 50 times at top speed: "Bill Bates Bites Bigger Bloated Blotters"—and do it while chewing two packs of gum.

★ ★ ★

Unidentified customer in Portland, Oregon, threatens to turn in his citizenship, resign from the United States. And all because this country devotes but one Day to Mother and a whole Week to Doughnuts.

★ ★ ★

We've had several complaints from Billings, Montana, about the absence of that city from these columns. We've been doing our best, but Billings must help us. For example, we do not regard as too important the news we re-

ceived that a gentleman had his watch stolen in a Billings bookshop while selecting a few whodunits.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Paul Crume, of Dallas, Texas, insists he saw a trailer carrying a large sign on the rear: "Room for Rent. Must Be Willing to Travel." ▲▲▲

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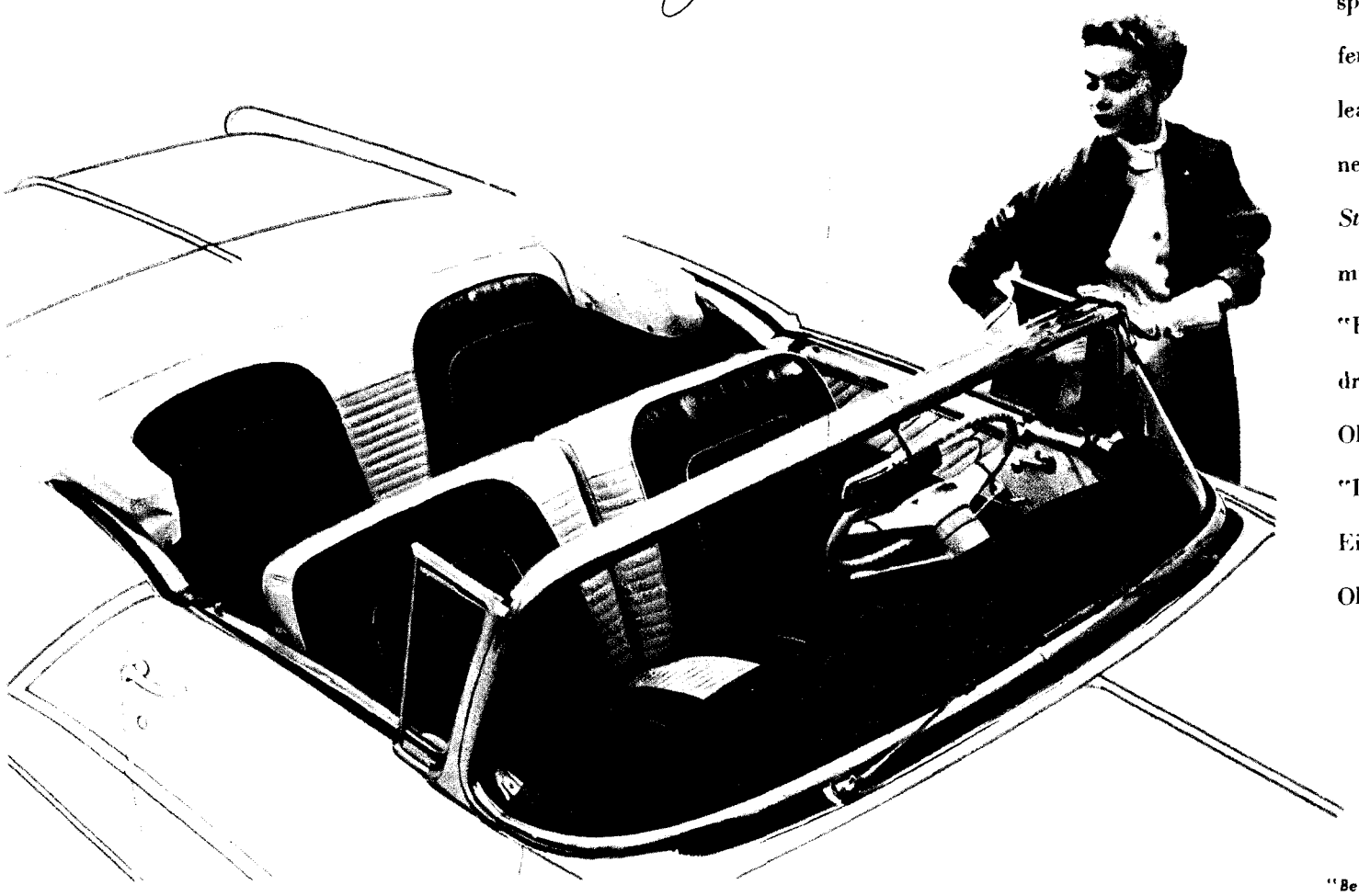

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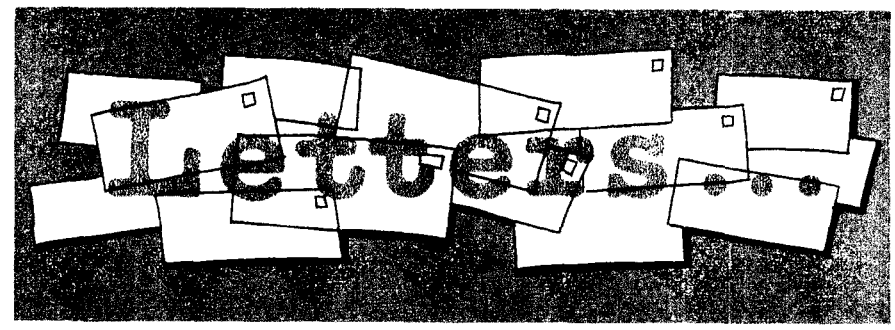

Charities & Rackets

EDITOR: All legitimate philanthropies that honestly endeavor to meet legitimate needs have applauded the work of the Tompkins-Rabin Committee in New York State. Senator Bernard Tompkins and Collier's are to be congratulated on his summary of the committee's findings in his article When You Give—Are You Being Taken? (June 25th).

At one point, however, we regret that an inaccurate impression was conveyed in the reference to a dog-guide organization "dedicated to the training of Seeing Eye dogs." The name "Seeing Eye" is registered in the United States Patent Office and when correctly used refers only to dogs trained by The Seeing Eye, Inc., of Morristown, New Jersey. The Seeing Eye is this year observing its 25th anniversary, and at no time has it ever participated in any of the types of fund-raising activity described in Senator Tompkins' article.

Because The Seeing Eye is the oldest dog-guide school in America, the public often assumes that all dogs accompanying blind persons must be Seeing Eye dogs.

GEORGE WERNTZ, JR.,
Morristown, N.J.

Collier's regrets having succumbed to the prevalent error, which Mr. Werntz mentions, of confusing a specific registered title with a generic term. Our apologies, and anniversary congratulations to The Seeing Eye for its pioneering work.

. . . You have certainly done your readers a great service by publishing Senator Tompkins' article on fund-raising rackets.

We in the professional fund-raising field can only endorse the action his committee has proposed.

I do have this complaint, though: the article leaves the impression that most professional fund raisers are to be distrusted or even investigated for fraudulent practices. Your readers deserve to be informed that there are at least 25 firms and many individuals who render great service to communities and agencies and who maintain the highest professional standards.

WALTER W. REED, Kansas City, Mo.

Senator Tompkins' article specifically pointed up the contrast between "fantastic disproportions" and the "well-conducted operations" to which Mr. Reed refers.

. . . Bernard Tompkins' vicious slander of one of the finest service organizations, the Disabled American Veterans, has raised my blood pressure alarmingly. Does he really believe that the disabled veteran is asking for a cash handout?

The Disabled American Veterans is a service organization which acts as a liaison between the disabled veteran and the government. By careful study of the laws as they pertain to this particular group of veterans they are able to prosecute where patent injustice has been done, advise on rights and benefits and, above all, expedite our business with the Veterans Administration.

Money given to the DAV is not misused nor is it abused. The service officers earn their salaries. But to pay them, money must be raised.

MRS. CHARLES WAINER,
Dayton, Ohio

No slander was stated or intended. The author simply called attention to what are apparently inefficient, expensive methods and misleading techniques of solicitation for a worthy cause.

Eartha

EDITOR: I read your fine article Eartha Kitt—Fire in Ice (June 11th) with a good deal of interest and amusement. It seems to me that you covered the rapid rise of Miss Kitt in the entertainment field rather completely, with one possible exception. I do not believe you included the possibly inconsequential information that Miss Kitt was a member of the Claude Marchant Company, a dance group in Europe, when she was still known as Erza Kitt.

At that time, it appeared that her career would take a more terpsichorean direction, because she was a rather good dancer. Obviously, it all worked out for the best.

PAT TIERNEY, New York, N.Y.

. . . One paragraph in your article about Eartha Kitt doesn't quite make sense to me: In 1943 she went to work in Brooklyn repairing uniforms taken from the wounded and dead on the battlefields.

I served in Germany and I've seen my share of wounded and dead but not once was the uniform removed to be mended, or for any other reason.

J. P., New Britain, Conn.

Reader J. P. is correct. Uniforms of the wounded were occasionally salvaged and, in some instances, sold to private companies for reconditioning and resale to Army-Navy stores and similar outlets. At no time were uniforms removed from the dead for salvage.

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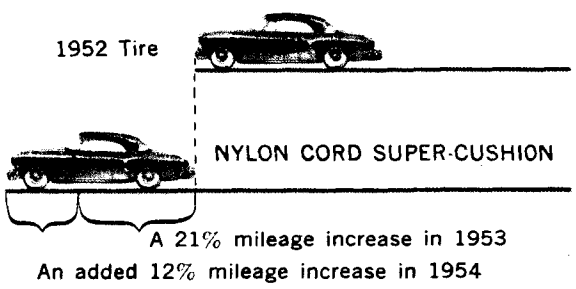
524,880 impacts on knife-edge steel rails couldn't damage NEW 3-T ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHIONS!

Test location: Courtesy L. B. Foster Company, Delawanna, N. J., Warehouse and Plant

We asked a test driver to take these new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushions back and forth over this torture rack (see photo at right, which shows how deep these steel edges bit into the tire). After more than half a million jarring impacts, the tires were carefully examined inside and out. *And no tire body damage of any kind could be found!* Dramatic proof that you can't beat Goodyear's Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord for miracle strength and safety.



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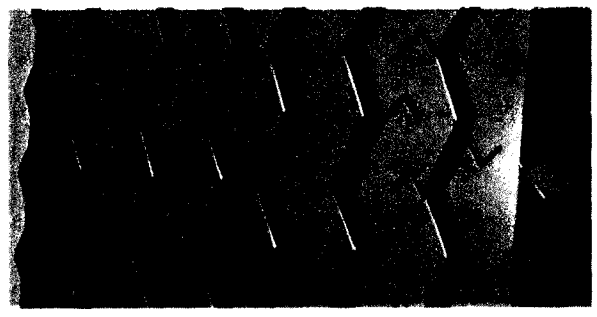

Quieter ride! 15% greater traction! Squealing on turns has been practically eliminated by a new anti-vibration tread design. 1806 inches of nonskid edges, 880 deep-cut safety-slots give 15% safer traction and greater skid resistance.

Only Goodyear has Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon!

Nylon is the best tire cord—*if the stretch can be controlled!* But, unless properly pre-conditioned, *Nylon stretches under tension.* To control this stretch, Goodyear developed an exclusive triple-tempering process involving Tension, Temperature and Time. The result—Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord.

Only Goodyear produces a Nylon cord that is fully controlled at its point of maximum strength and resiliency. Be sure *your* Nylon cord tires are made with 3-T Nylon Cord—and that means *Goodyear*. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOODYEAR

See TV's Great Dramatic Show, "The Goodyear TV Playhouse," Alternate Sunday Evenings, NBC-TV

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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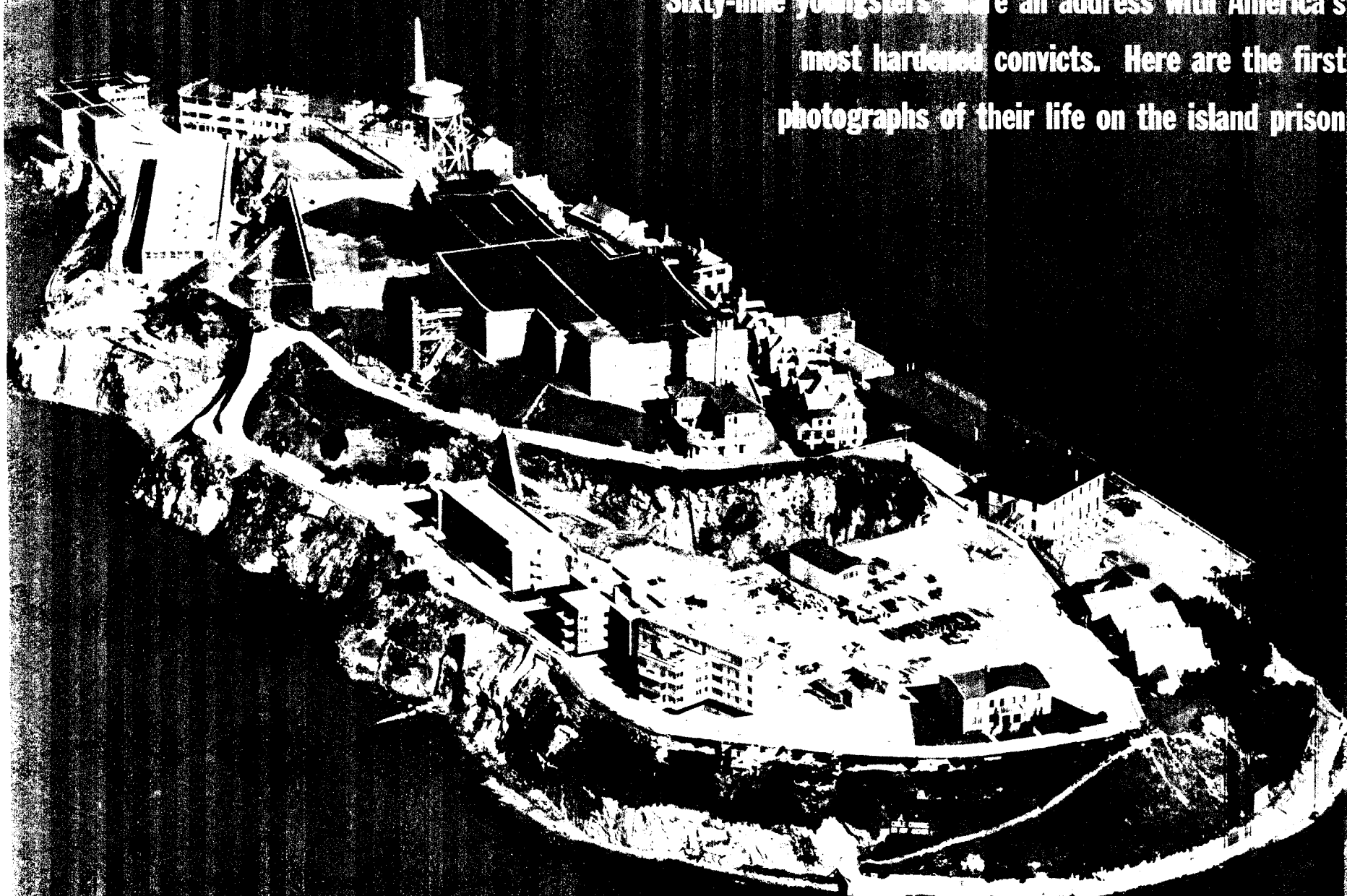
[illegible] on Alcatraz

Photographed for Collier's by WILLIAM [illegible] WOODFIELD

Alcatraz tot Danny Hudson, age 2½

Sixty-nine youngsters share an address with America's most hardened convicts. Here are the first photographs of their life on the island prison



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEY

Turn the page for story and exclusive pictures

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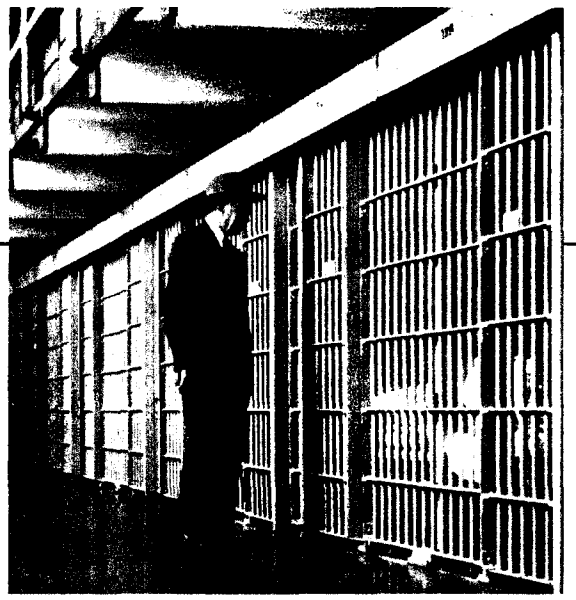


Warden Edwin Swope, in charge of Alcatraz since 1948, inspects a typical cell block

The surroundings are forbidding for Alcatraz children. But their routine is happy, almost normal

FOR 69 normal American youngsters, ranging from tots to teen-agers, the toughest federal prison in the land is no more forbidding than a fenced-off schoolyard. They are the children of the guards of Alcatraz Island, the 12-acre, mystery-cloaked "Rock" in the middle of San Francisco Bay housing the federal government's maximum security penitentiary. Their neighbors in the yellow, two-story cell house that crowns the island are 290 prisoners who were sent to Alcatraz because other U.S. penal institutions couldn't cope with them.

The children and their parents occupy apartments and cottages dotting a four-acre section on the south tip of Alcatraz. Three hundred feet of distance and a barrier of steel towers, concrete walls, wire fences and armed men separate the circle of homes from the prison heights.

From their windows, the happy boys and girls of Alcatraz have an unequaled view of one of the world's great panoramas: the breathtaking Golden Gate and the cities perched around San Francisco Bay. Much closer at hand, they look down to the bottom of the island and glimpse convicts loading wash from the prison laundry onto barges for delivery to nearby government installations. Otherwise, the only prisoners the children see are the three or four trusties assigned to collect garbage and tend gardens in the residential area.

The chief link between the island and the mainland one and a half choppy miles away is a 64-foot cabin cruiser, named the Warden Johnston after the man who ran Alcatraz when the prison was established in 1935. Each crossing takes 13 minutes and the boat makes 14 round trips a day.

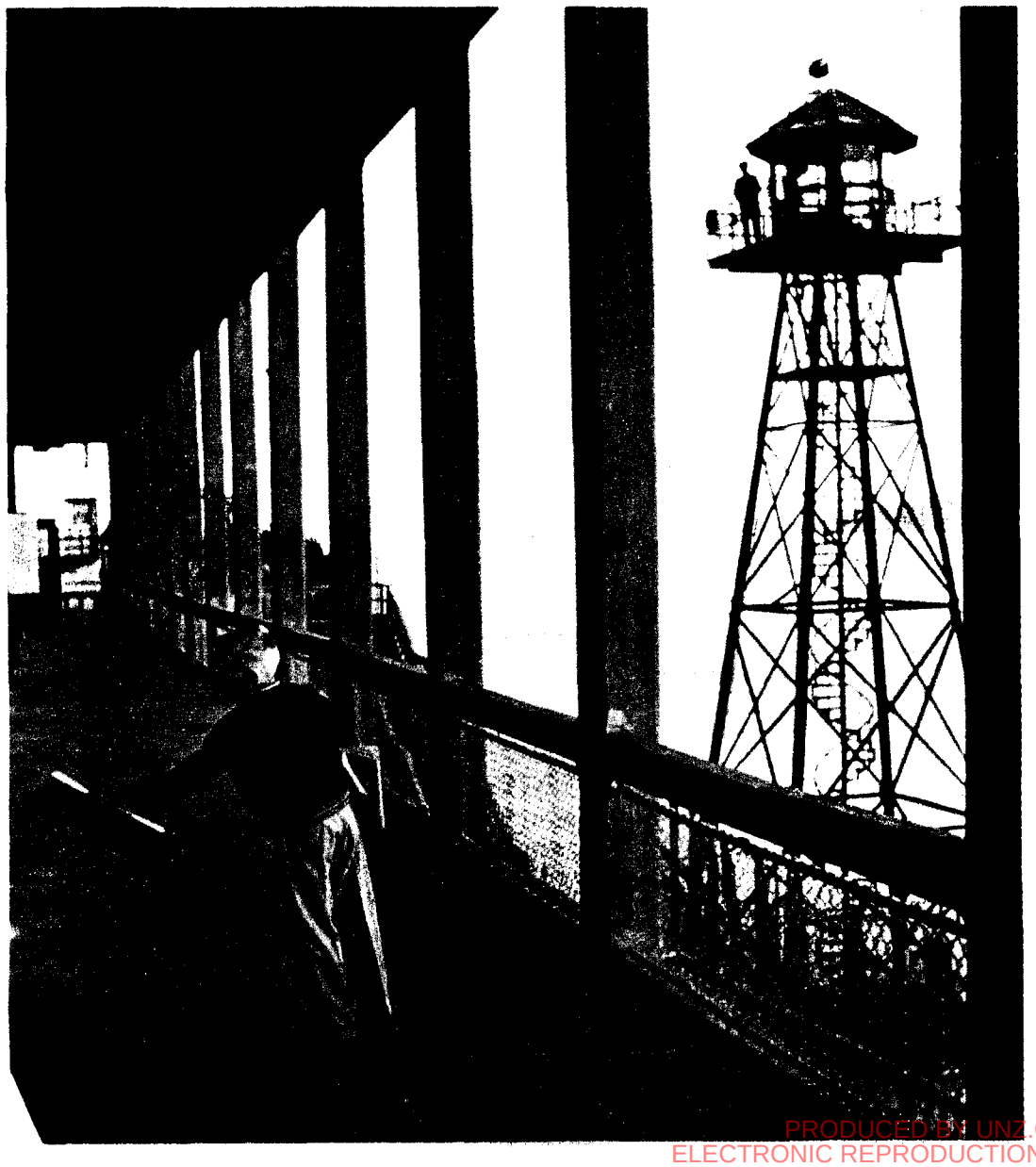
The older children, who board the boat every morning for the trip to San Francisco and public or private school, have grown accustomed to the convicts who share their island address. But sometimes the toddlers who rarely leave Alcatraz ask why the men in the blue denim suits are so carefully guarded while everyone else can run about freely. One troubled mother tried to explain by saying that "the bad men didn't eat their vegetables."

After hearing the explanation, her three-year-old daughter walked over to a grizzled trusty and sadly inquired: "Aren't you sorry you didn't eat your carrots?"

CONTINUED

Grim walls of the prison fall away as childre

Before catching boat for school, Bobby Hart delivers newspapers to the guards' apartments. The bulletproof watchtower is fifty feet high



Guard Ken Blair, off duty, serves youngsters at favorite hangout, Officers' Club fountain

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commute to San Francisco schools on island boat, Warden Johnston. Convicts on board always are handcuffed and locked in sealed-off room

Kay Bergan (l.) and Agnes Roberts, both 16, came to prison island as infants. San Francisco sky line is etched across Bay

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Cover model Cupie Mitchell and sister Susie, 7, have lived only on Alcatraz

Cap pistols are prohibited; so are rubber knives

LIFE on Alcatraz for its younger residents is almost—but not quite—like life in any other offshore community. The island has areas for ballplaying. There's fishing and jump rope and billiards and bowling. Twenty-five-year-old Margie Hack, daughter of a former guard and now the wife of one, even conducts dancing classes twice weekly for the 18 girls, aged four to fifteen, who make up the ambitious Alcatraz Ballet.

But high up the cliff, the most notorious prison in the country casts a restricting shadow on all Alcatraz Island's activities. It couldn't be otherwise. Here is a penitentiary so severe that prisoners are confined to their eight-by-six-foot cells at least 12 hours a day. It's so isolated that inmates rarely have more than a dozen visitors a month among them. And its borders are administered by officials so security-conscious that guards on the prison floor do not carry weapons —so they can't be disarmed—but are protected constantly by armed guards on high watchtowers and catwalks who can take charge instantly if a convict makes a single wrong move.

The rigid security extends to the island's shore. Each time the Warden Johnston docks there, its ignition keys are hooked to a line and hoisted to a bulletproof guard tower until the next departure time.

Returning school children, who are among the boat's most regular passengers, have become almost as oblivious to the meaning of the two large yellow signs which greet them on shore as they would be to old election posters. One sign reads: *Warning—Persons Procuring or Concealing Escape of Prisoners are Subject to Prosecution and Imprisonment.* The other cautions: *Keep Off! Only Government Boats Permitted Within 200 Feet. Persons Entering Closer without Authority Do So at Their Own Risk.*

Two other limitations, however, have much more meaning for Alcatraz youngsters: they are never permitted to step outside the fenced-in residential area; and they must observe a curfew which keeps them at home after 9 P.M. on weekdays, and 11 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays.

Another rule limits, but doesn't eliminate, a traditional boys' game. Alcatraz' children are forbidden hunting rifles, or even cap pistols and rubber knives. So when the cry goes up, "Let's play cops-and-robbers," no toy arsenal appears. The moppets substitute their fingers as they chase one another beneath the rocky prison walls and shout: "Bang! Bang!" —GITTA PARKER

Veteran Alcatraz guard Lieut. Emil Rychner watches Billy Hart line up shot in Officers' Club

Instructor Margie Hack helps young pupil as the Alcatraz Ballet class rehearses for a production

Youngsters dash across play area in shadow of cell house. Exclusive photos were taken after years of secrecy designed to make Alcatraz a legend to inmates of other prisons

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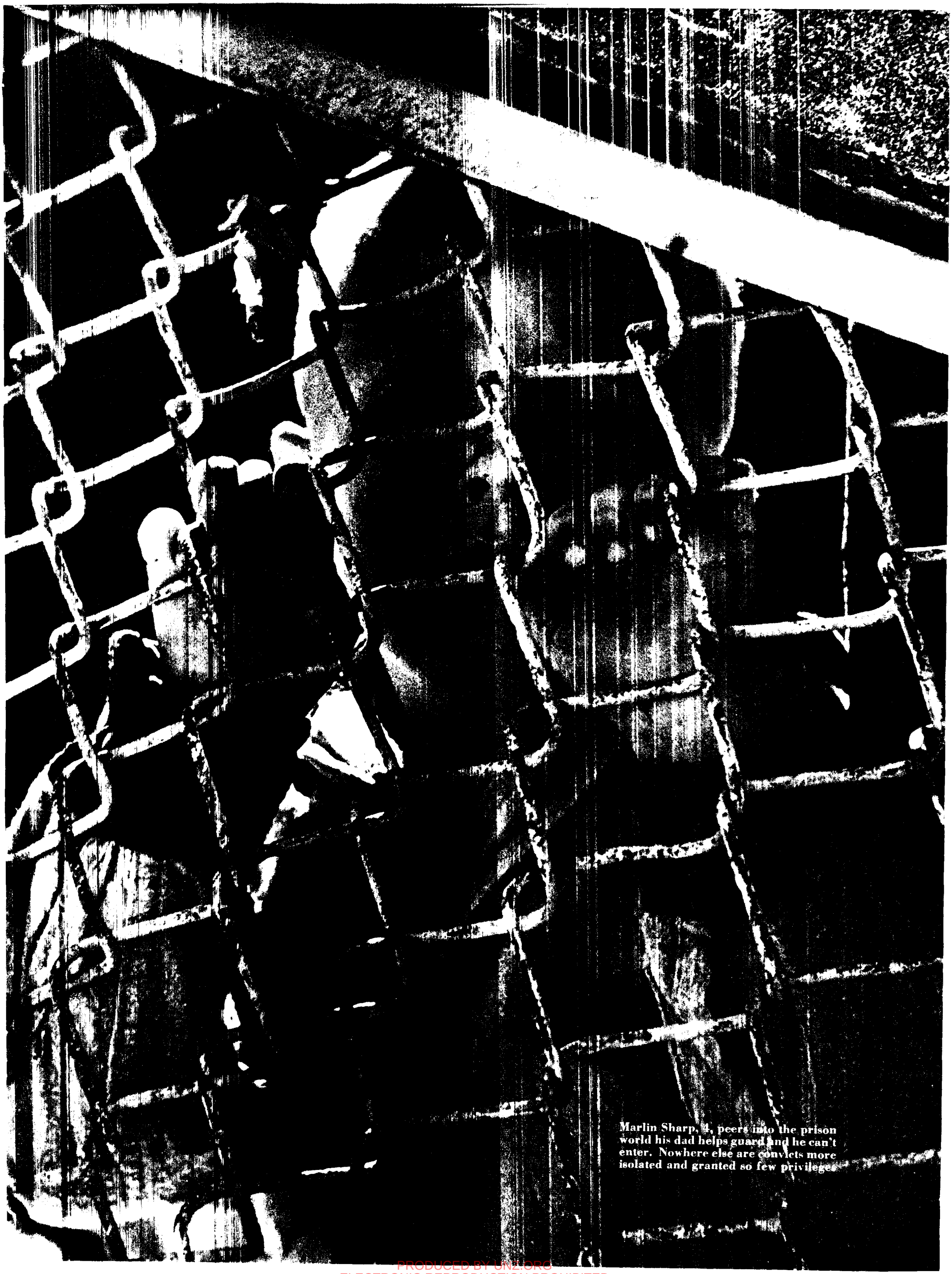

Marlin Sharp, 4, peers into the prison world his dad helps guard and he can't enter. Nowhere else are convicts more isolated and granted so few privileges.

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"How's Miss Dart?" Maggie asked him in a casual voice. "Eva? Oh, fine." Hank said. "You've been seeing a lot of her lately, haven't you?" Maggie said then

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

Marriage Comes

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A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

By ROBERT WALLSTEN

MRS. DRUCKER thought she couldn't stand to see any more of these young people—the ones who arrived in New York every fall from out of town, all set to take the city—with that bright look of conquest in their eyes. These two, for example, whom she was conducting up the stairs of her brownstone—Mr. and Mrs. Ellit, of Gooding, Colorado, they said they were. Mrs. Drucker peered at them through her glasses. They were not only young but good-looking. They were holding hands, and they had a special, affectionate way of gazing into each other's eyes.

They had arrived with the morning paper folded back to her ad: *W. 80s, Lrg airy 1 rm beautifully furn, pvt bath, ktchtte.* Mrs. Drucker could see that they were disappointed, because the room was actually small and stuffy, the bath and kitchenette were one, and the beautiful furniture included a double bed that was a couch by day, covered in worn green chenille, and a red armchair with springs that had long since given up.

"Shall we take it?" the young man asked the girl.

"Whatever you say. . ."

The young man asked how much it would cost, and they both gasped when Mrs. Drucker told them. Then they looked doubtful; they pondered; they held a consultation in low earnest voices, and at last the young man took a deep breath and said okay, it was a deal.

"I—I love it," the girl added with a smile. It was a pretty smile, like a sudden sunrise, but Mrs. Drucker merely nodded. Time enough to get on smiling terms after she saw whether they could keep up with the rent. She asked the young man what line he was in.

"I'm an actor," he said, with pride in his voice. "That is—we both are."

The landlady made a small clucking noise. "In the movies?" she said.

"No, not movies."

"Television? Radio?"

"No, in plays," he answered with an air of reverence. "On the stage."

"Oh," Mrs. Drucker said. "That'll be two weeks in advance."

She could be sure from the way he counted his dollars that he didn't have too many of them. She scuffed away on her felt slippers and the young people were in each other's arms before she'd even shut the door. She could hear them kissing as she lingered outside for a moment. . . .

"Oh, Maggie, my darling, we're here! We've started!"

She looked at the door that Mrs. Drucker had just closed behind her. "Television. Radio." She sounded puzzled and even a little hurt. "People like that never think of the stage."

She and Hank thought of nothing else. That was why Hank had said, "I'm an actor," instead of using the future or optimistic tense. For them—and for him particularly—it was the stage or nothing.

He was perhaps something of a snob about it, which he called "having ideals." The gray flickering window of a television set was not for him. His goal was a platform glowing with amber spotlights, the listening hush of an anonymous multitude. This had been true since the first time he had ever sat in a theater, when he was nine years old.

Almost ever since he could remember, he had been advised to go on the stage. It was advice he had listened to eagerly, even though it came from people who knew nothing about the theater; and when he made his first stage appearance, the high-school auditorium had rocked with the applause and cheers of a partisan audience. He had even got fan letters, written in green ink by anonymous little girls.

A little later, when he had interviewed Maurice Evans for the high-school Weekly Record—*VISITING STAR SAYS STAGE IS HARD GRIND, by Henry Ellit*—he had learned how dashing and poised, like one favored of the gods, an actor at close quarters could be. And still later, in the Army, his buddies had done their bit to crystallize his ambition. They'd called him The Lover or The Face or even Ty (after Tyrone Power, whom he didn't really resemble at all, except in coloring).

And then the climax had come. One night, after a long wait in an alley in Denver, he had seen a small dachshund on a long leash come out of the stage door, followed by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

The two great stars, man and wife, had seemed to move in a magic world of their own. He had watched them, scarcely breathing, till they were out of sight. He knew that at that moment his ambitions were pinpointed: now he had a blueprint for his future, a focus for his dreams. The Lunts did it, he thought. Why can't I? He had gone back home to Gooding with his plan worked out.

IT REQUIRED patience. First, he had to wait till Maggie was old enough to marry—Maggie, who was unequivocal enchantment in any man's language, fair and lithe, with a heart-shaped face that seemed sweet and humorous and wistful, all at once. He had to wait till she grew up, till she accepted him. The first of these took time; the second was a foregone conclusion for both of them. Also he had to convince her that she could be a great actress. Just as she lagged behind him in years, she followed at a little distance in self-belief, in certainty of her vocation and her talent. After all, her theatrical experience had been even less than his.

She loved to read the balcony scene aloud in that haunting voice of hers, which sounded like a whisper with the volume turned up; but she loved it, really, because she was reading it with Hank. He was her idol, and had been ever since she'd worn pigtails and contrived breathlessly to pass him in the high-school corridor. So when he had described his vision, her blue-gray eyes had widened for only a moment, and that was when he said that he and she would be like the Lunts.

"But they," she answered, vaguely troubled, "they're different. They're—special."

"Well, they aren't the only ones. Look at Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer. There are lots of successful acting couples. We can do it, Maggie! We can do it too."

The truth was that he could lead her where he wished; he could make of her what he would. She caught fire from his fire. In the end, she believed his dream as if it were her own. Now, when he talked of their future—marquees aglitter with *HENRY AND MARGARET ELLIT IN . . .* —it no longer dazzled her. She took it for granted as he did. They were not even visionary about it any more, but sober, practical, full of plans.

This, after all, was why they'd married, saved their money and set off at last for New York. This was why they were here, in Mrs. Drucker's second-floor back.

"It'll be tough, but we'll make it," Hank whispered, as he drew her down next to him on the green couch. "And nothing matters as long as we're together."

"And we'll be together always," Maggie said.

He nodded solemnly before he kissed her. "Always and forever," he said. . . .

Right away they redecorated. Hours *(Continued on page 48)*

Second

They knew the price of fame was high; it would cost them work and waiting. But never once did they suspect it could also cost them each other

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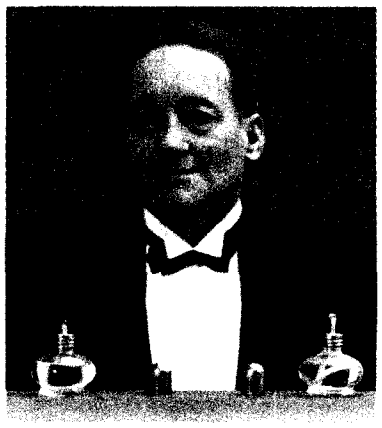
Fashion

A psychologist's fling in fashio



Psychologist Worcester is inventor by hobby. His current projects, ranging from word games to scheme for outdoor TV advertising, include lighter fluid (above) which spouts a colored flame

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

With skirt and one shoulder switche

Reversible dress has skirt, two-piece top. Half-bodice can be worn for formal effect

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and Freud

roduces a split-personality dress

THE reversible dress pictured on these pages is neither a Dior nor a Schiaparelli nor a Mainbocher. It is a Worcester original. Worcester is a name not known in fashion circles because Gurdon Saltonstall Worcester is a man not ordinarily located in fashion circles. He is a psychologist.

Until recently the fifty-seven-year-old member of Boston's Saltonstall clan, one of New England's oldest and most honored families, knew nothing about dressmaking. But as a man, he was fed up with female subservience to fashion codes. As a psychologist, he had some basic notions about what makes a dress glamorous. And as an inveterate inventor by hobby, he was eager to put his theories to work. So he set out to create a dress which would be classic enough to withstand fashion edicts yet versatile enough to suit a number of moods. He hit upon the reversible idea, then worked up the style with a Boston dressmaker. "Nothing is so appealing to a man," he says, "as the Grecian effect: a softly draped bodice, barely off the shoulders, cut low . . . low . . . and a skirt flowing gently, chastely, innocently. Soft, subtle, a hint of saint and a hint of sinner . . ."

With the finished model, he ventured into the hectic labyrinth of New York's Seventh Avenue garment district ("It left me confused as a chameleon on plaid"), found a manufacturer, and is now arranging for the dress to be distributed nationally. Buyers say the analytically draped design may be a sizable commercial success. Replies psychologist Worcester: "It's simply a matter of mind over material."

—MARTHA WEINMAN

Worn solid black with more décolletage, costume designed by psychologist achieves a cocktail-and-dinner mood. The dress may retail for about $40

ck side, dress takes on harlequin look for at-home wear

Contrasting top and skirt results in totally different effect for afternoon. Accessories are from Lord & Taylor, New York

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SELF-CONFESSED—

'I'm a Family Doctor'

By FRANCIS T. HODGES, M.D., with JOSEPH LAITIN

Dr. Francis T. Hodges is the president of the California Physicians Service, a member of the national Blue Shield Commission and a former president of the California Academy of General Practice. A graduate of Indiana U. Medical School, he practices in San Francisco

I AM a doctor. Not a pediatrician, nor a gynecologist, a psychiatrist, internist, ophthalmologist, dermatologist. Just a plain, ordinary, garden-variety general practitioner—a family doctor, if you will. My father and grandfather were family doctors, too, and, like them, I do considerable surgery, prescribe pills, deliver babies and give advice on family problems when necessary. Like them, I know a lot of my patients by their first names and I like it that way. I'm a family doctor, and I've never wanted to be anything else.

Contrary to the popular image of a family doctor, I am not yet a museum piece and I don't creak at the joints. I'm forty-seven years old, I like sports cars and I love Li'l Abner. There's still a little bounce left in my step—although I'll admit that those 3:00 A.M. house calls are getting tougher every year. And with modern medicine faster paced than in my grandfather's day, I take frequent refresher courses to keep on top of latest medical developments and techniques.

I mention these details, perhaps a little belligerently, because the general practitioner who once fitted neatly into the pattern of kindly old Dr. Christian—bless his celluloid soul!—has been converted in the public mind into a semiextinct dispenser of platitudes and pills, the M.D. who somehow never quite made the grade. In a sense, the family doctor has become the forgotten man of medicine, a second-class citizen in his own profession.

He has been pushed farther and farther toward the side lines by much of the public and even some of the medical profession. And while the general practitioner, or G.P., has been steadily losing ground and prestige, people have been turning more and more to the doctors who have become the men-in-white glamor boys—the specialists. Since medical schools began to emphasize the training of specialists about a generation ago, they have become the elite of the medical fraternity. They command the highest fees, the most prestige, the fanciest offices in the best downtown buildings.

It has reached the point where some G.P.s even disguise themselves as specialists, and one who comes right out and calls himself a family doctor is jokingly referred to by his colleagues as "a self-confessed G.P." I know a family doctor whose shingle reads "obstetrician and gynecologist" even though he's actually practicing general medicine. There are many like him. So great a stigma has become attached to the term "family doctor" that the California Medical Association recently suggested dropping it from the medical vocabulary in favor of "personal physician."

But inevitably the specialist field has become overcrowded and top-heavy. It reached its peak just after World War II. Rather than starting a trend back toward general practice, however, the immediate effect was to relegate the G.P. to an even lower rung on the medical ladder. Some of our most prominent surgeons became increasingly articulate in expressing their belief that a G.P. should use a knife only at the dinner table.

At a medical meeting in Los Angeles, I challenged a surgeon who took this position. I said there were many operations that I—and many of my G.P. colleagues—felt qualified to perform, and did. Obviously these did not include a heart or brain operation, but, after all, most operations do not require such specialized knowledge.

The surgeon accepted my challenge. He mentioned a fairly common type of surgery and described a particular complication that could result from it. What, he inquired, would I do if the hospital intern phoned at 3:00 A.M. and reported this complication? I replied in detail what my instructions would be, and I couldn't resist adding: "In other words, I would do exactly what the specialist would do, but, as the family doctor, I would then rush to the hospital to assure myself of the patient's well-being, instead of going back to sleep."

To compound the G.P.'s problem, there's been a campaign in the press about fee-splitting, ghost surgery, unnecessary surgery and the like. I personally have never encountered a single instance of any of these malpractices. I am aware they do occur, and if stories like Why Some Doctors Should Be in Jail (Collier's, October 30, 1953) help to reduce these malpractices by exposing them to public scrutiny, they serve a worth-while purpose.

How People Get False Impressions

However, I feel most of the articles tend to exaggerate the extent to which doctors engage in such unethical practices. As a result, the public sometimes gets the erroneous impression that the general practitioner is an incompetent charlatan and that behind the masks in the operating room are composites of the evil faces and twisted minds of the movie villains portrayed by Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff and Peter Lorre. That impression isn't fair to the medical profession.

In many of the articles, the general practitioner is cast in the role of referral agent for the specialist. Once in a while, though, the roles are reversed. Not long ago an excellent specialist, to whom I have referred many patients, phoned to say he was sending a patient over to me. He could hardly conceal his amusement at this reversal in our usual relationship. It seems a new resident in San Francisco had asked some of his office associates to recommend a good family doctor. They supplied names of pediatricians, neurologists and ear, nose and throat men, but no G.P.s. The newcomer finally called one of the specialists—my friend—and through him found his way to my office.

Through the years many patients, originally referred to specialists only when their ailments required special skills, began to think of a specialist for every ill. Eventually they felt that they had to make a choice, that they couldn't afford the services of both the specialist and family doctor. Many chose the specialist.

The trend toward specialization started out as a natural development of the vast increase in medical and scientific knowledge. But it continued, until today there's a specialist for every two general practitioners. In many parts of the country, in fact, the specialists outnumber the G.P.s. The imbalance, I believe, creates a hazard not only to the medical profession but, more important, to the health of the American public.

Now, I'm not trying to make a case against the specialist. He is a doctor who restricts himself to a

In an age of specialization, the general practitioner has become a second-class citizen in his own professio

is turning. In fact, this leading West Coast G.P. says the family doctor is making a comeba

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

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Dr. Hodges, making house-call rounds, looks for San Francisco street number

ut the tide

ng overdue

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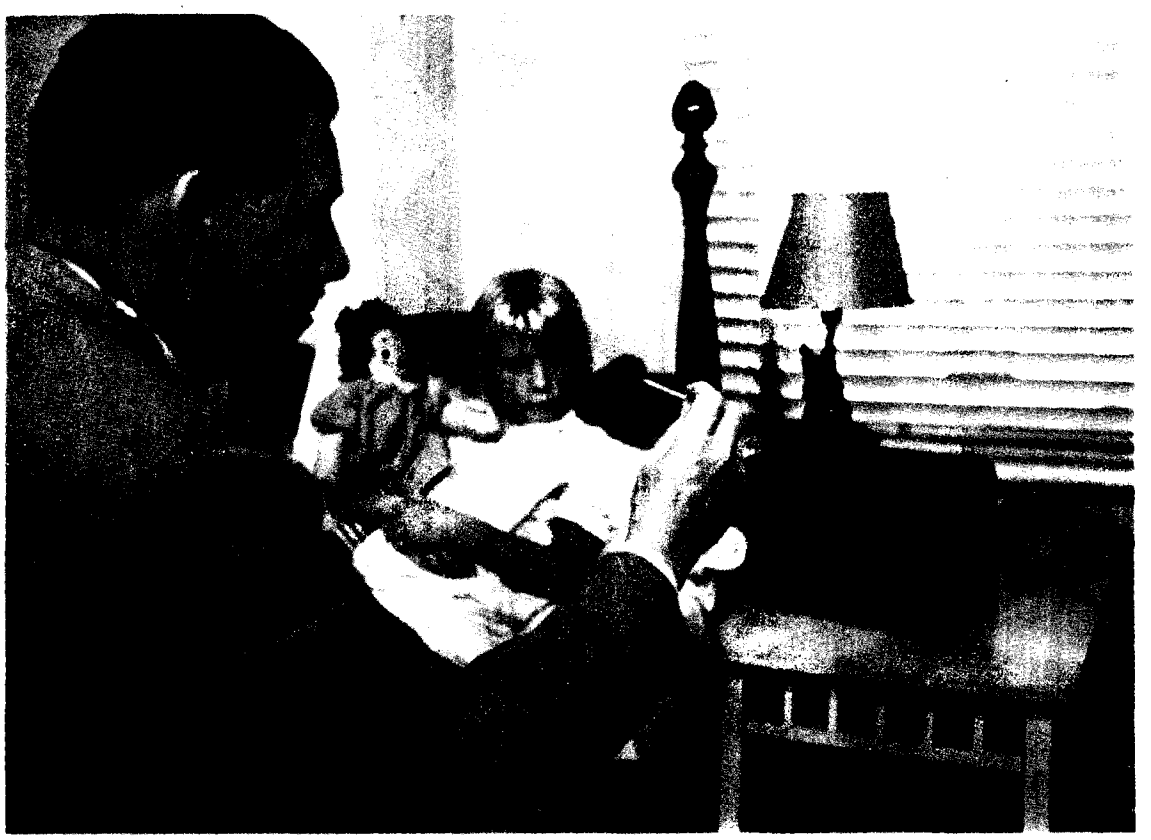
The family doctor in reality is a specialist—in the whole human being



Dr. Hodges checks the temperature of six-year-old patient, Sue Perkins, on a house call

particular area of the complex human being. In medical school, his training was keyed to a single segment. In practice, he is concerned only with this segment. Often he has special natural skills, and many perform spectacularly in their field.

But unavoidably specialization leads to seeing man disassembled. It tends to overlook the fact that an individual is an organism in a constant state of shifting equilibrium among many factors, external and internal, which affect his well-being.

This danger, of course, has been recognized in some measure and has led to the clinic approach in which various specialists pool their knowledge. But even then the sum of the parts is not the whole. The specialists still need to know what only the family physician can tell them about the patient—the stresses and strains inherent in his relationships with family and friends, the whole social structure under which he lives. The patient is a complex of the body, mind and emotions, functioning within a particular social and economic situation. Only the G.P. deals with this total picture; he is a specialist in the whole human being.

Patients Aren't Just Data on a Card

The specialist must reduce the patient to vital data on an index card. The G.P., to do his job properly, must know the whole story behind those vital statistics. You can't reduce a whole complex of a man's life to direct questions and tidy little answers. Furthermore, the G.P. doesn't have to base his decisions on one visit; he often knows the whole family complex.

Take a family of 18 that has been under my care for the last five years. For this family of three generations, whose ages range from four to seventy-four, I have performed all medical services from obstetric to geriatric. Except for optical examinations or laboratory services, it has been necessary to call in specialists on only two occasions.

As all good G.P.s should be, I am aware of my limitations and call in outside aid whenever a situation exceeds my ability and skills. But I have delivered this family's babies, taken out their tonsils, performed a hemorrhoidectomy and an excision of skin cancer, and removed an acute appendix. I've seen the youngsters through measles, mumps and chicken pox. One of the teen-age girls dislocated her knee learning the Charleston and I eventually sent her back to her dancing school with the admonition that the dances of my day were perhaps a little strenuous for her.

Grandfather has high blood pressure and my best judgment would dictate his retirement from the family business. But if I destroyed his sense of usefulness, I'm certain it would shorten his life. So I conspire with the rest of the family to keep his work light. Grandma's arteries are brittle, but there's little I can do about it except apply various therapeutic measures to slow the hardening.

My obligation to this family is to see that it receives all necessary medical care. I know the members of the family well; equally important, they know me well. The family is one of the happiest I know, and even this knowledge is of great aid in treating its ailments. Hardly a week goes by but one member or another is in my office, and in this way I keep in touch with the rest.

The specialist sees the patient only when he's ill. Not so the G.P. When I make a house call, I learn more than just the temperature of the bedridden one. I check up on the health of the whole family; I practice preventive medicine. I may suggest father cut down on his cigar smoking, or content himself with nine holes of golf on Sunday. I might propose we do something about little Judy's excess fat or get to work on young Billy's pimples.

A family physician's most important job is to keep his patients out of the hospital. Why do you suppose President Eisenhower is accompanied everywhere by his personal physician? The answer is, to *prevent* him from falling ill. But if the President is overtaken by some illness and his personal physician considers himself inadequate to treat it, the doctor will call in a specialist. Because of his close association with the chief executive, the physician will be able to give the specialist the whole picture of the President's health.

In addition to physical well-being, a family physician quite naturally takes into consideration his patient's economic well-being. If each of the services I rendered to my family of 18 had been handled by a specialist, the family's carefully budgeted medical fund would have been exhausted long ago. Many people go to specialists for a variety of illnesses when a single visit to a good G.P. would be more than adequate. You should be able to get at least 85 per cent of your medical care from the G.P. on a one-doctor-one-fee basis.

The other day a patient came to me with a case of acute sinusitus, a wart on his finger, and a hemorrhoid complaint. I gave him a prescription for his sinusitus, eliminated his wart with an electric needle, and took care of his hemorrhoid discomfort with injections. My fee? Ten dollars. If the patient had gone to an ear, nose and throat specialist for his sinusitus, a dermatologist for his wart, and a proctologist for his hemorrhoids, the total fee would have been a minimum of $25 to $30, and might have reached $75—and the treatment would have been identical.

This case is not isolated; the average patient who comes to my office has several complaints. If any of the three ailments I mentioned had been unusual, I naturally would have called in a specialist.

Asthma That Medicine Wouldn't Cure

Where the old country doctor dispensed placebo pills and platitudes, the modern physician prescribes antibiotics and practical psychotherapy. Not infrequently, a patient turns up with an illness that requires more than a knowledge of medicine to cure. This was the case with five-year-old Mary, who was brought to me with a severe asthmatic condition. From a brief chat with her parents I sensed a tension between them, so I suggested the child be placed in the hospital for a few days. I noted that Mary's condition began to improve almost immediately with virtually no medication. If I can ascertain the source of the parents' tension and get them to do something about it, I have a hunch Mary's asthma will take care of itself.

Such cases are all in the day's work for the family doctor. You don't get a fair picture of what a G.P.'s day is like from his appointment pad; it is too coldly impersonal. But here are a few notations I've made on just a few of the patients who came to my office the other day:

"Mrs. G.:—Skin cancer in family. Removed some apparently harmless moles on skin but sent tissue to pathologist just to ease both our minds."

"Lillian:—13 years old, has stiff neck. Mother worried about polio. Diagnosis: no polio, just stiff neck."

"Mr. C.:—Businessman, middle sixties, has had bad coronary attack. Routine visit. Doing fine. Allowed him reasonable activity. Reassured him about proper balance between intelligent concern and optimism. He is not a cardiac neurotic. Must make sure he doesn't become one."

"Mr. H.:—Late sixties. Recent diabetic. Explained that properly treated, diabetes is converted from a catastrophe into a nuisance. He heartbroken when I said no more beer. Told him he wouldn't have to take injections, which pretty nice compromise. He sadly agreed."

"Miss R.:—Ninety years old. Retired Army nurse. Gradually failing but mind will be last to go, like grin of Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland. Recently she suffered small stroke which she and I both know is a premonitory sign. She discusses it with me very objectively as a nurse talking about her own patient."

"Mr. Z.:—Milk-truck driver. Bursitis of shoulder. Advised him not to work while under treatment but when observed his anxiety about being away from job, said probably okay to continue work but treatment would be longer."

"Doris:—Four years old, scheduled for tonsils and adenoids operation. Explained situation carefully to her and she accepted it cheerfully. She'll go under anesthetic without fear now, I think."

That's only a small part of my day. I think everyone in the medical profession will agree that the G.P. works harder than any other man of medi-

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WHAT IS PETROX? Petrox is a new element, or additive, wholly derived from petroleum. Developed by Texaco engineers, Petrox is an exclusive Texaco product.

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Sky Chief

Super-Charged with **PETROX**

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cine, but believe me, it is not drudgery. The specialist often works hard, too, and just as conscientiously. But he doesn't have the warm personal contacts with his patients which the good family doctor thrives on. My grandfather was a scholar who read Greek and Latin for relaxation, but he spent many hours mastering coin and card tricks for his younger patients.

In the 40 years since my grandfather's day, the specialist has taken over almost the whole medical show. But there are heartening signs that the situation is beginning to change. The family doctor is beginning to come back into his own.

A survey of senior medical students in a number of schools in 1947 showed that only one man out of ten planned to enter general practice; recently another survey revealed that of 13 schools, the majority of students in eight planned to enter general practice. True, both were casual polls, but they are straws in the wind.

The University of Pennsylvania, whose School of Medicine is among the nation's most distinguished, has recently added general practice to its curriculum. A few others have done likewise. I believe more should, and must, if the American family is to get proper medical care in the future.

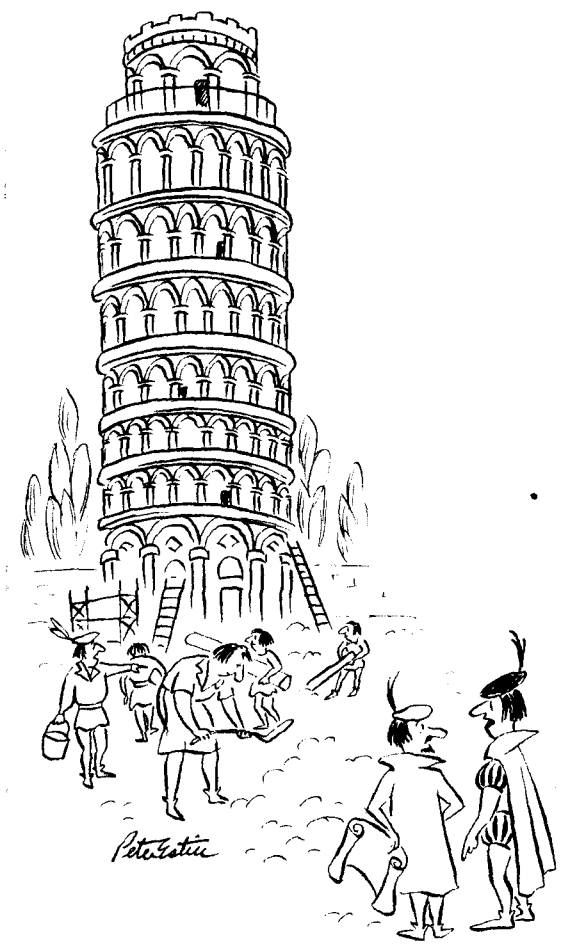
One of the most noticeable shifts in the attitude of medical schools is that we G.P.s are now invited to talk to students and speak openly of the rewards of family practice. These student meetings are a far cry from the days, not very many years ago, when I would lecture before groups of medical students in almost clandestine sessions.

In an effort to carry this program further, the California Academy of General Practice two years ago inaugurated a preceptorship program which enables a student—after his junior year—to spend two to six weeks in the home of a family doctor in any region of the state, with the doctor footing the bill for his board and lodging. Not all schools co-operate with us, but we have never had a G.P. refuse to take a student, even though it represents an out-of-pocket expense to him.

William W. Rogers, the academy's executive secretary, is permitted by some schools to address the students and describe the advantages of the plan. Often he is introduced apologetically by the medical-school dean, who first explains good-humoredly that the family doctor is not extinct as some of the students may have imagined. And here, the dean may add, is their opportunity to observe a G.P. at close range in his natural habitat.

But let me be fair—the California schools which permit us to tell their students of this program do encourage them to take a few weeks from what may be their last carefree summer vacation and have a look-see. Although the object of the plan is to familiarize, not proselytize, we have made converts this way.

The undergraduate is not our only problem. A rehabilitation program is needed to bolster the morale of general practitioners. In 1947, the G.P.s organized the American Academy of General Practice, an organization dedicated to fight for survival of the family doctor. Thanks to the insistence of my friend, Dr. Stanley Truman, former national president, it is the only medical guild which puts the onus on its members to prove that they are maintaining qualifications for membership. For failing to meet one of the academy's requirements—50 hours a year of accredited medical study—the California chapter last year dropped about 150 doctors from its rolls. The day this action was announced 175 other doctors applied for membership. Their reason for applying? As one new applicant put it: "If this means the academy is serious about the business of keeping general practitioners on their professional toes, count me in."



"A very nice building, but I still think the ground is too soft on this side"

COLLIER'S PETER ESTIN

The main goal of this counterrevolution is certainly not to eliminate the specialists, whose role in modern medicine is indispensable, but to create what Dr. Truman calls "a balanced medical community." I like the way a colleague summed it up: "Presidents and kings have their personal physicians: John Smith wants his personal physician, too."

The solution lies essentially in the nation's medical schools. They must revamp their curriculums with the goal of turning out well-rounded physicians, and I feel very strongly that hospitals should open their eyes to the value of having residencies in general practice. I think the cause of medicine and the health of the nation would be served by requiring all medical-school graduates to serve a certain number of years as family doctors before they could become specialists. It would give the new M.D. a chance to familiarize himself with the whole problem of medical care and would provide a better opportunity for him to make certain he was going into the specialty for which he was best suited. He would learn at what point medicine becomes an art, and that the G.P. practices medicine as an art because he takes into cognizance everything that weighs upon the human being. He would learn that it is important not only to know what the patient had for breakfast, but in a sense what the patient thought about at breakfast.

There's always the chance that some new doctors, having tasted the rewards of general practice, might want to continue. Or that, if they do go into specialties, they will utilize their newly acquired skills in so far as there is a need for them in the community, and devote the rest of their time to general practice.

True, a doctor's chances of winning fame as a G.P. aren't too good. It's notable that the world's greatest living G.P., Dr. Albert Schweitzer, had to go to Africa to earn his renown. But there are other compensations. Last month, an aged man in Sacramento slipped and broke his hip. Without consulting me, his children, who are my patients, hired an ambulance and at great expense brought him the 100 miles to me in San Francisco for treatment. Naturally, I immediately called an orthopedist, who did an open reduction, a highly skilled task. I scolded the daughter for not having first phoned me so that I could have arranged for this work to be done nearer the accident.

But I wouldn't be human if I didn't admit that I was secretly pleased at the inferred compliment the family had paid me.

There have been a lot of magazine articles on how you should pick a specialist. But actually you shouldn't. Your family doctor should do it, and decide when you need one. Your personal physician is the only one who can guide you through the maze of modern medicine. But how should you pick your family doctor? First, do it while you're well, not when you're sick, or you may get one you don't like or one whose fees are too high.

When a patient of mine moves to a new city, I try to give him the names of two or three family doctors in that area. If your doctor is unable to furnish you with names of family doctors, I suggest you either call the county medical society covering the area to which you are moving or write the American Academy of General Practice, Broadway and 34th Street, Kansas City 2, Missouri. Either will be happy to perform the same service for you. I encourage my departing patients to call upon each of the doctors I recommend just to meet and talk with them. I don't charge for such visits and I don't believe other doctors do, so long as the patient isn't seeking medical advice. Such social calls give the patient a chance to size up the physician and ask some important questions, such as what hospital staff he is on. A prospective patient who made such a call on me once asked what my hobbies were. Since a community of interest was important to him in the doctor-patient relationship, I thought it was a good question and I was glad to answer it.

If you have small children, you should seek out a family doctor who does some pediatrics. If you're thinking of starting a family, you may prefer a G.P. who does obstetrics. Most important, you should ask a doctor about his fees. I keep a list of my routine fees in my desk and am always glad to go over it with a patient. Like all doctors, I scale my fees downward when a patient can't afford my usual charge. There are some doctors who cling to the old Robin Hood fee formula—charging big fees to wealthier patients to compensate for reduced fees to those with low incomes—but most G.P.s have abandoned this policy. A physician who keeps a regular fee list will not ask what your income is unless you tell him you can't afford his fee.

Easing the Fee Situation

A patient who is under financial stress will usually find the going a little easier with a specialist if he is referred to him by the family doctor. Your personal physician will often suggest to the specialist what the charge should be—if anything. Because the family doctor is usually in a position to know the individual's economic situation, the specialist relies on his advice.

Looking back, I remember clearly when I had to decide whether to become a G.P. or a specialist. When I finished my postgraduate work at the University of Chicago, my teachers had urged me to take my exams for the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology. The family doctor would soon be extinct, they told me. That gave me pause. I spent several weeks of soul searching before I finally made up my mind. I've never regretted my decision.

When I get discouraged, as sometimes we all do, I remember my grandfather. When his heart began to fail, he retired to a small New England town to spend his remaining days quietly. Then a smallpox epidemic broke out. My grandfather, ignoring his already fatigued heart, picked up his little black bag and worked around the clock until the epidemic was under control. The strain hastened his death.

In my office, I keep a little silver cup bearing this inscription: "Presented to Edward Francis Hodges, M.D., by unanimous vote of the town of Cavendish, Vermont, in annual meeting assembled, March 5, 1912, in appreciation of his services during the smallpox epidemic of 1911."

In a way, I sometimes feel sorry for the specialist. He doesn't often have the warm personal associations with his patient that we family doctors get every day. How many specialists have ever heard their patients refer to them as "my doctor"? How many specialists have ever been presented with a little silver cup? ▲▲▲

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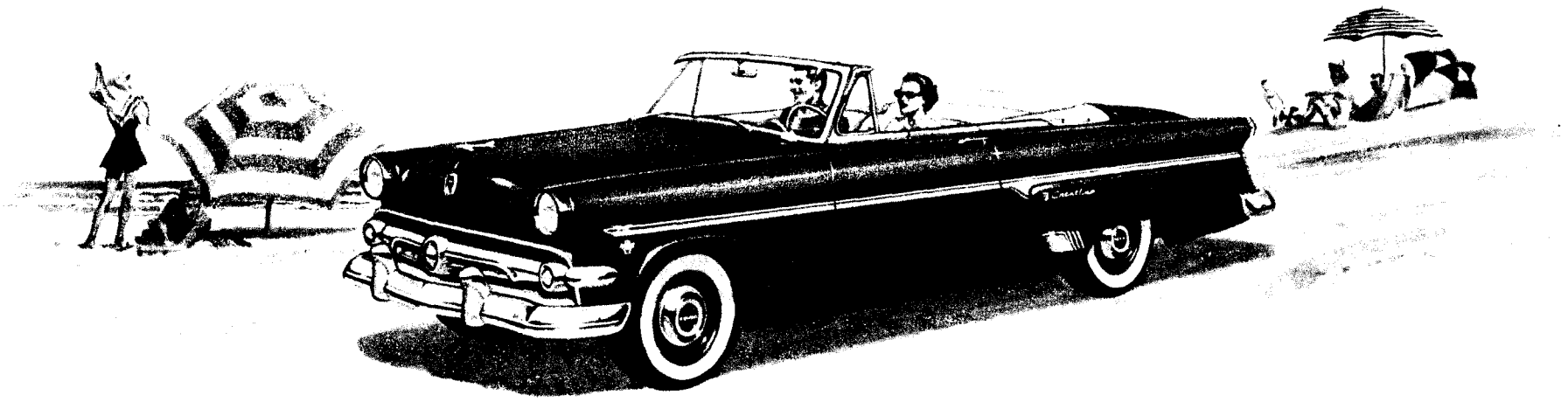

The Ford Sunliner

Nearly twice as many people buy Ford Sunliners as any other convertible. Why? Because they appreciate that extra "something" that a Ford Sunliner gives them. Part of this extra "something" is sheer beauty. Part is the instant response . . . the smooth silky "Go" of Ford power. Ford, you know, is the only car in its field that offers a V-8 engine. Then, too, there's the roadability and "solid" feel that only Ford's Ball-Joint Front Suspension can provide.

These FORDS top the Best-Seller list

Worth More when you buy them . . .
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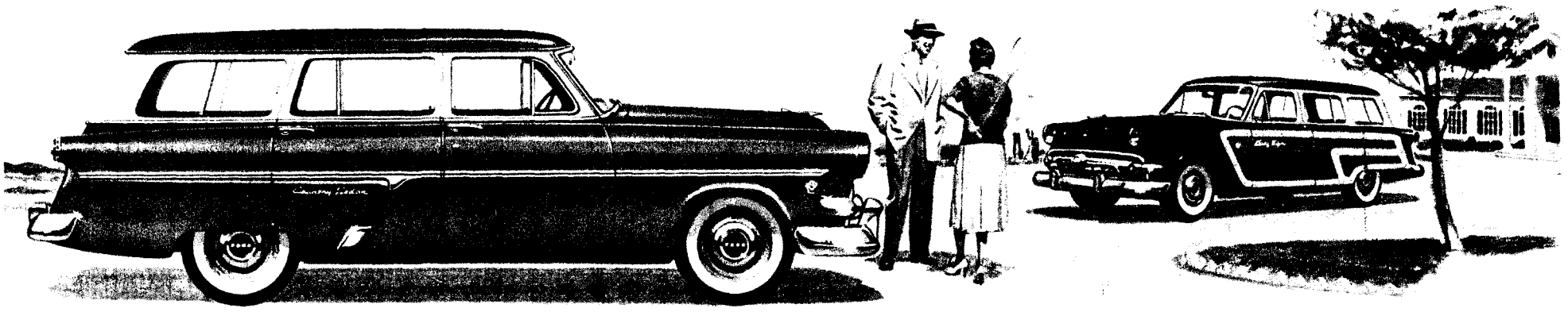
The Ford Skyliner

For the first time ever in Ford's field, you can own a "hardtop" with a transparent roof! And the sweeping beauty of this new type of car is only a clue to what lies within! Interiors are either nylon or nylon-vinyl combinations . . . tailored to a decorator's taste. And you can have the most advanced optional power assists. Only Ford in its field offers power steering, power brakes, power windows *all around,* a 4-way power seat and Fordomatic Drive.



The 4 Ford Station Wagons

More people buy *Ford* station wagons than any other make! One reason is Ford's choice: two 6-passenger Ranch Wagons, and the 8-passenger Country Sedan and Country Squire. But, more important, Ford has proved that station wagons can be beautiful and comfortable—as well as completely *practical. All* Ford station wagons are noted for the ease with which they can be converted from "utility" cars to passenger cars. V-8 or Six—Ford is your best station wagon buy.

Your Ford Dealer cordially invites you to come in for a Test Drive

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ED FEINGERSH

Fuller Brush man J.P. Creighton makes a sale. He leaves catalogue, returns later for order

Have You Met the

His new low-pressure approach

WHEN Arthur Miller wrote his hit play Death of a Salesman, at least one actor turned down the leading role sight unseen, saying, "How can anyone whip up sympathy for a salesman?" He was reflecting the general attitude that existed just a few years back toward a once honorable profession. The American salesman was regarded as a shallow, deceitful loudmouth, a consorter with farmers' daughters, a high-pressure phony who—as Edward C. Bursk, editor of the Harvard Business Review, put it—persuaded people to buy products which they couldn't afford, didn't want and didn't need.

That salesman stereotype was, of course, unfair to thousands of Americans who made their living by selling. Yet a poll conducted by the Market Research Company of America in 1947 indicated that only 9 per cent of Americans wanted their children to choose selling as a career. Only 7 per cent thought a salesman could live a happier home life than workers in such fields as medicine, law, bookkeeping or even heavy industry. Fewer than 10 per cent believed the salesman would live

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Bill Arenson is salesman for GE distributor R. Cooper, Jr., but selling is only part of his job. Here he moves appliances in Chicago store to create a better display for dealer

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JOE CLARK

Detroit Packard salesman Nick Boyd shows sales technique. Since car industry is vital to nation's economy, auto salesmen play key role

JOHN FLOREA

Saleswoman Cathy Eade sells Catalina bathing suits to stores—and also models them for salesgirls so they can help customers get a proper fit

MODERN SALESMAN?

nay be the nation's best insurance against another depression

By BILL DAVIDSON

more morally than the others. But in the last few months there has been a remarkable turnabout in the public's attitude toward the salesman. Suddenly he is a key to the American economic future, a much-sought-after specialist, an ideal for American youth.

AVCO Manufacturing Corporation's vice-president, Parker H. Ericksen, told me, "I think salesmanship is the top career for a young man to go into today. My own Bendix and Crosley salesmen are all hard-working, quick-thinking, college-trained. There isn't a drunk or a bad-check passer among them. Every one of them is a clean-cut lad whom I'd like to have in my own home."

To which Undersecretary of Commerce Walter Williams added: "American industry must make men *want* to be salesmen. Skilled salesmen not only are the front-line soldiers in the war against recessionary influences—but they'll assist in the development of an ever-expanding economy with constantly rising standards of living."

Wherever I went, I found a renewed pride in feats of salesmanship. In New York, several General Electric executives independently told me the story of John Abrahams, an appliance salesman for GE. It seems that Abrahams was in his hotel room one day staring disconsolately at the cold soggy toast sent up by room service, when an idea hit him. "Why not," he asked himself, "sell thousands of electric toasters to hotels? And then they can put a toaster on every room-service tray, and the guest can toast his own bread and eat it fresh and hot."

Twenty-four hours later, he had sold several dozen toasters to the swank Ritz Tower Hotel, and within a week seven other hotels had signed large orders. Abrahams had done a brilliant job of creative selling—opening up a new market that had never existed before. All over the country, I found business executives telling such stories the way they might talk about Ed Mathews hitting three home runs in one game.

What could have brought about such a dramatic change in the attitude toward the salesman? For the answer, it is necessary to take a look at what has happened to the American economy in the last decade or so. During the war years, many manufacturers had little or nothing to sell, and in the postwar period there were such shortages that the salesmen didn't *have* to sell. They merely took customers' orders.

This period of happy nonchalance continued until the end of the Korean war. Then suddenly supply rocketed past demand in many commodities. Almost overnight, sellers' markets became buyers' markets, and hundreds of manufacturers, distributors and retailers realized to their chagrin that they didn't have anybody who knew how to sell. Indicative was Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks's comment that he badly needed two new cars, but that no automobile salesman had been around to see him in four years.

The same complaint was voiced by millions of other Americans. Studebaker's chairman of the board, Paul G. Hoffman—himself one of the world's great salesmen—told me, "I have three radios in my Palm Springs, California, home that are obsolete. At least six appliance salesmen know that I need new sets, but none has taken the trouble to come out to see me."

Much the same situation exists everywhere. It isn't that people don't have money to buy consumer goods. "The savings of the American people are at an all-time high," says Undersecretary of the Treasury Marion Folsom. There's plenty of money. It's just that there are few good salesmen around to persuade them to spend it.

Some dealers have taken desperate measures in an attempt to go after elusive business. A Los Angeles auto dealer pays the plane fare to Detroit for customers who want to pick up new cars at factory-delivered prices. All over the country, TV sets and other appliances are being sold at distress, marked-down prices.

There also are shady—though often ingenious—practices, like a system worked out by a New Jersey appliance dealer. He equipped all of his salesmen with hearing aids, to give the impression that they are deaf—and he removed all price tags from his merchandise. When a customer asks the

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"Nowadays, if you can recognize a salesman he's no good . . ."

cost of, say, a refrigerator, the "deaf" salesman yells over to the manager, "Hey, Joe, how much is this refrigerator?" Joe yells back, "One hundred and eighty-nine dollars." The salesman thereupon says to the customer, "He says the price is one hundred and thirty-nine dollars." The customer, thinking to get a bargain, almost invariably says, "I'll take it." The price, of course, was $139 all the time.

Eliminating Tricky Practices

Such dubious methods may be with us for some time, but responsible business leaders who would never stoop to such practices are turning to a more enlightened solution: development of a new type of skilled professional salesman.

A handful of farsighted companies which, through all the boom years, scientifically trained the new modern salesman have proved the value of this approach. One such company is R. Cooper, Jr., Inc., General Electric distributor for the northern Illinois area. R. Douglass Cooper, the company's president, told me, "It takes three years to train a lawyer. Well, selling is a profession, too, and I insist that it takes *five* years to train a good salesman. We rigidly adhere to that rule in this company." As a result, in a period when electrical-appliance sales are declining throughout the country, the Cooper company's multimillion-dollar business keeps increasing in volume year after year. The same is true of that pioneer of scientific selling, the Fuller Brush Company; it is grossing 9 per cent more than it did last year.

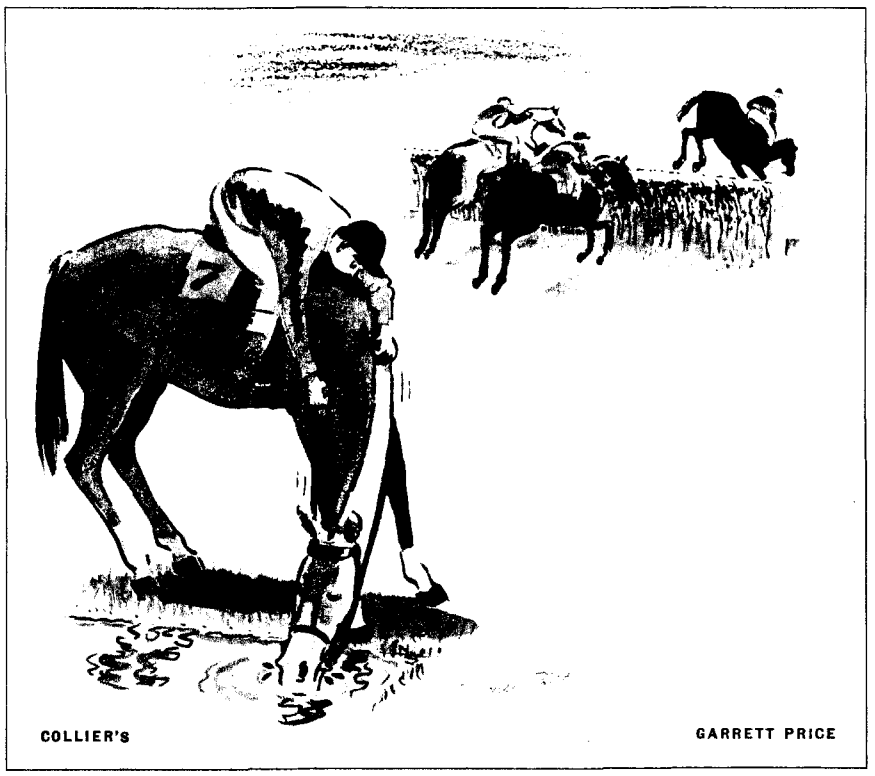
In the insurance field, the Bankers Life & Casualty Company of Chicago, a comparative upstart, astounded competitors by selling 1,412,781 individual accident and health policies in 1953, more than any other firm in the country. Taught the new sales methods by their supersalesman president, fifty-seven-year-old John D. MacArthur, the Bankers Casualty salesmen sold no less than $85,000,000 worth of health policies last year—37 per cent more than in 1952, when there was supposed to be far more loose money around.

What are these new scientific methods? They are difficult to define, since, as Northwestern University's Professor James R. Hawkinson points out, salesmen range from the Ph.D.s needed to sell complex chemicals for drug houses, to the clerk at your local department store. Each type of selling develops its own techniques. Nevertheless, certain common denominators run through all modern thinking about salesmanship. Most important, it is almost universally agreed that there is no such man as the "salesman type." For years, young men have disqualified themselves from careers in selling because they felt they didn't fit the stereotype of the brash, natty, fast-talking extrovert. Says Paul Hoffman, "Such ideas are a relic of the old hate-the-salesman days. The best salesmen I know are quiet, studious fellows who are tops in their field because they try to find out what the people want, and then supply it."

Alfred C. Fuller, board chairman and founder of the Fuller Brush Company, says, "We have found that salesmen do not have to be born. Anyone of good character and good appearance who is willing to learn and willing to work can make a good living selling Fuller products." Among the Fuller Brush Company's 7,000 salesmen are ex-concert violinists, ex-firemen, ex-schoolteachers.

The Bankers Life & Casualty Company has an even more heterogeneous collection, since president MacArthur deliberately goes out of his way to avoid the "salesman type." His sales staff includes 50 former lawyers, 108 teachers, 10 high-school and college football coaches, 12 policemen, 25 holders of Phi Beta Kappa keys, three night-club bouncers, a hotel manager, a Y.M.C.A. director, a bellhop, a lay preacher, and a building contractor.

Parker Ericksen, AVCO's vice-president in charge of sales for Crosley and Bendix home appliances, summed up the new thinking when he told me, "Nowadays, if you can recognize a salesman, he's no good."



COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

What, then, are the qualities that characterize the modern new salesman? I asked two dozen modern-minded sales executives, and among their answers were certain points on which all agreed. They don't care what a salesman looks like or whether he is quiet or cocky—but it's essential that he like people and enjoy talking to them. He must have a flexible mind and a willingness to explore; he can't indulge in stubborn, one-track thinking, for there may be a dozen ways of solving a sales problem. He should study exhaustively the products he sells, subjecting himself to a continuing education process. He must have keen understanding of human nature and be able to adapt himself to the personalities of his customers. He must be endowed with a personal curiosity which makes him go beyond his routine to find new customers and create new markets. And he must want to assume complete responsibility for his selling area, performing services far beyond his actual selling duties to keep his customers happy.

In recruiting and training high-caliber salesmen, many forward-thinking companies have adopted a set of principles which I found basic throughout all levels of selling.

Principle number one is to try to cloak the profession with a dignity that will attract bright young men into the field. One method is embodied in the suggestion by vice-president R. S. Wilson of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company that colleges give degrees in selling. Another basic step in the same direction is to give the salesman a fair salary, plus commission, instead of the straight commission that contributed so greatly to the insecurity of the old-time salesman. (Some firms, like the Bakelite Company, are now paying straight salaries.)

In addition, many experts suggest that the very word "salesman" carries such a stigma that a different identification should be used. Crosley and Bendix call their salesmen "zone managers." Insurance companies now call their salesmen "agents," and door-to-door selling outfits like the Fuller Brush Company and the J. R. Watkins Company label their salesmen "dealers."

Apparently such attempts at creating dignity are working. Fuller Brush man Alphonse Suesser, of New York, told me, "I took this job because they make me feel like an independent storekeeper." Even more significant, large numbers of college graduates are seeking sales jobs for the first time in years.

Principle number two in the drive for more scientific salesmanship is an emphasis on what is called creative selling. A good example is provided by Harold Hockett, sales manager for R. Cooper, Jr., Inc., who learned that there were 50 elaborate but old-fashioned record players in the company's warehouse. Unlike today's automatic phonographs, Hockett's find played only one record at a time. By imaginative detective work, Hockett's salesmen tracked down the one man in all of northern Illinois who could possibly use the old record players. The prospect was a preacher who had a number of outlying parishes. He recorded sermons for the distant congregations, which they played every Sunday morning on beat-up old machines. Hockett's phonographs, dignified and ecclesiastical-looking, were perfect for him. He bought all 50.

That's creative selling—as opposed to the methods employed by the old-style salesman, who told jokes and supplied the same old customer with the same old products, or waited for the customer to come to him.

Carl O'Daniel, a Louisville auto dealer, insists that his salesmen give a free ride to anyone they spot waiting for a bus. "Often," he says, "the rider will try to repay the salesman by mentioning someone he knows who needs a new car." There's the same creative salesmanship in the Fuller Brush man who awakens your interest in four kinds of brushes instead of one, and the department-store clerk who reminds you that you need an ironing-board cover when you buy an ironing board.

And that leads to principle number three of modern scientific selling—the current trend away from high-pressure salesmanship, which has been defined, according to Edward C. Bursk of the Harvard Business Review, as "sweeping the customer off his feet, bludgeoning him into buying something he doesn't want."

The low-pressure approach, aimed at selling only what the customer needs, is catching on in all levels of marketing. The unofficial slogan of the Fuller Brush Company is "low pressure—no pressure," and as I watched salesman Alphonse Suesser make the rounds in my own neighborhood, I quickly saw what that meant. When a woman said she didn't need anything, Suesser politely thanked her and left. "I just don't know how to use high pressure," he told me. "The basis of my prosperity is repeat orders, and if I annoy a customer or oversell her, I just don't get back into her apartment. So I'll even insist that she take a cheaper item than one she asked for, if I think it will better solve her household problem."

A corollary to low-pressure selling is that a salesman now spends less time with each customer, and is able to see many more prospects than he used to.

Selling as a Form of Service

Principle number four of the new scientific salesmanship techniques was best summarized for me by David Balbinder, sales manager for the Siggy Coat Company, a manufacturer of ladies coats in New York. Balbinder said, "The new concept of selling is providing service to the customer."

"On the manufacturing and wholesale level," explained George Park, General Electric marketing executive, "a salesman today is a teacher, a coach, a business counselor to the customer. He must help a dealer with his books, plan his store layout, train his salesmen, perform a dozen functions aside from actual selling. The good will thus engendered leads to sales later on." As an example, a salesman for the Tremco Manufacturing Company of Cleveland —which makes protective coatings used in building-maintenance programs —may actually install part of the flooring he sells to a factory, to help the customer cut costs. Parker Ericksen's salesmen, who sell Bendix washing machines to distributors, go into the retail stores—two sales levels below them—to demonstrate washers for customers.

On the Pacific Coast, Catalina, Inc.,

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"An Evening of Cards," by Douglass Crockwell. *Number 98 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours . . . *Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

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That's right! Complete service is what you get with American Express Travelers Cheques. Here's what they offer you:

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- **Full protection** for your travel cash.
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- **World-wide travel service** to help you anywhere you go.
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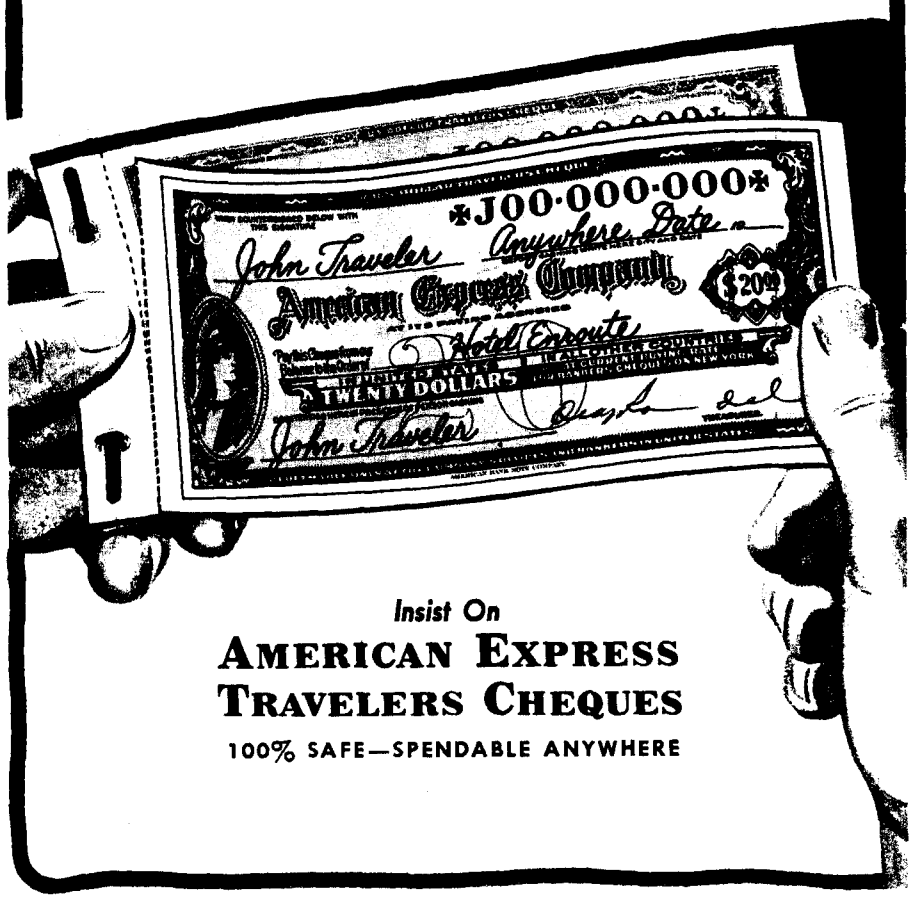
Buy them at any BANK, Railway Express or Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.



Insist On

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

100% SAFE—SPENDABLE ANYWHERE

which makes women's bathing suits, has eight skilled saleswomen who are called "store trainers" by the company's president, E. W. Stewart. These attractive girls travel to big stores all over the country, get behind the counters and teach the local sales staffs how to sell bathing suits. "Our girls never push Catalina," says Stewart. "In fact, it helps if they sell some suits made by other manufacturers, while they're behind the counter. It indicates they're interested in the store first and foremost. Builds good will."

In New York, Macy's sales staff is trained to emphasize service. Training director John J. McGrath told me, "If a customer comes in asking for a picture to cover a crack in a wall, our sales people are supposed to teach him, instead, how to repair the crack with a 25-cent tube of filler."

Elaborate Training Programs

Principle number five of modern scientific selling is the point stressed by Northwestern's Professor Hawkinson when he told me, "Management should teach salesmen how to sell and provide them with the tools to do the job."

Some of the existing training programs are extremely elaborate. Swift & Company has spent more than a million dollars on its program. International Business Machines sends many of its salesmen to an intensive seven-week training course at its Endicott, New York, plant. Macy's has just instituted a sales-refresher program under which all salespeople must attend a minimum of 20 sessions of instruction in the principles of selling. Studebaker sends its dealers training films, recorded lectures, pamphlets—even diagrams showing exactly how a salesman should walk around a car to demonstrate it. The Thor Corporation has its salesmen do laundering and other housewifely chores so they will better understand such problems as how to iron a sheet on an automatic ironer without dragging the sheet on the floor.

More and more corporations are calling in outside branches of science to help train their salesmen. Paul R. Larimer, general sales manager of the Ansul Chemical Company of Marinette, Wisconsin, reports, "We use psychologists to identify a salesman's bad points—the traits we should know about a man if we are to help him." Harry C. McKenzie, president of the Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation, says, "We placed a psychologist on the sales-trainee force to determine how the customers react to our salesmen's presentations." The Norwich Pharmacal Company also has made use of psychologists' findings—by dividing each salesman's route into four circular trips, each of which gets him home to spend weekends with his family. Psychologists have discovered that a man works better with such a fixed schedule.

The modern salesman also goes forth with all sorts of scientifically designed devices to help him do a better selling job. The Fuller Brush man now uses a beautiful four-color catalogue as his principal selling aid. When he meets a reluctant housewife, he merely leaves the catalogue, then comes back the next day to see if there is anything in it that she wants. Average profits for Fuller Brush men have increased 50 per cent since the catalogue was added to their sample cases in 1948. David Balbinder has issued to each salesman of his Siggy Coat Company a box containing live moth larvae which can be seen nibbling away on an ordinary piece of cloth while ignoring a sample of specially mothproofed Siggy Coat Company cloth.

There's no doubt that industry is moving toward greater recognition of the salesman's vital place in the economy. The question now is: Can enough able young men be attracted to this depleted profession to help turn the recessionary tide? At this moment, it's hard to tell. The pay in many selling jobs is still low: the average retail salesperson makes only $54 a week compared with $72 a week for factory workers. Also, few selling jobs afford much basic security.

Still, I discovered that most Fuller Brush men make $100 a week or better; and I interviewed well-trained young auto salesmen who are making $100-a-week salaries, plus commissions averaging close to another $100 a week. Bendix has two young regional sales managers, Arnold Ver Lee and Mitch Werwa, who came to the company as salesman-trainees only three years ago. That's fairly typical of a phenomenon that is taking place throughout the sales field. There was such a gap created between the era of the old salesman and the rebirth of the new salesman that many high-ranking sales-executive jobs are wide open for ambitious young men who are well grounded in the new scientific methods.

As A. K. Thorn, manager of the American Management Association's Marketing Division, puts it, "The rewards for such people are unlimited. There's a tremendous opportunity in selling for the youth of America—if they'll only grasp it." ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S **"Yes, we have quite a selection of loafers. I'll see if I can get one to wait on you"** BILL YATES

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This Currier & Ives reproduction shows two "Lightning Express" trains, about 1863.

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AND THEY STILL SET THE PACE FOR BETTER THINGS TO COME

Ever since the earliest trains began chugging through the green valleys and across the plains and mountains, America's railroads have been an unfailing symbol of progress.

Wherever the trail of locomotive smoke was seen and the clicking of wheels on rails sounded, there America was on the move. Lands were cleared and cultivated. Homes were built. Industry sprang up at railside. Towns became cities as quick and economical transportation by rail made possible the modern wonder of the American mass market.

Today, just as much as in frontier times, efficient utilization of the nation's resources depends upon railroad service. To keep ahead of demands for transportation, both now and for the future, the railroads have spent 9 billion dollars just since the end of World War II — for new locomotives, new cars, and for betterment of the whole railroad plant to increase efficiency and improve service.

It is this kind of investment (of their own money) that enables the railroads to haul more goods more miles than *all* other forms of transportation combined . . . and do it at a lower average charge than any other form of general transportation.

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ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS • WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Hyacinth (with yellow primrose willows) poses a pretty problem

America's Most

Like a [illegible]

ALONG streams and irrigation ditches in the Houston-Galveston section of Texas a few years ago, a number of signs were erected reading: $25 FINE FOR MOLESTING FLOWERS. They were put up to protect newly planted beds of a beautiful aquatic flower—the water hyacinth. But the signs didn't remain long. East Texans soon discovered what the rest of the Gulf Coast had long known—that the water hyacinth is a floral version of Frankenstein's destructive monster. With one leaf tied behind its stem, it can outmolest, outmaneuver and outlast an army of men.

The water hyacinth—kissing kin to the water lily and the water lotus—consists of a set of broad, floating leaves, roots that draw nourishment from fresh water, and an orchidlike lavender flower, one of whose petals bears an orange dot framed in deep blue. The flower's unmatched beauty is as striking as its ugly behavior.

Directly or indirectly, the water hyacinth has been responsible for death, blocked navigation, lowered real-estate values, ruined reservoirs and blocked sewage systems. It has caused heavy losses to commercial fishermen, put trappers out of business, greatly handicapped the oil and logging industries, suffocated game fish beyond estimate and driven wild fowl from their winter nesting grounds.

Enraptured tourists call the flower "a lavender symphony that wreathes the South in beauty." A lavender octopus would be a more exact description. Extending their tentacle-like roots in all directions, ten of these exotically beautiful plants can increase to 655,360—or one solid acre of water hyacinths—during their eight-month growing season.

The plants grow together in a floating mat so dense that its wet weight per acre reaches 180 tons and so buoyant that some can support a man's weight. Moving with the wind and the current like floral juggernauts, the mats have spread through all

Louisiana bayou, overgrown from shore to shore with hyacinths, is opened up by New Orleans engineers, who destroy the flowers with doses of new sprays

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Dreadful Flower

and wildlife

the Gulf States from Texas to Florida and have reached as far north as Virginia and as far west as California. They now cover hundreds of thousands of acres of lakes, ponds, streams, ditches, bayous, canals, marshes and swamps.

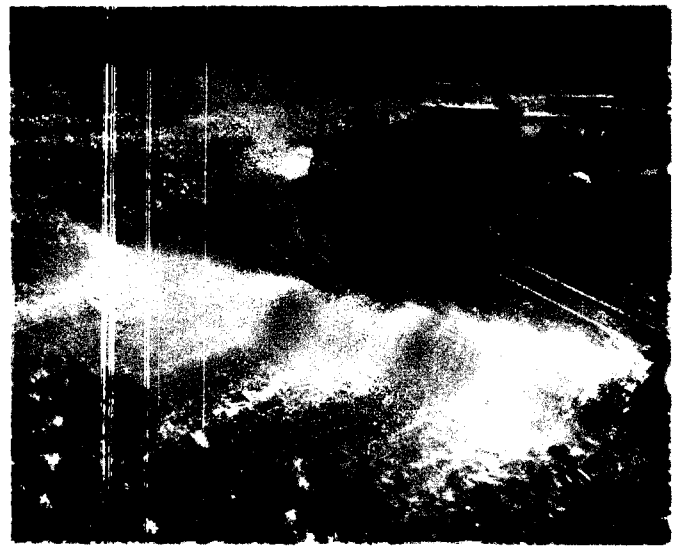
A hyacinth mat is, in a sense, an animate thing, growing and spreading from its outer boundaries. It can cover a body of water like a crust covers a pie, sealing it so hermetically that fish and other marine life die for lack of oxygen, clogging it so effectively that a 250-horsepower tug can't fight its way through.

Amateur pilots have mistaken a water hyacinth mat for a landing strip—to their chagrin. Drivers have pulled off the highway onto what appeared to be a solid shoulder, only to find themselves, or be found, at the bottom of a hyacinth-covered stream or irrigation ditch. High waters and winds have rolled hyacinth mats into 20-foot-high dams, causing floods. Mats have blocked the pumps of rural fire fighters trying to draw water from a pond, routed fishing and hunting clubs from their sites by killing or driving off wildlife, even toppled bridges by sweeping away their supports.

In Louisiana alone, the depredations of the water hyacinth have been estimated by the State Department of Wild Life and Fisheries at $55,000,000 to $65,000,000 a year. This is a high price, even for a lavender symphony. In terms of human misery, moreover, the price has been even higher.

At a public hearing held not long ago by the U.S. Army's Corps of Engineers, New Orleans District, a man got up and said:

"My name is Sevin, and I represent about 200 families up back of Choctaw. We're being drowned out up there like rats. Hyacinths have everything clogged up. There's no chance for the water to get out, the land just can't drain. Trucks carrying food can't get in, and doctors can't get back in there. A boy was sick back there for a week; his



Special watergoing lawn mower cuts wide swath in flowers, which are crushed and strewn behind

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Hyacinths are so prolific that one stalk can develop into 100 acres of flowers

Particularly stubborn growths are attacked by this jam buster, whose rotary saw blades cut path in clogged stream. Dynamite and flame throwers also have been tried against hyacinths

papa had to carry him five miles on his shoulders to a doctor. A lady died up there last week for lack of medical care. Her own people couldn't even come to see her, and we had to bury her as best we could.

"Seems to me something ought to be done. We've got families won't make a nickel's worth of crop this year; the sugar cane and corn's lost, and the potatoes can't be dug. And several of our ladies will need medical care any moment now, and we can't get them out. I'm not much of a talker, but I guess you understand what I mean."

What is the story behind this Jekyll and Hyde of the flower world? Where did the water hyacinth come from? What turned the "water orchid" into a profligate weed that threatens the economy of the South? What can be done to end its reign of terror?

Dr. Warren Bourn, aquatic biologist for the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, thinks man himself may be partly to blame for the hyacinth's widespread destruction. Certainly the plant, a relatively recent botanical immigrant, wasn't brought into this country as a weed.

It was sent here from South America as part of a horticultural exhibit at the New Orleans Cotton Exposition in 1884. The flower's delicate beauty made it a hit of the exposition. Homeowners took samples home to plant. Local florists, seeking to capitalize on the plant's popularity, set out to develop it commercially, but almost immediately hit a formidable snag. They discovered that sexually the plant was almost barren.

With all its luring beauty, the hyacinth is as unloved by the creatures of nature as it is by mankind. Even the birds and the bees shun it. Ignored and unwanted, the flower is forced to engage in lonely self-pollination. Its attempts to create its own sex life result in a pretty weird performance.

After the bud breaks, the flower grows heavenward for the first 12 hours; at times an eight-inch stalk bears as many as 32 blossoms. But once it becomes aware that it's being ignored by all the abundant winged life about it, the hyacinth has the natural reaction of any wallflower. It wants to hide its head in shame—and the stalk starts to bend down toward the water. Twenty-four hours after it opens, the flower is growing in a horizontal rather than upright position. During the next 12 hours, as it bends lower and lower, its motion, aided by gravity, frees the pollen on its stamen, and the loosened pollen, in turn, fertilizes the ovary-bearing pistil. At the end of a 36-hour cycle, the flower thrusts its head beneath the water and its seed capsules begin to mature. After about 20 days, the ripened capsules burst and discharge the seeds.

Why the hyacinth goes to all this trouble to impregnate itself is a mystery. The end result of all its contortions is that it releases its seeds beneath the surface—and they can't germinate under water! An acre of hyacinths wastes a lot of energy producing 45,000,000 seeds when you consider that only those accidentally exposed to the air—cast up on the surface of a mat or on the shore line—ever sprout.

But in the plant world, there is another means of propagation. Greenhouse operators found that the water hyacinth, like many creeping, crawling land weeds, also can reproduce by putting out new shoots at each new node in its spreading roots. Using all the skill and chemicals at their command, the commercial botanists educated and strengthened the plant's vegetative reproductive system at the expense of its already inept sexual system.

Greenhouse Svengalis Under Suspicion

Today, according to Dr. Bourn, hyacinth roots are so fertile that a single broken cylinder from a plant, if tossed into the water, may develop into a 10- to 100-acre mat. Some greenhouse Svengalis, Dr. Bourn suspects, helped convert the exotic wild flower into an aquatic menace.

As a matter of fact, the hyacinth isn't even a true aquatic plant. If it had any guts, it would still be growing in sedentary beauty on the land, where it belongs. If you dissect it, you can still find traces of the elaborate vascular tissue it used for pumping water through its system when it grew on land. Fierce competition from other, more rugged, terrestrial plants drove it into the water. Its retreat probably took a few million years, and it's still capable of sinking its roots eight inches into the soil if left stranded on moist land. However, it never survives on land for more than a few months.

Once it took the plunge, the hyacinth made itself completely at home in the water. It even built its own water wings. Each plant formed several bladders at its base and pumped them full of air. The plant became as buoyant as a cork and as mobile as a piece of driftwood.

With this buoyancy and mobility—and another assist from man and nature—the hyacinth easily established itself along most of the Gulf Coast within

Bill Wunderlich is a leading "water orchid" fighter. He's an official of Engineers Corps, which spends $250,000 a year to curb flower

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BERN KEATING

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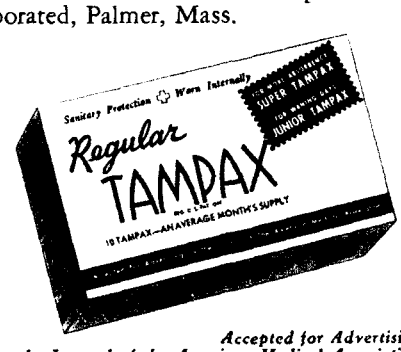

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A swank shooting club, plagued with hyacinths, even

six years of its arrival in the United States. In Louisiana, unknown gardeners tossed surplus cultivated plants from their fountains or fishponds into nearby streams or rivers. In Florida, Jacksonville's city fathers placed a clump of plants in the St. Johns River to enhance its beauty. Hurricanes, floods and currents did the rest. By now the plant has slipped across so many borders that it might be called the original wetback.

Mats Form Floating Islands

Yet the hyacinth apparently still dreams wistfully of its good old days on land. Certainly, in forming its mat, it does its best to build up a reasonable facsimile of soil—and with considerable success. The hyacinth is one of the few plants in the nursery business. At least 63 different types of vegetation, 30 of them land or swamp plants, have been found growing on a hyacinth mat. In the Spanish Pass section of the Mississippi Delta country, there are two- to ten-acre mats that are truly floating islands, supporting such other growths as buttonbush, blackberry, goldenrod, iris and thistle—not to mention water moccasins, alligators and other unattractive fauna.

These islands are virtually impervious to assault. When some of them choked the water trails leading to the duck blinds of the swanky Delta Club, its members tried every means the mind could devise to clear them. None succeeded.

Finally, the club's desperate duck hunters decided to buy a hippopotamus—an animal with a notoriously gluttonous appetite for aquatic vegetation—and put it out to graze. But when they discovered that the asking price for a hippopotamus was five thousand dollars (F.O.B. New Orleans), they struck their colors to the water hyacinth and sold their property.

The Corps of Engineers can sympathize with the Delta Duck Club. It has been waging a ceaseless and often discouraging war on the flower for more than a half century.

Congress ordered the corps to the attack in 1897, for even then the hyacinth was threatening the waterways of the Gulf States.

The first weapon the Engineers employed was the pitchfork, but the flowers grew faster than men could fork them up on the land to rot.

In 1900, the Ramos, a stern-wheeler with a four-foot conveyer belt that picked up hyacinths and ran them through a pair of crushers, was put in use—and quickly abandoned. Again, the plants grew faster than the Ramos could chew them up. Dynamite also was quickly proved useless; it was far more disturbing to the countryside's setting hens than to the hyacinth mats. A scientist even tried a flame thrower. He poured a full cone of fire, hot enough to melt the engine block of a car, on a selected patch of a hyacinth mat. After the flame thrower's fuel was exhausted, an unharmed frog blithely emerged from the center of the scorched area and began sunning himself. The engineer was slightly taken aback. He was even more astounded when, next growing season, the burnt plants not only were the first to sprout, but averaged nine inches taller than the surrounding plants.

COLLIER'S DAVID LANGDON

For a number of years, the corps relied on an arsenic compound. The herbicide killed cattle, crops and water hyacinths with equal success. Its use was abandoned after it also caused the death of one man and the serious illness of 13 others assigned to spread it. (Loose arsenic powder accidentally got into the men's food.)

In 1937 the Kenny—a modernized twin-screw, 80-foot version of the Ramos—was launched. It was designed by Bill Wunderlich, head of the Marine Growth Control Section of the New Orleans District Corps of Engineers. The Kenny's conveyer belt carried the hyacinths through a pair of rollers set to crush them under 40,000 pounds' pressure, then spewed them off to the side. Some of the mangled plants thereupon blossomed out into two or three new stalks where previously there had been but one. The Kenny did, however, chew the dense mats into bits and leave the waters open temporarily to shipping.

The Kenny was retired in 1951 after Wunderlich assembled a contraption that resembles a seagoing lawn mower. Its rotating saw blades, attached to a prow of a boat, cut a 40-foot swath through a mat, chewing it into small bits and leaving a clear channel.

Even more significant for the future than this effective aquatic lawn mower is the development of a solution known as 2, 4-D. It not only kills the plant but sinks the mat so that it no longer obstructs navigation. This spray may well mark the turning point in the war against the hyacinth. It is now being used by everyone engaged in the battle, and a new but more costly herbicide known as 2, 4, 5-T is also showing promise. The Corps of Engineers backs up its flotilla of five mowing machines with five spray boats and, occasionally, a spray-equipped helicopter.

While the corps wrestles with the problem of keeping the waterways open to shipping, other agencies—federal, state and local—are faced with a subtler phase of the hyacinth's destructive nature.

When water hyacinths blanket a body of water, they deprive all its aquatic vegetation of sunlight and this, in turn, stops the vegetation's photosynthetic activity. While engaged in photosynthesis—the process by which plants use sunlight to convert nonliving chemicals into living edible tissue—all plants "breathe." They extract carbon dioxide from the air or water and give off the oxygen on which all animate aquatic life depends.

In the Hyacinth's Death Grip

The hyacinth mat suffocates all aquatic vegetation it sweeps over. When the vegetation dies, it no longer discharges oxygen into the water and all the animate life in that water begins to suffocate in turn. The hyacinth itself speeds up the suffocation process by literally pumping oxygen out of the water. Its leaves, which can reach 50 inches, are covered with about 75,000 pores, or stomata, per square inch. These pores work like bellows, from sunup to sundown, sucking in water, extracting the carbon dioxide for the hyacinth's own use and discharging the oxygen into the air. These constantly pumping, microscopic bellows can lower the water line of a pond an inch a day.

The end effect of a mat's occupancy of a body of water is to destroy the plant food on which the wild ducks and geese that winter in the South rely,

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considered buying a hippopotamus to eat the plants

and to lower the oxygen content of the water to a point where no fish, mollusks, turtles or any other form of animate life can survive. In Louisiana, the water hyacinth causes an annual depletion in the state's wildlife crop estimated at more than $15,000,000, jeopardizing the livelihood or recreation of 150,000 wild-fowl hunters, 20,000 trappers, 150,000 sport fishermen, 7,500 commercial fishermen and 225,000 cane-pole fishermen. (To the cane-pole fishermen sitting on the levee, fish rather than bread is usually the staff of life.)

Harsh Criticism of Gadgets

The hyacinth's depredations on fish and wild fowl have brought federal and state conservation authorities into the battle. From their viewpoint, eradication of the weed is the only solution. They are, therefore, completely 2,4-D-minded and take a jaundiced view of the Corps of Engineers' mechanical gadgets, like the seagoing lawn mower. They point out that the machines don't kill all the hyacinths but only clear a path through them, and leave behind many roots that may sprout again.

However, spraying 2,4-D on hyacinths—whether by boat, plane, marsh buggy or helicopter—costs money, and conservation agencies are very seldom overburdened with funds. Legislative bodies seem to be particularly reluctant to hand over large sums of money to finance a war between grown men and a flower, even though the posy is one of the world's costliest ornaments.

Consider the problem of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service. It is charged with the task of providing food and winter nesting grounds for the millions of wild ducks and geese that migrate South each winter. In Louisiana alone, its Sabine, Delta and Lacassine Wildlife Refuges total more than a quarter of a million hyacinth-harassed acres. Yet last year, the service was able to spend only $30,000 for plant control on *all* of its 200-odd wildlife refuges throughout the country.

Louisiana's legislature, while loudly bemoaning the hyacinth's cost to the state, gave its Water Hyacinth Control Program $70,000 last year. Florida, suffering equally heavy losses, spent around $140,000.

COLLIER'S **"We didn't want to get you anything cheap, boss, so we took the $23.17 and made a down payment on something really nice"** BILL KING

Years of Expensive Warfare

Financially speaking, the Corps of Engineers has fared best. No conservation agency, the corps' assignment is to keep navigable inland waterways open to shipping—and it has been spending around $250,000 annually for many years to curb the hyacinth. The cry of many 2,4-D enthusiasts in the various conservation agencies is, "Give us that much money for just eight or ten years and we could lick the hyacinth menace."

There is, of course, another dimension to the picture. Johnny Lynch, a federal biologist for the Mississippi Wildfowl Flyway, is a conservationist and a stanch 2,4-D man, but he's also a realist. He says, "When a tug and some barges get stalled in a mat, the Corps of Engineers can't wait. They've got to go out and chaw a hole through the mat; that's their operational assignment. Of course, it's too bad that someone hasn't got the wits to see that giving us the money to exterminate the plant would also reduce a huge operational expense that otherwise will go on forever."

Some people approach the hyacinth problem from an entirely different angle. M. T. H. Relf, in a letter to the editor of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, suggests, "The water hyacinth could make our state one of the richest in the Union. . . . We should import a few water buffalo from the Far East, turn them loose to feed on it and let them breed, and sooner or later we would have plenty of meat for our own tables and for the market, and the finest meat one ever tasted."

Cattle do eat water hyacinths—doggedly, persistently and wholly unaware of the fact that their beautiful green leaves are 95 per cent water and totally lacking in nutritive values. Some of the animals meet the fate described to me by a Cajun farmer, "My old cow she stand out there an' eat those hy'cinths three hundred sixty-five days and drop dead the next. She starve herself eating."

The water buffalo may not be the answer.

Other people have tried to adapt the hyacinth to commercial uses. Bill Wunderlich delivered four tons of the plants to two men who wanted to see if it could be made into wallboard. He says, tongue in cheek, "They ground it up, pressed it, and out came a mighty handsome, shiny board. I thought they had something. But a couple of months later they told me they'd given up the idea. We'd had a spell of wet weather and the damned wallboard had sprouted on them."

So far the best answer to the hyacinth appears to be this: 2,4-D—and money. But the prediction made by Pete Dutton, the jovial giant in charge of The Louisiana Conservation Department's control program, may still come to pass. "I followed the ancient and honored profession of teaching the youth of America before I became a hyacinth fighter a few years back," Pete says. "The way things are going, I wouldn't be surprised if my present profession became an ancient and honored one in a few centuries—if the hyacinth doesn't take over first." ▲▲▲

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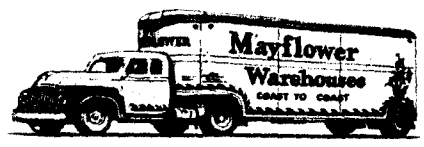

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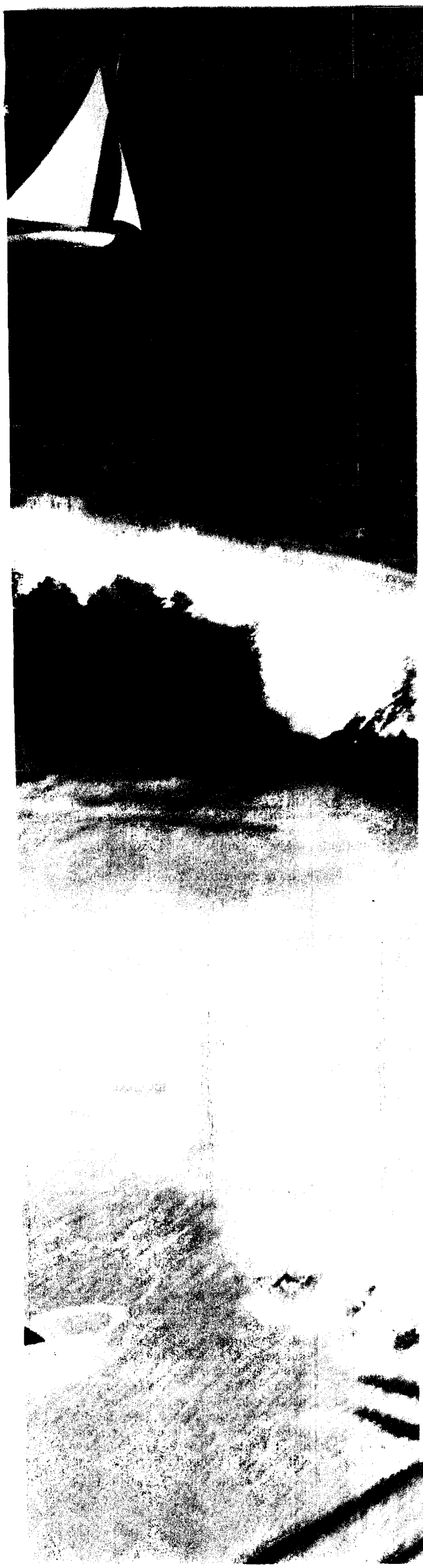

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Marriage Comes Second

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

of animated discussion, of bargain hunting, of ingenious making do, of actual loving labor, resulted in bright draperies, cushions, pictures and ash trays. They built bookcases, refinished secondhand furniture, and even made a screen, gay with pasted magazine covers, to conceal the entrance to the kitchenette. The general effect was vivid, heterogeneous and hopeful.

But there was a fault in their marriage—underground, and therefore unperceived for the first few months they lived in New York. They were sure they'd never been so happy, so complete in each other, so thoroughly a husband and wife; yet all the time it was there—the weakness in the fabric, after a certain pressure, would make it give.

It wasn't the city, or the theatrical profession in general, or the fact that they were not successful, though Hank was later inclined to blame all three. Actually, he and Maggie had brought the seeds of their separation with them on the bus from Gooding. The very ambition that had goaded them in the first place was what undid them.

They had come to take the city. But after two months, the only acknowledgment of their presence had been the negative headshake of a hundred switchboard girls. Then, in the same week, they who had sneered at acting on radio and television found jobs that were far more humble. Hank posed before a camera in the replica of a locker room, with chest expanded, mouth grinning, and nothing on but a pair of shorts. And Maggie, for four whole days, stood behind a counter in a five-and-ten, demonstrating facial cream.

IN THE third month, Hank came very close to getting a supporting role in a company that was going to tour the South in a bus; and in the fourth month, Maggie got a job in a radio show—to scream for the leading woman, who was unwilling to strain her vocal cords.

Thereafter, the desert of unemployment stretched before them. Maggie, dutifully optimistic, smiled her sunrise smile and said no, of course she wasn't discouraged. She would be his Lynn Fontanne. She knew that it would amount to a betrayal if she were to confess to him now that she was beginning to doubt she would ever make it.

Hank's morale was more durable. He lived on hope. In order to be ready when their big opportunity came, he enrolled in a school of acting—which, because he was a veteran, cost him nothing. Here he studied enrythmics and declamation, fencing and modern dance; he learned breath control, how to pitch his voice, how to move about a stage. And the course did double duty. Almost every night he repeated it, as nearly verbatim as he could, with himself as professor and Maggie as the well-loved only pupil.

But even Hank couldn't remain hopeful always. Disappointment piled on disappointment—sometimes with special cruelty, as when he had virtually been promised a job and then had learned, the day before rehearsals were to start, that someone else had been chosen.

"Look," he said gloomily to Maggie that night. "*I* think I'm good—*you* think I'm good. But nobody else does."

Maggie sounded almost angry. "That isn't true! What did they tell you at the Academy?"

"Oh, that," he said, and dismissed it.

"No, what did they say?" She made him repeat not only the public compliments and the sober words of praise from other students, but the obviously sincere remarks that members of the faculty had made—like the director who had told him, "You've got it, Ellit. The one thing we can't teach: talent. That natural instinct for *listening* in a scene, for really seeming to live it, for saying lines as though you meant them from inside . . ."

"But how can I be sure they're right?" Hank said and Maggie answered, "You've just got to trust them—and yourself. We can't expect a written guarantee that we'll be successful. But we're sure it's worth the gamble, aren't we?"

"Well, yes. Though sometimes I—"

"Those are the times to ignore. The sure times are the ones that count."

He looked around at her slowly. "Oh, Maggie," he said, reaching for her. "Thank God for you."

She knew it wasn't only love that made her faith in him so certain. She had observed his contemporaries and she knew, as his teachers knew, that here was that rare and miraculous gift: a natural talent. It had to triumph.

But love helped too. Love gave her the endless willingness, the inexhaustible strength to bolster him over and over again, to shore up the foundations of his self-confidence, even when her own disappointments left her spirit crushed.

Love, as she saw it, was having strength to infuse in him whenever he needed it. . . .

Meanwhile, they learned their way around New York—specifically around that one segment of it where the theaters are, and the agents' offices, and the actors' drugstores and the actors' bars. They found Joe's, for example, and became fairly steady patrons.

You went down three steps from the side street to enter Joe's, into a long, low room full of smoke and people and noise. You stood three deep at the bar, or you sat around little tables, too many of you for each little table, elbow to elbow.

It was a second home, a union hall, a club. Its clientele was almost exclusively young people striving, or old ones defeated—both on the fringes of the stage. It was a promise of companionship and of tips on employment.

WHEN Hank and Maggie went in to Joe's, acquaintances from their job-hunting rounds called "Hi!" and made room for them to sit down. We're really part of it now, they thought. We're getting somewhere at last!

They were welcome because their joy in their own togetherness was wonderful to watch—particularly for the single, the lonely, the disappointed among their friends. But there are those who cannot bear the sight of other people's happiness. Red MacFarlane, perhaps, was one of them, though he would have sworn that he wished Hank and Maggie only well when, one night at Joe's, he gave the advice that drove the first small wedge between them.

Red MacFarlane was baby-faced and fat and given to tense, anguished gestures when he talked. "The reason you two don't get work," he said to start with, "is that you look for jobs in tandem."

There was no doubt that he was an authority. You could tell that from the way the others listened and nodded. He knew the ropes. He had been in one long run on Broadway, and had done a lot of radio, television and summer stock besides. Though at the moment unemployed, he let it be known that he had several attractive, though unspecified, propositions on the fire.

"You don't want people to think you're a dance team, do you?" he asked the Ellits. "When they see you mooning at each other—well, don't you get it? You're a *couple!*"

"Sure we're a couple," Hank said firmly. "What's wrong with that?"

But on many other nights, Red returned to his theme. By now they had failed and failed again, till failure had begun to seem the normal climate of their lives. And though they listened reluctantly, as if Red were suggesting a divorce, they listened attentively and were vulnerable.

"You've got to make a single impression," he told them. "Producers and agents have to get to know you—so your face will pop into their minds when they need you. Contacts, don't you see? This whole business is a question of contacts."

Hank said slowly, "Yes. Sure. Contacts." And Maggie nodded.

Now Red turned his attention separately to her. "And there's something else, honey. You've got to learn what to sell."

Maggie blinked. "Sell?" she said.

"You're a very unusual-looking kid, not like every other blonde they see. But what do you do? You wear a brown dress—like a spinster!" He turned his palms up, wheedling. "Honey, wear a color. Please. Wear something tight. A sweater. Stick in some padding if you need it—"

"She doesn't," Hank said shortly.

And that drew Red's fire on him. "You're no better! You're wet behind the ears too. Look"—he leaned forward and used his glass like a gavel—"most of these agents are dames, and so are their telephone operators. So give 'em the old come-on. Make with the eyes. You can do it. It's the only way to get started."

Hank got up, nodding thoughtfully. "Yes. Yes, sure," he said, and something prevented him from looking at Maggie. "Thanks very much, Red. We'll give it a try, one of these days."

THEY gave it a try the next morning. At Times Square they kissed each other, said, "Good luck," and went their separate ways. The erosion of their togetherness had begun.

At first, the new method of job hunting was no more effective than the old. Each night, as they went over the details of their rounds, analyzing refusals, building castles in the air out of a smile or a "maybe," Maggie ached to say—and didn't say, because she feared to seem fainthearted—how much she missed having Hank at her side, to break the ice for her.

He was breaking the ice for himself now. Just as he had been the ringleader in the beginning, now he was the more wholehearted in following Red MacFarlane's counsel. He was, after all, the man of the family. He felt responsible for it. And he was desperate.

He played the angles, gave the old come-on, made with the eyes. The pursuit of contacts had become his new religion, and it paid off surprisingly one

COLLIER'S "And what kind of fish do you want with the wine?" CHARLES STRAUSS

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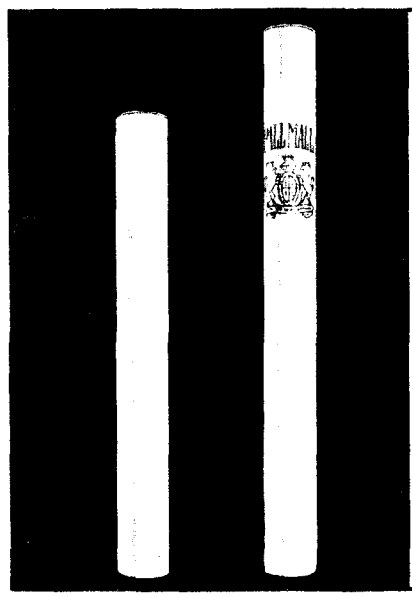

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morning when he met an actors' agent called Eva Dart.

He met her, in the first place, by looking at her secretary in just the right way. And this was odd, because when in the past he had called on Eva Dart, the secretary had refused to admit him, using all the clichés of polite evasion.

This time it was different. She glanced up, and seeing—for the first time, she was sure—a tall, hatless young man in a battered trench coat, she took a longer look. He had blue-black hair, and serious dark eyes that almost imperceptibly narrowed and softened as she watched them.

She flashed a toothy smile and said, "Go right in."

MISS DART smiled too. She waved him to a chair and studied him attentively while she talked into the telephone in a tone of brassy affection about some actor's salary. "Oh, come on, honey," she said. "Raise the ante. This kid's going places. . . . Look, you'll lose him if you go on like that. . . . You give a little, I'll give a little. . . . Now you're talking. That's a deal."

Then she hung up and turned to Hank and said, "Hello."

She was about thirty and she came from a poor section of the city. A certain dinginess still clung to her in spite of the golden hoops that dangled from her ears and the bright rings that decorated her sallow fingers. But she was sympathetic and interested, and Hank was grateful.

It was almost too easy. He answered her questions in a businesslike way, telling her candidly that he'd had no professional experience and that he just wanted a chance to begin. But he remembered Red MacFarlane, and while he spoke one set of words, the expression in his eyes was saying, silently and intimately: I like you. You're attractive. Who knows what might happen if we were ever out together?

It was not lost on Eva Dart. While she was asking briskly if he were interested in television, he let his answering smile last a moment too long before he said, "Anything. Anything for a start."

She studied him. "You're a good type," she said. "I think I can help you." Then she put out her ring-laden hand and told him to keep in touch with her.

"Yes, *ma'am!*" said Hank. "I will!"

And so he kept in touch with Eva Dart. He dropped in. He telephoned. He saw her increasingly often. He found her provocative in a way he had never known before. She had attracted him originally by what she could do for him, and she held him, as time went on, by the casually mentioned names—nicknames, in fact—of famous producers, to whom she said she had spoken, or was going to speak, in his behalf.

Occasionally she asked him to escort her to obscure off-Broadway productions or invited him to small parties at her apartment in Greenwich Village. There would be a lot of people there, she always said, who would be good for him to meet.

He learned to gauge the importance of Eva's acquaintances by the cordiality of her greeting. With a quick glance, on entering a room, he could decide just whom it would be well for him to talk to and whom he could safely ignore. There was a whole future, he thought, nearly in his grasp. It never occurred to him that the seams of his marriage had already begun to split.

When it occurred to Maggie, she was aghast, but she said nothing. She didn't talk about the suppers she had cooked and eaten alone, or about the hours she had waited alone, or about the movies she had gone to alone.

She said nothing until the small hours of one cold morning, when Hank came home and woke her to tell her about the party he and Eva had just attended. She might not have said anything then but for the fact that she had news of her own that night, and no one to share it with.

She tried to share it with Hank. "Darling," she said, "the most wonderful—" but she couldn't stop the torrent of his words. And so, resigned and fond, she sat up in bed and listened with excited interest as he described the party for her, name by glamorous name.

Though he tried to sound offhand, his voice betrayed his astonishment and pride. He—Henry Ellit, of Gooding, Colorado—had actually shaken hands with the magic inhabitants of the theatrical and gossip columns, had stood next to them at the buffet, had even talked to them.

"And the Lunts, darling," she said at last. "Were they there?"

No, he explained. Everybody *but* the Lunts. The Lunts hardly ever went to parties—Eva Dart had told him so. "But you know who *was* there?" he said. "Alan Steele!"

COLLIER'S **"Oh, you must come inside! You're missing all the fun!"** KATE OSANN

This was truly a milestone. In the unemployed young actor's hierarchy, Alan Steele might lack the grandeur of the Lunts, but he was very special indeed, and very powerful. Still in his forties, he had been dazzlingly successful for the last ten years. The words, "Alan Steele presents . . ." meant an opening night of a splendor that could hardly be matched by any other producer in town. His productions were almost guaranteed to be hits, even on the infrequent occasions when the critics disapproved, because the public usually bought seats before his plays even went into rehearsal.

"He told me all about his new show," Hank said now, with pride. "He said, 'Old boy, you have no idea how hard it is to cast a play these days!' And then he said, 'Try some of this Brie, it's really superb.' "

HANK was so busy quoting Alan Steele he didn't see Maggie's small thoughtful smile. A moment later, when he had become aware of her silence, he turned to her. She was lounging on the bed in her yellow robe, and he suddenly felt a subtle change in the atmosphere. It was as if she were holding her breath, waiting to say something.

She spoke at last, in a casual voice: "How's Miss Dart?"

"Eva? Oh, fine." He didn't realize at first, because her question sounded so trivial, that Maggie had given a great deal of thought to Eva Dart.

"You've been seeing a lot of her, haven't you?" Maggie said.

He laid his bathrobe on the armchair. "She's going to send me to Warners' next week for a screen test." Maggie was silent again. He looked at her. "Go on, Maggie. Say it."

Maggie avoided his eyes. "You've never suggested—introducing me to her, have you?"

"Golly! Don't think I haven't had it in mind." He hadn't had it in mind at all. It hadn't even occurred to him until that moment. "I'm just waiting," he said. "You know—till the time seems right."

"Hank, you're not—interested in her, are you?"

"Interested?"

"Yes. *That* way, I mean."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Good heavens, no! Wait till you see her!" Then, coming closer, he said gently: "Sweetheart, there's only one person in the world I'm interested in—that way—and you know who she is."

He was telling the truth now, and that made him feel better.

Maggie, however, was still thoughtful. "Is she—in you?" she asked after a moment.

"Interested?" Hank said. "Of course not. Only as an actor." This time he wasn't so sure it was the truth, and even to himself he sounded unconvincing. Then she said: "Hank, does she know about me? Does she know you're married?" For the first time she was looking directly at him. Her eyes were wide, blue, questioning.

"Why, no," he said slowly. "No, she doesn't."

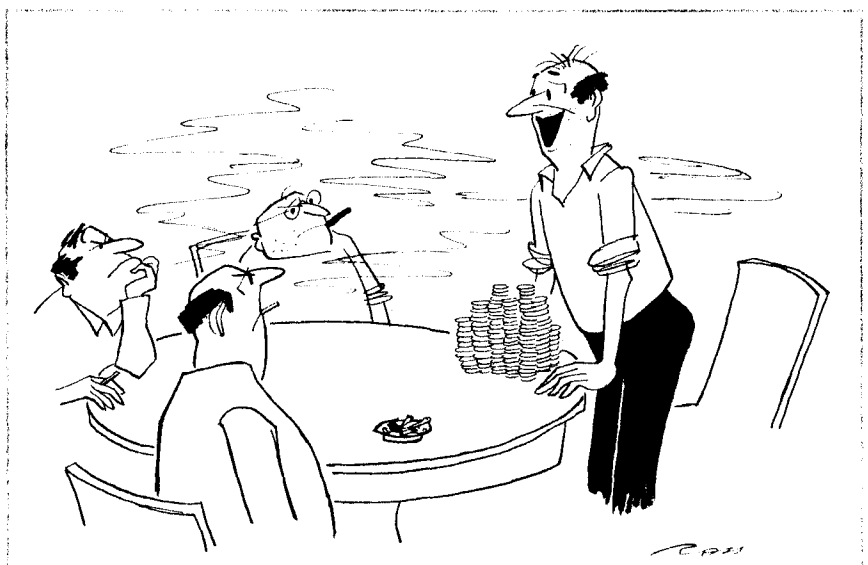
He wanted to explain how it had happened. The first few times he'd seen Eva, she hadn't asked him if he were married and he hadn't volunteered the information. Lately, there had seemed no way of introducing the topic—even if he'd wanted to. They had somehow got beyond it. And if he told her now, after all this time, it would seem an important fact that he'd deliberately withheld.

"You see, darling—" he began, but Maggie interrupted.

"Close the window, will you, Hank?" she said. "It's awfully cold, all of a sudden." . . .

He found the manuscript next morning, on top of one of the bookcases, while Maggie was busy in the kitchenette. The title, *Bride of Quietness,* was typed on the blue cover, and under it the author's name. Printed at the bottom were the words: *ALAN STEELE PRODUCTIONS,* and the office address.

A few minutes later Maggie came in with his breakfast, but she was uncommunicative when Hank asked her about the script. She said only that it had



COLLIER'S **"And now, on behalf of the Uptown Meat Market, the Cloverleaf Dairy and the Metro Fuel and Oil Co., I'd like to extend to all of you my heartfelt thanks"** AL ROSS

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been given to her to read. For a part? Yes. And she hadn't *told* him?

"I tried to last night, but you wouldn't listen," she said. She had put his tray down on the table and she began getting dressed.

"Darling!" he said with genuine delight. "This is terrific! How did it happen?"

"I just waited in the reception room till they saw me."

"How long?"

"I think it was an hour and a quarter."

"And then what?"

She shrugged and said, "They seemed to think I was worth trying."

"And you saw Alan Steele himself?" Hank asked.

She nodded as she combed her hair.

"Is it a good part?"

She nodded again.

"Oh, darling, how wonderful! When do you read for them?"

"Tuesday morning."

"That gives us four days. We'll work on it and work on it till you're so good they just *have* to take you!" Tilting back in his chair, he reached for the manuscript.

"No, Hank. Please."

He lowered the front legs of the chair to the floor again, and frowned at her. She was all dressed now. She even had her coat on. "Please what?" he said.

She was trying very hard to seem calm. "We're not going to work on it together. We're not going to work on it at all. Because I don't care any more. I don't want the part."

"Maggie," he said in a baffled voice, "darling—"

But when he walked toward her, holding out his arms, she cried out with sudden violence, "No! Leave me alone!"

Then she picked up the manuscript and left the room.

THAT night they made up. They apologized, they forgave each other and promised it wouldn't happen again—ever.

"The very next time I see Eva Dart," Hank said, "I'll tell her I'm an old married man."

"With a jealous wife who makes scenes." Maggie added.

"What did you do all day?" he asked.

"Drank coffee at drugstores, thought about returning the manuscript and saying I wasn't interested—"

"But you didn't?"

"No." She smiled apologetically. "I was feeling very sorry for myself the whole time. I hated it."

He put his arm around her and she nestled close to him. "Poor baby," he said. "I'm sorry."

But she put her forefinger against his lips and shook her head, as though to say: That's over. The subject is closed.

It wasn't really closed. They had had the first intimation of the fragility of their life together, a sudden glimpse of the chasm gaping at their feet, with Maggie on one side and Hank on the other. They were chastened and even frightened, but merely making up wasn't enough. They knew uneasily that they were only closing their eyes and pretending the chasm wasn't there.

All through the week end they submerged themselves in the problems of Maggie's audition. They talked of how she should enter and leave the office and what dress she should wear—and Hank, invoking Red MacFarlane, insisted the dress must be tight and not brown. They rehearsed every scene she might be called on to read, until she knew the role by heart.

But somehow, she thought, all this was wrong. It had happened in the wrong order. Hank, who thirsted for success, should have had this great chance first, not she.

"You read the cues so well," she said. "You'd be so good in the man's part. It ought to be your audition, not mine."

He dismissed the idea. "It's you we're working on. Now try it again."

Every now and then she lost her nerve. She said, "Oh, I can't, Hank, I can't!"

But he encouraged and reassured her. "Great," he would say. "That little pause is fine. Now do it again and set it."

AT LAST, borrowing confidence from his praise, she came to think she might be able to face it. She even dared to imagine that she stood a chance. "If I can only keep my head on Tuesday morning," she said. "If I don't get rattled and frightened and start to shake—"

"You won't," he told her. "You can't."

"You'll be here Monday night, won't you? Here with me, to hold my hand?"

"Of course I will," he promised. "I'll even go down to Steele's office with you on Tuesday."

She closed her eyes and sighed luxuriously. "Oh, that'll be nice. That'll be lovely—knowing you're there to claim the body when I fall over and die from pure terror."

"Yes," said Hank, and he began to act out the scene: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I think that corpse is my wife."

Maggie went on with it: "Drag her away. She clutters up the place."

"Next!"

It wasn't very funny but it was the release they needed. They laughed until they were out of breath. They clung to each other and embellished the scene further and laughed some more. And suddenly, before they quite realized it was happening, they were very silent and very close together.

For that moment, and those that followed, they were both sure the chasm was gone for good. . . .

But late Monday afternoon, Eva Dart asked Hank to go with her to Philadelphia to see the tryout of a new play. "The five-thirty train," she said. "Meet me at Penn Station."

Hank, in a telephone booth, looked at his watch and hesitated. "Golly, Eva," he said in a moment, "I don't know whether I can make it. Something's come up . . ."

"Decide, boy," Eva said. "There's a long line waiting to take me if you don't want to."

His resolution wavered, but then he said firmly, "I think I'd better skip this one, Eva. Thanks just the same."

There was a pause and then a faintly exasperated sigh. Eva spoke slowly, obviously straining to be patient: "Look, I'm not doing this for your health. They aren't happy about the juvenile. If they decide to make a change, and you're there . . ."

She let the bait hang temptingly. "You mean you think there'd be a chance?" Hank said.

Expertly she gave him more line. "Oh, but you said you couldn't go. I'll have to get someone else."

"No—wait a minute, wait a minute." He drummed his fingers on the ledge next to the telephone. Maggie would understand, he thought. She'd have to understand. "If it's business,"

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he said. "I didn't realize— Yes, Eva. Penn Station at five thirty."

Maggie found his note when she came in from shopping. She read it twice before she believed it: *This may be it! Cross your fingers! I'll be home by two at the latest. Love you—H.*

She wanted to be angry, and even came close to tears once or twice as the night wore on. It all seemed so inexplicably out of character for him. But then, reviewing the facts, she nearly convinced herself that she was wrong. After all, this wasn't a social engagement with Eva Dart—it was business. It was about a job.

She looked back at the postscript he had written and sighed, reassured. *Don't worry,* it said. *I'll tell Eva tonight.*

That proved he hadn't forgotten her, didn't it? That proved he loved her. And anyhow, hadn't he promised that he'd be home by two?

But it was five when she heard his key in the lock. By then her sleepless mind was a confusion of self-pity and resentment, of suspicions and questions, of lines from Bride of Quietness and Eva's name and even Eva's face—quite inaccurately alluring as she imagined it, because she had never seen the original.

She pretended to be asleep as he tiptoed to the bed; she didn't open her eyes again until he had closed his and was breathing regularly beside her.

HE WAS still asleep when she got up. She had hoped she could get out of the room without disturbing him, but in a few moments he woke up and blinked and then sat bolt upright in bed.

"Wh—what time is it?" he said sleepily.

"Shh." She was standing at the mirror, concentrating on her make-up.

Hank suddenly threw aside the blanket and leaped to his feet. "Your reading!"

"Go back to bed, Hank, please. I'll be all right." But don't sound martyred, she said to herself. Don't sound self-righteous, or noble or wounded.

"Maggie," he said, "let me tell you why I was so late last night—"

"Not now. Later maybe. Did you —get the job?"

He shook his head.

"I'm sorry." She got into her dress, rearranged her hair, put on her coat.

He took a tentative step toward her. "Maggie . . ."

"Yes?"

"Let me come with you. I could be ready in two minutes."

"I know you could. But go to sleep." Still not looking at him, she went to the door with the manuscript under her arm.

"Good luck, baby," he said, softly, unhappily, from across the room.

Maggie didn't answer. Her throat had suddenly tightened. She closed the door quickly and went down the stairs. . . .

"Thank you, Miss Ellit."

Maggie looked up from the script, surprised. She was only half through the second scene she had been asked to read. The director had got to his feet with polite finality. There was no doubt about it: the audition was over. She glanced quickly toward the window where the producer, Alan Steele, was standing, watching her as he smoked a cigarette.

It was he who had made this reading possible in the first place. During her interview the week before, he had been surprisingly attentive, even sympathetic, and at the end of their talk he had said, "Miss Ellit, you puzzle me. You have clearly had no experience at all, and I'm at a loss to understand why, out of the hundreds of girls I've seen, I choose *you* for a reading."

He had also said, on hearing that she came from Colorado, "What gets into you kids? To come all this way—for what? Instead of a husband and babies . . . Never mind, don't tell me. It's the standard story anyhow. It's even my own story, if you go back far enough." And he had smiled—a little sadly, Maggie thought.

Now she felt she had let him down, had wasted his time. He'd given her a chance and she had failed, and there was no way to apologize or thank him, because the secretary had opened the door and was waiting for her to leave, and the director was nodding her right out of the room.

Walking down the corridor to the elevators, she couldn't even console herself that she had suffered an injustice. She had done very badly, and she knew it. Of course, she hadn't had enough sleep and she had been terrified —but those were excuses, not reasons. If you were truly a professional there were no extenuating circumstances. You did it when the moment came.

Just as the elevator door opened she thought she heard someone calling her, but she didn't turn back. She had probably just imagined it.

WHEN she got home, Hank could tell at once that she hadn't got the job. He could also see how miserable she felt about it, even though she resolutely smiled and tried to behave as though her failure had been some sort of merry joke.

"And there was the script, lurching around in my hand," she told him, "and all the words jumping every which way. Three pairs of eyes staring at me as if I were some sort of petty criminal—except Mr. Steele, who looked sort of forgiving. And the director said, 'Thank you, Miss Ellit,' and I was out of there before I knew it."

"Yes, darling," Hank said softly. "Have a cup of coffee." He put his arm around her as she drank it and she thought: Oh, how nice! How nice! She told him how rigid her tongue had felt, so that she couldn't pronounce the words, and how she'd kept saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I know," he said, and kissed the nape of her neck. "I know."

And quite suddenly it was necessary to set the cup down, so the coffee wouldn't spill while she sobbed in his arms. He patted her and whispered to her and kept crooning, "Never mind, never mind."

After a few minutes she got up, splashed cold water on her face, blew her nose, and said at last, "There. I'm better now."

He had his back to her, as he inhaled thoughtfully on a cigarette. "Listen, Mag," he said, without turning around. "You were good in that part. I know it. And if you didn't read well today, that's because I let you down last night, and I just want to tell you that I'm sorry."

Maggie was touched. She felt she must prove that she could be noble and forgiving too. She said, "Let's just forget about it. Let's put it in the past and forget it."

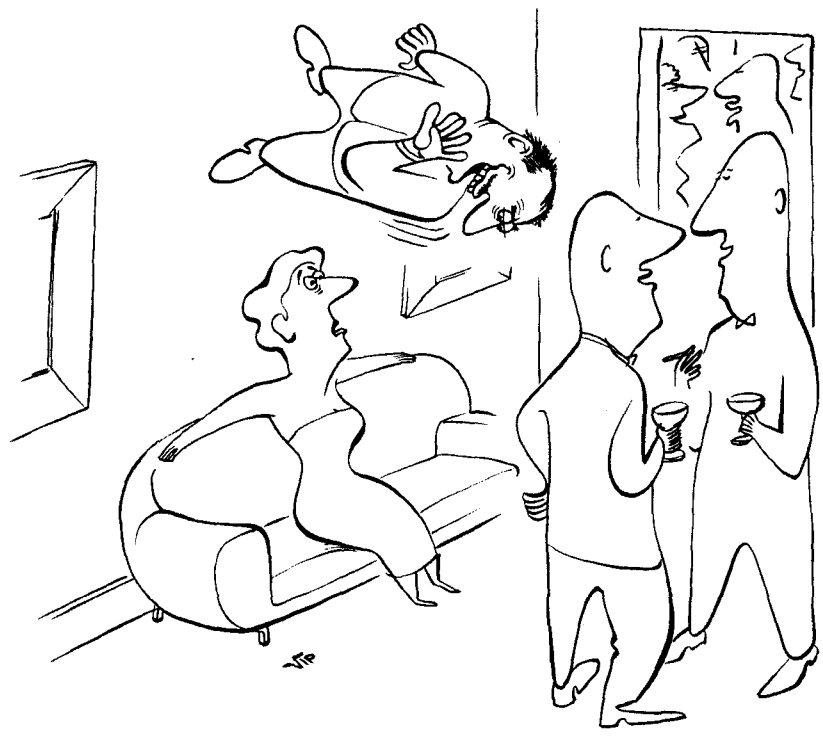
It might have worked, but Hank wouldn't let it go. He felt he had to tell her why he'd got home at five instead of two.

"I know, darling," Maggie said, trying to forestall him. "You had to see about the job."

As he talked, she kept nodding, as if it were all understood in advance. Naturally, he told her, after the play Eva had had to go backstage. He hadn't counted on this, but of course she had to see her client—that was the purpose of the trip. The client had been terribly let down after the performance and Eva had had to tell him, with Hank's assistance, how wonderful he had been. That was how they had missed the first train.

"Sure, darling," Maggie said. "Sure, I know."

They had missed the second train because the producer had wandered into the dressing room and suggested going out for a drink.



COLLIER'S **"Try the punch"** VIRGIL PARTCH

"That was when I telephoned you," Hank said.

"But Mrs. Drucker told us—"

"I know. No calls any time, she said. In or out." They smiled as he imitated her. "And of course she didn't answer and you couldn't hear, and the operator said, 'There doesn't seem to be anybody there.' So then I went back to the table, and before we knew it—"

"Of course. You had to wait till they decided about the job."

Hank looked at her, puzzled. "Oh, no. That was before."

"When they decided?"

He nodded. "The guy got a good hand on his second-act exit, so they made up their minds to keep him."

"And they told you then?" said Maggie.

"It was during the intermission. Why?"

"Then it was about half past ten, wasn't it, when they told you?"

"Yes," Hank said with some impatience. "Sure. But what was I going to do? Walk out then? Take a plane for home?"

"Skip it," she said quietly, "skip it."

"No. What are you thinking?"

Suddenly she was afraid. It was as if she could see the chasm again, yawning at their feet. She said, "I don't want to fight. Let's take a walk or go out to lunch or something."

"No," Hank said, "let's get this cleared up now."

THERE is no precedent for behavior in your first serious married quarrel. Later, Maggie was sure she had been wrong—unreasonable, full of self-pity, even a little priggish. Try as she did, she hadn't been able to keep the tone of martyrdom out of her voice. And Hank, afterward, regretted his quick temper, his pride, his violence. Both of them had indulged in the deceptive comforts of self-righteous anger.

Even at the time, Maggie had known she was guilty of the kind of wifely reasonableness that calls attention to itself a little insistently. She pointed out that she hadn't meant that he should have left Philadelphia the very minute he'd heard he wasn't going to get the job. But she did think, and she said so in a fairly wounded tone of voice, that there was quite a difference between 10:30 P.M. and 5:00 A.M.—particularly when your wife was waiting at home alone, and you knew she needed you.

Business came first, Hank told her. That was why they'd come to New York, wasn't it?

And Maggie said what she had often thought but had never spoken aloud before: "Well, I'm sorry now we did come to New York. I'd just as soon go back home right away!"

Hank, angered more by his guilty conscience than by what she had said, turned on her then and shouted for the first time since he'd known her. "You're just trying to blame me because you muffed that reading this morning!"

"No, I'm not! That's your idea, not mine!"

"But it's what you're getting around to. I know. You'd have been starring in Alan Steele's show if I hadn't walked out on you last night!"

"Well," Maggie said, "I'm glad you admit you walked out on me. Miss Eva Dart crooks her little finger when my back is turned, and you write me an affectionate little note—"

"Well, you were out!"

"Yes! Shopping for your dinner!"

But mentioning the note had re-

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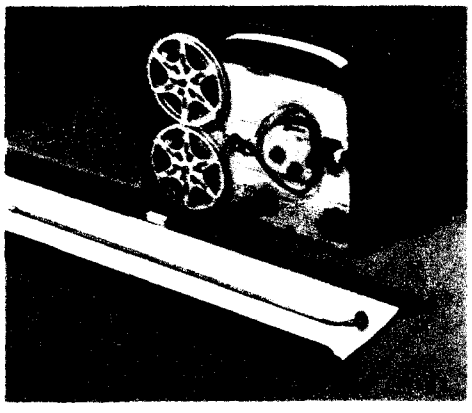

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COLLIER'S **"Just a lot of worthless junk; but we have to keep in good with them—their air force could be over us in four hours"** GARRETT PRICE

minded her of the postscript, and she clutched at that straw. "Hank," she said, "you did tell her, didn't you?"

"Her?" he said. "Who? What?"

"Eva Dart. About me."

He looked at her, stricken. He said nothing, and in the long, dead, despairing silence she knew the answer, and shut her eyes as if she'd been hit across the face.

After that it was too late to do anything, though wretchedly Hank tried. He dashed out of the room and clattered down the stairs, shouting that he would tell Eva now, right now. When he came back, some five minutes later, Maggie was sitting just as he had left her. Perhaps even then they might have taken the first faltering steps toward reconciliation, if he'd been able to report that now Eva Dart knew he had a wife he loved more than anything in the world.

He had indeed called Eva Dart, but all he could report to Maggie was that he had to get to a certain ballroom in a certain Eighth Avenue hotel, where a television show was in the process of rehearsal and where Eva had told him they were waiting impatiently for him to put in an appearance.

This was at last a job he got.

"Next Tuesday night," he told Maggie when he got home from the rehearsal. "Channel two, between nine thirty and ten."

Maggie said, "I'll have to remember to watch you."

This was the first inkling he got of Maggie's intentions, though now he remembered having seen another indication in the hall downstairs when he'd dashed in: the two imitation-leather suitcases that had carried Maggie's belongings from Gooding, Colorado, to New York.

He stared at her, frowning, disbelieving, then swung around to the chiffonier. The two top drawers were empty. And in Maggie's half of the closet there was a shiny row of naked wire hangers.

"Mag—" he said, but that was all he said. She had her hat and coat on. She had been waiting till he came home. She didn't believe in leaving notes for him.

Her voice came dully from the doorway. "I haven't decided where I'm going; I'll let you know."

"Mag—I almost forgot. The message service says you're to get in touch with the Alan Steele office."

"Thanks."

She was leaving. He watched her go, like a stranger, down the stairs.

"Mag . . ."

"Yes?"

"Can I—do you need any help?"

"No, thanks."

And she went on down.

THE next morning Mrs. Drucker inherited all the results of the Ellits' exuberant redecoration, the gaily colored accouterments of their love story and their hope.

Afterward, tomorrow's Alfred Lunt moved into a residence club for men, into a whitewashed cell with an iron bed and some curtained hooks for a closet. Not many blocks away, the partner of his future glory had settled in a room hardly larger, in a seedy commercial hotel.

A few days afterward, Maggie sat across a desk from Alan Steele, wondering at her ability to smile, to behave in general as though nothing in the world had happened. She knew that the ache and the doubts about her own behavior would come back later, as they always did, when she was alone.

"I tried to stop you the other day," Alan Steele was saying. "I guess you didn't hear me calling you."

"I was feeling awful about reading so badly."

"You didn't read badly. It was a long shot at best. You need experience, but you have talent."

"Experience," she said and smiled. "How do you get it?"

"I wish I knew. Luck, being at the right place at the right moment, hanging on, refusing to be discouraged."

She nodded and said slowly, "That's why I'm going home."

"To Colorado?"

"Yes." Then, afraid she was wasting his time, she thanked him for his kindness and got up.

"No, wait a minute." He had a nice face, she thought, and gray-flecked hair and a kind smile—pleasant, rather than handsome. "Miss Ellit," he was saying, "would you postpone your return to Colorado if I offered you a job?"

She stared across the desk at him. "Not that part I read for?"

"Unfortunately not. We have a girl from Hollywood for that, and there's nothing else in the play."

"You mean an understudy, then?"

He shook his head, smiling. "No. The understudy has to cover several parts, and you're not old enough. The job I had in mind has nothing to do with acting."

She waited, holding her breath. Steele got up and, with his hands in his back pockets, paced slowly up and down the office. "At our first meeting you told me that, more or less as a sop to your parents, you had gone to secretarial school."

"Yes."

"How much of it do you remember, Miss Ellit?"

"Well—all of it, I think. I'm probably a little rusty, but—"

"The point is, I happen to need a secretary." He smiled and faced her. "Would you care to work for me?"

She stared at him. "When?"

"Immediately."

"Here in the office?"

"No. At my apartment. Odds and ends. Correspondence. Some manuscript typing, probably. Enough to keep you busy, at any rate."

"I—well, Mr. Steele, I don't know," Maggie said.

"Take your time. There's no hurry. Think about it." Then, because she was still sitting there and obviously trying to say something, he smiled and said, "What?"

"Well, just this," Maggie answered with some difficulty. "I wouldn't like to—to sail under false colors. There must be hundreds of girls who would make better secretaries than I would."

"I'm sure of it. But don't misunderstand me. I liked the look of you and thought this might be a way to help. I shall enjoy having you around, because you're a very pretty girl with a voice I like to listen to. But let's have it understood at the start—I have no ulterior motive. None whatever." He smiled. "Was that what you were trying to ask about?"

"As a matter of fact, no," she said, and smiled. "That didn't occur to me. I just thought you ought to know that Miss Ellit isn't my name. It's Mrs. Ellit."

"Oh." He thought about that for a moment. "Your husband's here—or in Colorado?"

"Here."

"Well," he said. "That's your business. I'd like you to take this job, though, so think about it, will you?" He wrote something on a piece of paper. "Here's my address. Show up at eleven tomorrow morning—if you want to."

THE bartender looked at her with obvious suspicion. "What'll you have, miss?" he asked.

She was perched uncomfortably on a stool, and at the other end of the dim room she could barely see the small gray figures of two wrestlers on the television screen. It was the following Tuesday night, and the large clock over the mirror said nine twenty.

"I'd like a—a beer, please." But she said it so softly that the bartender made her say it again, and by that time all the male faces down the long bar had turned to stare at her. Then, searching in her bag for a cigarette and matches, she came on the two letters from Hank, which the telephone service had forwarded to her.

She had read them both but answered neither, because she hadn't yet decided what to say. That was one advantage of her job at Alan Steele's. For hours on end she was too busy to think. In the evenings, of course, her perplexity surrounded her, with all the

COLLIER'S **"It's a special needle for wearing out unbreakable children's records"** GARDNER REA

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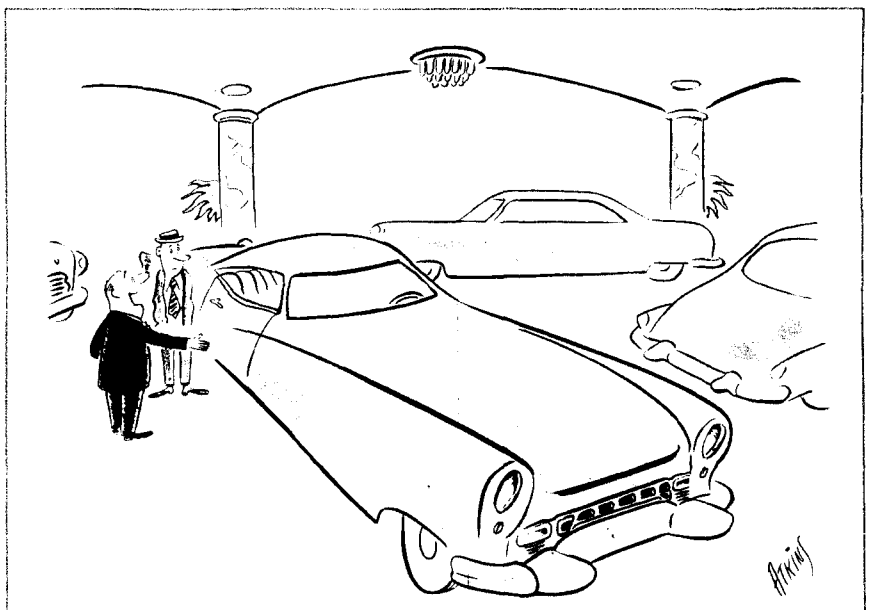

COLLIER'S **"Another feature . . . when the gas gauge reads empty, there are still three gallons left between the tank and the engine"** ELMER ATKINS

unresolved problems, the loneliness that made her seem to herself only half alive. She realized she was merely riding along, waiting for something external to happen that would present a solution or force a decision.

Maggie, come back, Hank had written. *Please come back. I can hardly go on living without you.* That was in the first letter, written, as he had told her, one afternoon at Joe's.

In the second letter he had asked: *Isn't it only fair that you should see me? Just talk to me for a few minutes —so maybe we can straighten this out. I don't know where you are, so you'll have to leave a message at my place. Please, Maggie, let's have dinner some night—let's not give up so soon. I love you. H.*

SHE had found the matches and was lighting her cigarette when the bartender arrived with her beer. "Thank you," she said; and then, with a quick look at the clock, she added, "There's a television program I want to see at nine thirty. Would you mind?"

"Which one?"

She told him.

He shrugged. "My customers don't go for that kind of stuff," he said.

"Please. It's terribly important to me. I've got to see it—"

"Why?"

The man sitting nearest her was leaning toward her, smiling.

"My husband," she said. "He's in it." She looked up at the bartender again.

"Do it for her, Mac," the customer said. "Naturally she wants to watch her husband."

"The rest of them here, they'll leave," the bartender grumbled, but he walked over to the television set and turned the knob to the channel Maggie had named. Immediately a groan went up, and a shout or two of disapproval. The bartender shrugged again. "Young lady asked for it," he said.

The show was a mystery in a vaguely North African setting, with an Oriental reed instrument wailing in the background. The screen was at all times full of shadows, and there were many grotesque close-ups. You were never quite sure what was happening, or why; but the story seemed to be about a pretty blonde and a young reporter, who alternated between tight embraces and earnest discussions involving espionage.

"Is that your fella?" the man next to Maggie asked.

"No," she whispered hastily. "He hasn't come in yet."

He still hadn't come in when the first half of the show was over. Some of the men at the bar had had enough now and they departed; the bartender looked after them stonily.

The second half of the show was very like the first. At last there was a scene in a market place, and it was here that Maggie, sitting tensely on the bar stool, spotted Hank. But if she hadn't known his walk, she would never have been sure it was he. He was an extra, and he swaggered quickly, once, across the screen. The face she had loved since childhood was completely hidden by a white burnoose.

As the bartender switched back to the wrestling match, Maggie, who had drunk only a little of her beer, left a quarter on the bar by way of conciliation and got down off the stool.

"Well," said the man next to her, "which one was he?"

She hesitated for the fraction of a second, weighing her loyalty to Hank, her pride in him and her disappointment for him against the simple truth.

"I'm terribly sorry," she said. "There must have been a mistake. He wasn't in it at all." . . .

If he had had a speaking part, she might not have left the note for him the next morning, suggesting that they have dinner two nights later.

They met in a small Italian restaurant near Columbus Circle. It had red-checked tablecloths, a tin ceiling and gaudy murals of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples.

It was a wretched, silent, well-behaved meal. They were like newly met strangers. When the pauses stretched out unbearably they managed, without looking at each other, to produce a line or two of conversation on subjects that were remote, impersonal and dull. By the time they had finished their scaloppine, they had settled nothing.

Hank, with a sense of fighting against the passing minutes, voiced his plea in very much the same terms in which he had written it. Maggie shook her head. She had to have time to think: she didn't know how she felt—about him or about anything else. But she was sure that if she went back to him now, they would shortly have the same kind of trouble all over again.

"Maggie," he said. "You don't think there was anything—wrong between Eva Dart and me, do you?"

She shrugged, feeling suddenly tired. "Well, if there wasn't, why didn't you ever tell her about me?" she said.

"You do think so then?"

She looked down at her hands. "How do I know? How will I ever know?"

"Because I tell you."

She nodded. "Of course you tell me. I want you to go on telling me—whatever happened. Anyhow, there are things just as bad . . ."

"Like what?"

"Like being selfish, inconsiderate. That's what did it, Hank, not Eva Dart. Thinking *only* of getting on in the theater—"

He interrupted, looking deeply perplexed. "But that was the whole point, wasn't it? We agreed—"

"I know we did. But that's exactly where I may have changed. I'm not sure I believe that way any more."

WHEN they had finished their *expresso,* there was nothing more to say. Maggie reached for her coat, and Hank held it for her.

Outside on the street, Hank said, "Will you come out with me again?"

"Not right away. Not soon."

"May I call you?"

"I think I'd rather you didn't."

"Where are you living?"

"You *will* call me if I tell you."

"Not if you ask me not to. But I'm still your husband, and it's my right to know where you're living. Suppose I had to get in touch with you in a hurry."

"All right," she said, and told him the name of her hotel.

"Why, that's no place for you!"

"It'll do. Don't worry." She put out her hand as he leaned down to her. "Please don't kiss me, Hank."

He took her hand, looking at her carefully, and then he said with a half-smile, "You're a hard woman, Margaret Ellit."

"I wish I were," she said.

And then it was the moment she had been dreading—when they would have to leave each other, when they would have to turn like strangers and walk in opposite directions.

"Which way are you going?" he asked.

"East and down."

"May I walk along with you?"

She hesitated, and then shook her head. "No. Thanks just the same. I'll be all right. Good luck, Hank."

"Good luck, Maggie."

But neither of them moved. They stood a few paces apart, just looking at each other. "Go on," he said softly. "Get going." But when she turned he stopped her. "Hey—"

"Yes?"

"What about dough?" he asked. "Do you need any?"

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm all right. I have a job."

"Good."

"Hank—Hank, don't get all male and angry, but how about you?"

"Dough?"

She nodded.

"I'm all right for now," he said, and added softly, "You're sweet."

He thought she looked as though she wanted to answer that, even as though she were about to. But she changed her mind, and walked away quickly down the street. He watched her go, loving her, wanting her, seeing her erect little figure grow dimmer and smaller and eventually disappear from his view.

—ROBERT WALLSTEN

(This is the first of two parts)

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Craziest Wall In Baseball

Naturally, it's in Brooklyn—and Dodger right fielder Carl Furillo knows the angles

MAJOR-LEAGUE outfielding is a tough job everywhere, but it's trickier in some parks than in others. Trickiest of all is Brooklyn's right field, principally because of a wall which offers as many angles as a full-scale Senate investigation. The wall is 40 feet high, the top 20 consisting of a wire screen; the concrete lower half is divided, with the bottom 10 feet—partly padded with rubber—sloping away from the vertical at a 30-degree angle. To the left is the scoreboard, angling into the playing area with a few twists of its own. When batted balls strike that mass of bends and obstructions, the rebounds would baffle a court-tennis addict.

The one man in the world they almost never baffle is Dodger right fielder Carl Furillo. Like all outfielders, Furillo plays with his back to the wall. But it's when he turns and faces it that he becomes a solid-gold asset, playing caroms as skillfully as a billiard champ. Furillo is the best right fielder in Brooklyn history, topping a long list of angle players which goes back through Dixie Walker and the almost-forgotten Tommy Griffith to Casey Stengel, who played the Ebbets Field right-field wall when the park opened in 1913.

Tommy Henrich, the ex-Yankee star, himself a right fielder of no mean ability, considers Brooklyn's right field the most difficult in the majors—and Furillo its master. "I thought Walker was miraculous playing balls off that wall until I saw Furillo," says Henrich. "Carl is even cuter with the angles than Dixie—and he has a stronger arm."

Furillo started with Brooklyn as a left fielder, moved to center after one of Pete Reiser's periodic crack-ups (before the rubber padding was installed) and took over right in 1948 when Walker was traded to Pittsburgh. Except when suffering from slumps, Furillo has guarded that territory ever since.

In the accompanying photograph Furillo illustrates the 14 different angles he has to cover, including some in which the ball may rebound in any of two or three directions.

"The slope, the straight part, the screen and the rubber padding make four different surfaces for the ball to strike," explains Carl. "I watch the seam at the top of the slope. If the ball hits under it, I charge because it means a high, lazy rebound. If it hits the rubber, it comes back less sharply. If it hits above the seam, I retreat, because then the ball comes off fast and direct. If it hits the screen, it falls almost vertically, unless it hits one of the metal braces, in which case it usually comes back sharper and deeper."

The zany architecture creates other problems, too—such as the possibility of a ball hitting the foul pole or the ledge on top of the concrete. The scoreboard, which juts out about five feet in right center, is another headache. "When a ball is hit toward the scoreboard, I holler for help," says Furillo, "and Duke Snider comes over from center to give me a hand. The ball can come out any which way."

The Brooklyn wall was built 40 years ago, and nobody today remembers how it got that way—although there's speculation that the purpose of the slope is to provide a broad base for the structure. The wire screen was added long after the wall was built. So was the scoreboard, which originally was behind the left-field bleachers, but had to be moved when double-deck stands were put there.

"There is no wall as tough as Brooklyn's," declares Carl. "The Polo Grounds is the next toughest because the fence slopes away at both foul lines and the ball angles off obliquely, but the rebounds in other parks are routine. Also, day games are tough at Ebbets Field because during late innings the sun shines into the fielder's eyes.

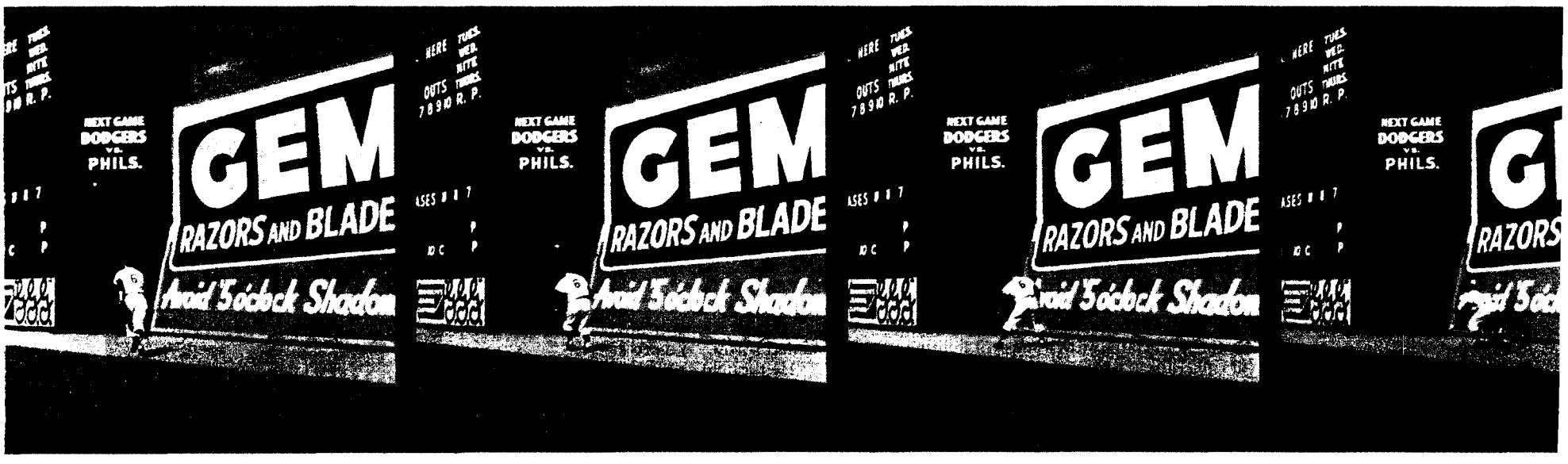
"Another difficulty in Ebbets Field is that the wall is only 297 feet from the plate. Even right-handers who normally hit to left can aim for it, especially if the wind is blowing out. And if you're playing the right-handers over toward center, you have to reverse direction to play the rebound. Bobby Adams of the Redlegs and Red Schoendienst of the Cards, when he's batting right-handed, can both reach our wall. Of course, left-handed pull-hitters like Stan Musial, Eddie Mathews and Ted Kluszewski may whack it any time."

A lot more of them, undoubtedly, would whack it if Furillo weren't out there standing guard. Across the base of the scoreboard is the advertisement of a Brooklyn clothier, offering a suit of clothes free to any player who hits it. During Furillo's patrol duty, opposing players rarely have picked up so much as a vest.

Furillo led the league in outfield assists in 1950 and 1951. In '51 he had 24 assists—17 of them at Ebbets Field, where opposing right fielders had only seven. But as respect for his riflelike arm has increased, his assists have declined—to 12 in '52 and 11 in '53. When a ball is hit in Carl's direction now, opposing base runners follow the advice of police-alarm broadcasters: "Proceed carefully. The man is armed."

—TOM MEANY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM



Furillo races into position as the ball goes into carom corner between wall and scoreboard. When the rebound occurs, he's all set; at right, he pounce

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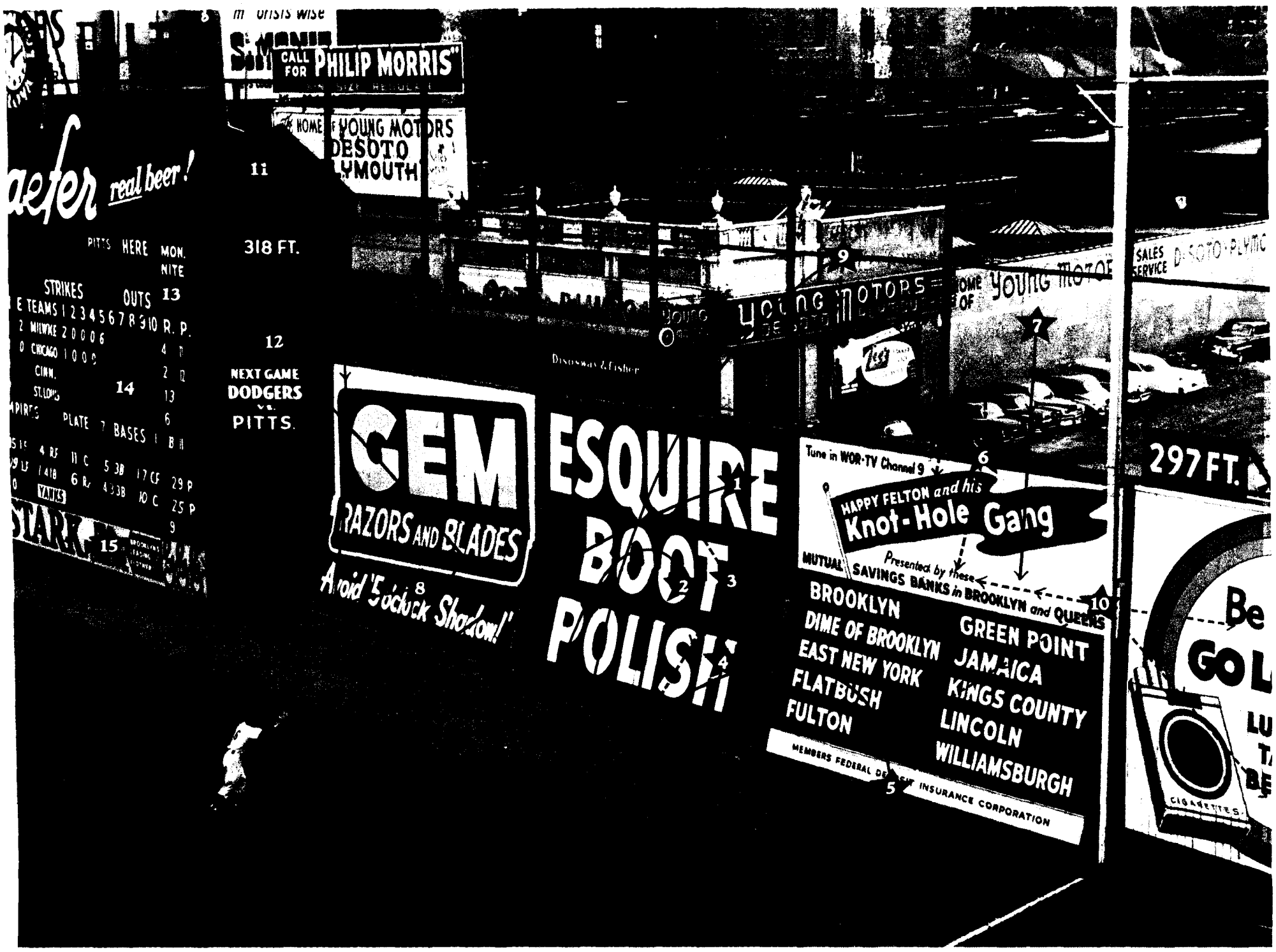

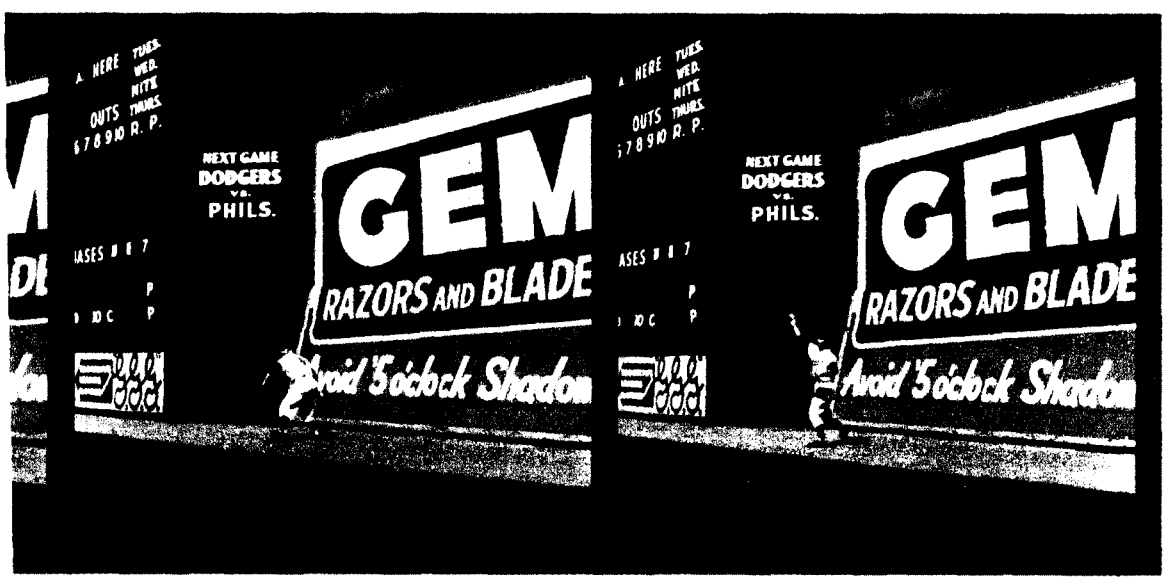

ball, whips it back. Furillo has one of the finest throwing arms in the majors

Here's how the ball bounces. The solid lines show probable rebounds, dotted lines indicate possible variations. 1. Ball comes back hard off vertical concrete. 2. The concrete slope causes high bounce, ball landing close to the wall. 3. Seam between vertical and sloping concrete can send ball zooming up, or angling down sharply. 4. Rubber padding deadens the bounce. 5. Fly striking base of wall usually soars back, but may rebound as a grounder. 6. Ball hitting base of wire screen either rises or drops at sharp angle (anyone's guess). 7. Screen itself causes dead drop. 8. Ground ball striking slope may bounce right or left. 9. Fly hitting pipe may bounce back, rise or drop. 10. Ball which hits foul pole may go in any of four directions, remaining in play. 11. Hit bouncing off scoreboard slope lands near wall. 12. Sheer side of scoreboard has ricochet effect: wall to ground. 13. Coming off solid front of scoreboard, a fly bounces back hard. 14. But ball hitting slot (where numbers go) takes erratic course. 15. Batter hitting clothier's sign gets free suit, but Furillo keeps most of his opponents from collecting

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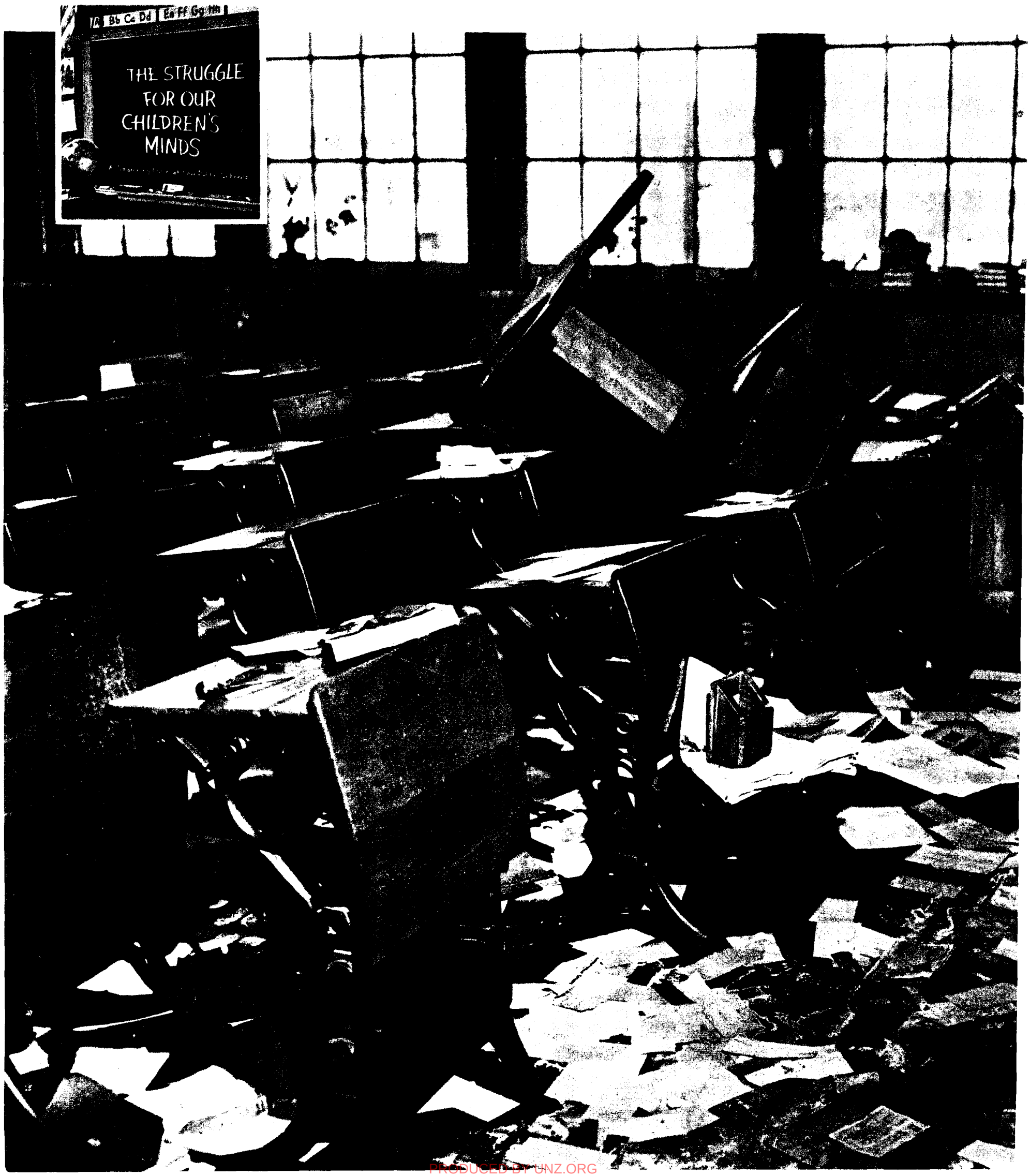
This is the fourth article in Collier's series on public education entitled The Struggle for Our Children's Minds. In each of these articles, author Whitman singles out for report a different major problem facing schools today. His next article will be published in the near future

The New Way in



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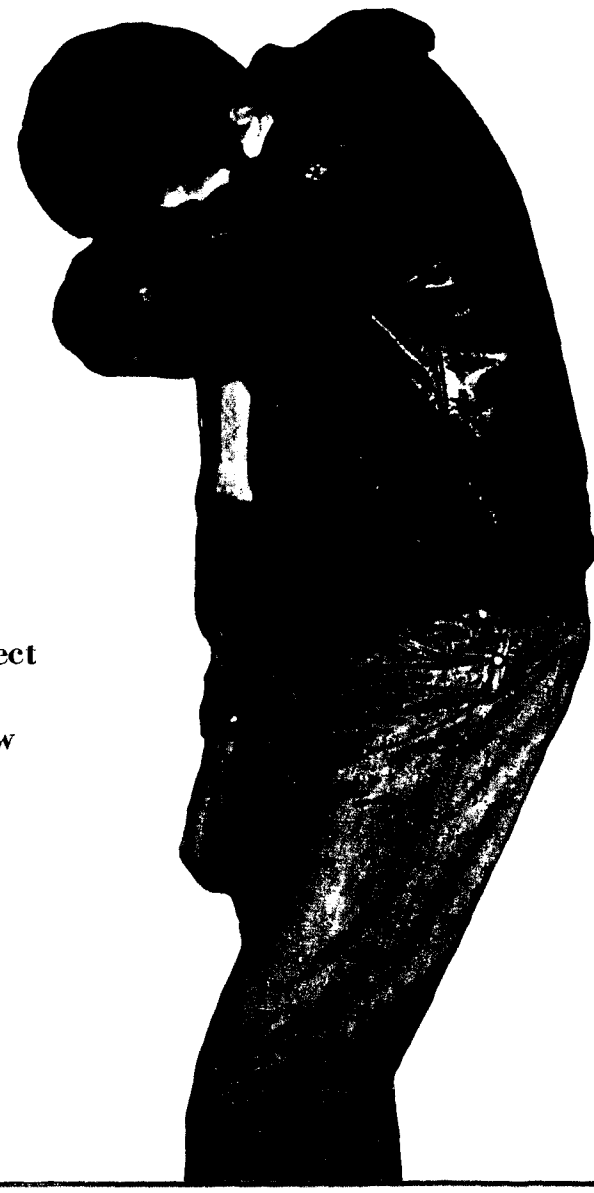
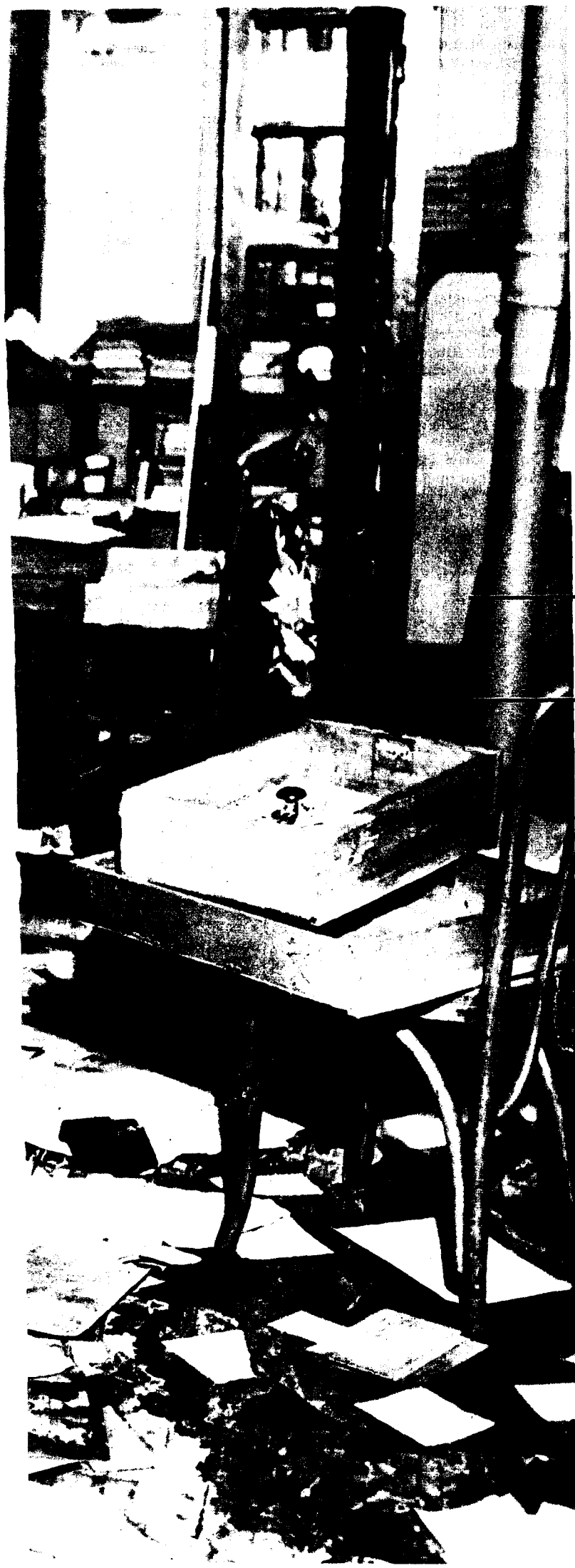
School Discipline



Enlightened educators are combating the rising tide of violence and disrespect in the classrooms with a new philosophy of discipline. Its guiding principle: "Be firm but fair"



GILSON AGENCY

In New York City, an official committee reported: "Delinquency is becoming a problem of increasing magnitude in the secondary schools." This example of what the committee meant was the work of vandals at city's Inwood Junior High

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A GENERATION or two ago, a pupil who said "You're crazy!" or "Drop dead!" to his schoolteacher would have felt the sting of a ruler across his knuckles and, when he got home, the sting of a barrel stave somewhere else. No one wants to go back to the ruler and the barrel stave of old-fashioned discipline. But no one wants pupils to hurl disrespect at their teachers, either. That is the dilemma of today.

Discipline has become a major problem in our schools, as indeed it has in our communities and often in our homes. How are we going to solve it? The future of American education rests heavily upon the answer. Our culture already is tinctured with hoodlumism; citizens are looking to the public schools to counteract it, not to complement it.

Some schools, some principals and administrators have met the challenge head on and are doing a noteworthy job in upholding discipline. I shall tell their stories. A new, down-to-earth philosophy is being born. I shall report on it. Perhaps in a new view of discipline we shall find a way out of the dilemma.

But first let's look at the problem. What *has* happened to discipline in schools throughout the land?

In June, 1953, The Affiliated Teacher Organizations of Los Angeles reported to the board of education: "Teachers have been openly insulted, threatened, their cars have been damaged, and sometimes they have been subjected to personal physical abuse. In many cases the teacher is not able to handle the problem without disrupting the entire class schedule, and, in case of violence, he often does not feel that he has the legal right to protect himself."

In New York City, the Superintendent's Committee on Delinquency in the Secondary Schools (comprising eight high-school principals) reported last December, after lengthy study: "Delinquency is becoming a problem of increasing magnitude in the secondary schools of our city. . . . Cases submitted by members

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of the committee described a wide range of reckless, irresponsible and antisocial behavior with instances of violence, extortion, gang fights and threats of bodily harm.

"There was vandalism against school property, private property and pupils' personal possessions; there was theft, forgery, obscenity and vulgarity; there was nonconformity to school rules, evidenced by disruption of classes, the throwing of food, the turning on of gas, interference with fire drills, as well as truancy and cutting [of classes]."

In my visits to schools from coast to coast, I have found myriad examples of what the superintendent's committee listed. Always the troublemakers were few in number. Always the great majority of students were decent. But the depredations of the few disrupted, and sometimes corrupted, an entire school.

In the principal's office at Kelly Miller Junior High, in Washington, D.C., a young teacher, Mrs. Marie Thompson, sat across a table from me and tried to describe an incident which had occurred in her classroom two days before. She spoke with difficulty. "It happened so fast," she kept repeating.

A new boy had taken his place in her seventh-grade class. He was fifteen. "He threw a piece of paper on the floor and he said to the boy in front of him, 'You pick that up,' " Mrs. Thompson recounted. "The other boy—well, he just replied, 'I'm no janitor.' There was a scuffle and I walked toward them. But they settled down and naturally I went on with the class.

"A few minutes later the first boy went out of the room. I assumed he was going to the lavatory, but instead he went to his locker. The rest—of course, I didn't know until later just what happened. It happened so fast. The boy came back from his locker and he had a knife. He ordered the boy in front of him to stand up and face him. Then he said, 'Turn around.' When the boy did, he stabbed him in the back—a jagged cut with a broken blade. I didn't have a chance to move. It happened so fast . . ."

The boy victim was taken to Casualty Hospital. Fortunately the jagged knife blade had stopped short of his lung and he recovered.

The Boy Who Did the Stabbing

The incident, while showing the proportions to which the discipline problem has grown, is no reflection on Kelly Miller Junior High. It is ironic that it should have happened there, for the school is superior in discipline. The boy who did the stabbing was a transfer; he had come from another school just four days before.

Nearly every community has its flagrant incidents, some recent, some spread over the last few years. In Los Angeles a 130-pound male teacher was beaten up by a husky student. In Columbus, Ohio, a woman teacher was pushed down a stairway. In Louisville, Kentucky, a teacher was slapped by a girl in a cloakroom. In Newton, Massachusetts, an eighth-grade boy was killed when a gun brought to school by another student accidentally went off. In Jersey City, New Jersey, two boys made burglar tools in their high-school shop classes—and used them in night forays. In New York City, two women teachers were clawed and bruised by three bobby-soxers, and a man teacher had his nose and cheekbone broken when he tried to put an unruly student out of class. In Pittsburgh, when school closed last June, 66 teachers disclosed to the Pittsburgh Teachers Association that they had been struck or attacked by students during the last school year.

There have even been killings in our schools. Fortunately, a fatal assault is rare. But it is symptomatic of how far the plague of misbehavior may go. To Mrs. George Marich, twenty-five, formerly of Aledo, Illinois, it was a personally tragic symptom. While staying at the home of her mother-in-law in Chicago, Peggy Marich told me her story with quiet bravery.

"My husband taught physical education. George was twenty-six and this was his second year teaching at Aledo High. On this day [December 8, 1953] he was late coming into the study hall he was in charge of, and he saw that there were paper airplanes strewn on the floor. He told some boys to pick them up. At first they didn't, but they did after he told them twice.

"Then my husband walked toward the door. He had his back toward the boys for a moment and he heard something clatter on the floor near him. It was a bullet, not really a bullet—an empty cartridge. My husband asked who threw it but no one admitted it, so he took some of the boys who were acting up down to the gym and had them do push-ups. Then he talked to each one separately and took them back to study hall.

"He asked three boys to step out in the corridor and he told them that he knew who threw the cartridge but he wanted the boy who did it to come out and admit it. No one would, so George took one boy by the arm. The boy shook him off. Then my husband took the boy by the back of the collar. Again the boy shoved my husband's hand away, and another boy said, 'We're not afraid of you.'

"There was a scuffle, and one boy took a knife out of his pocket. My husband said, 'Put that away.'

"The boy said, 'The hell I will.'

"Then the boy stabbed my husband."

George Marich was unconscious on the floor when the ambulance arrived. He was rushed to the hospital and given blood plasma but died within 15 minutes. In widow's black Peggy Marich left Aledo with her infant son a week later. . . .

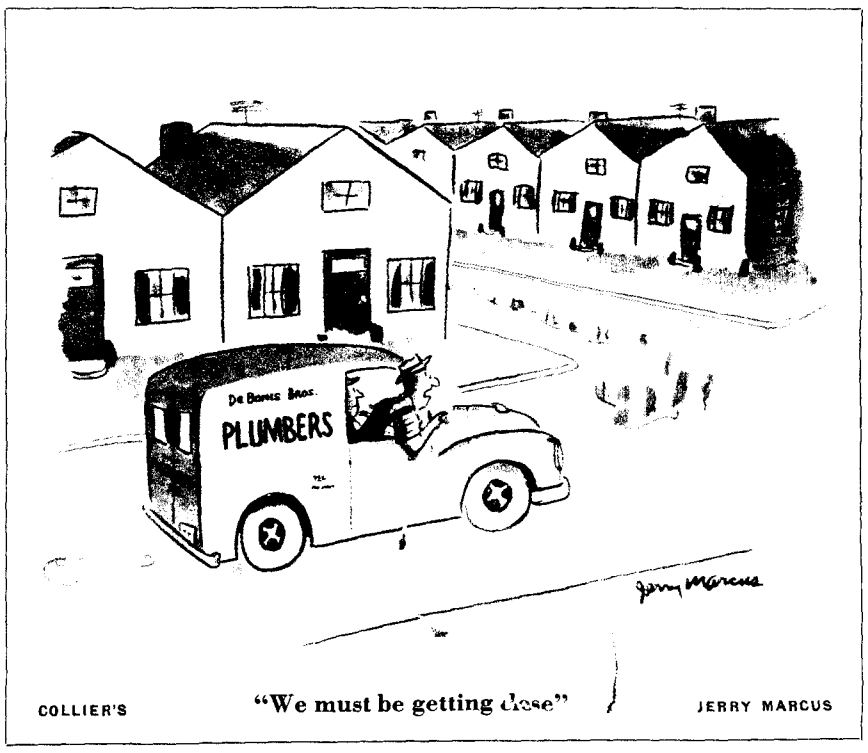
Against a backdrop of encroaching chaos in the schools, many a strident voice has been raised for a return to old-fashioned discipline. But reviving the past is more easily proposed than disposed. I found out one reason why when I attended a lecture for new teachers given by a member of the faculty at San Francisco State College. He was discussing the legal aspects of the teaching profession.

"A good rule to remember is, 'Don't touch,' " he said. "The courts have held that touching a student on the arm above the elbow with one hand may be all right. But don't use two hands.

"The law also says that reasonable punishment is permissible. But I warn you, it's dangerous. What seems reasonable to you may not hold up in court and if it doesn't, it's your neck."

He gave an example: a teacher asked some boys to clean up their desks. They refused. The teacher insisted. Fractiously, one boy picked up a bottle of ink and threw it out an open window. Two other boys did the same, splattering the walk outside with ink blobs and broken glass. The teacher gave the three boys mops and required them to clean up the mess. For this act, the teacher was suspended. A court upheld the suspension—under a law forbidding schools to make children do "janitor work."

Finally the lecturer warned the student-teachers about knives. "In the San Francisco Bay area hardly a week passes without some kind of knife incident in the schools," he stated. When I questioned him about the statement later, he explained, "The public, even the authorities, rarely hear about these incidents. Every attempt is made to keep them quiet. Just yesterday a knifing occurred in a Bay area school, and even the school superintendent and his staff didn't know about it."



COLLIER'S "We must be getting close" JERRY MARCUS

The faculty lecturer concluded, with a joke for emphasis, "I don't know what to suggest to you—practice knife throwing, perhaps?"

A young man in the back of the room had another notion. "Wear armored vests!" he suggested.

Many teachers I met complained not so much of acts of violence as the day-to-day abuse they have to take from the disrespectful youngsters. A former principal in Los Angeles told of a high-school boy who announced as he came into class, "Okay, the law says I've gotta come here. Start the show. Amuse me!" A Los Angeles mathematics teacher reported frequent incidents in which students, when told to do something, replied, "You can't make me," or, when reprimanded, retorted, "So what!" One boy said to him, "You're crazy." A New York student told a teacher, "Drop dead!"

Lax Conduct in Daily Routine

Incidents of violence and flagrant disrespect are the measure of how deeply discipline has decayed. But the knowledgeable observer sees the evidence, too, in the day-to-day atmosphere of many a school. Talking out, disrupting the class with pranks, note passing, strewing papers in cafeterias, making bedlam in the corridors, powdering noses and putting on lipstick in class—these always have occurred in schools. But traditionally they have been regarded as infractions; in today's easygoing atmosphere they tend to become expected behavior.

Obviously discipline is much more difficult to enforce today than it was a generation or two ago. In fact, a return to old-fashioned discipline is probably impossible under today's laws and attitudes. Does that mean teachers and administrators must throw in the sponge?

Not at all. A promising answer has appeared on the educational horizon. It's a new kind of discipline—*new-fashioned discipline*. What is it? How did it come about?

In analyzing the problem, the first fact to be faced is that discipline—or lack of it—is not exclusively a school problem. We have been living in an era of "permissiveness." Rightly or wrongly, one school of psychology has drummed into us that children must not be "repressed" or "frustrated," that they must be given, virtually at all costs, "freedom to express themselves."

Today, with juvenile delinquency an ever-mounting threat, many observers are wondering if we haven't gone overboard. Many school officials and parents are wondering, too.

Arthur F. Gardner, a member of the Los Angeles Board of Education, said to me, "I'm afraid we have too much freewheeling in our classrooms. We cultivate in the elementary schools free expression at the expense of respect for authority. There is no sense of urgency that there is work to be done."

Could it be that while the zealots of permissiveness march on, the parade has turned the corner?

The proponents of new-fashioned discipline think so. Some of their doubts about the value of permissiveness can be traced back to 1945 and the late Dr. John B. Geisel. He then was director of the Southard School, the famed psychiatric school for chil-

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know they can't walk over you," a rural principal says, "they don't try"

dren conducted by the Menninger brothers in Topeka, Kansas. Dr. Geisel knew all about the permissive vogue. He also knew, from the deepest study and from laboratory observation, a great deal about children's minds and emotions. He came to a fresh, if unorthodox, conclusion: children have a psychological need for discipline; they grow more emotionally healthy in disciplined surroundings; they are psychologically harmed by an atmosphere of license.

He summarized the new view as follows: "The child has a need within himself to live according to certain standards, to live a well-disciplined life, because: (1) he gets a feeling of security if he knows where his limits are and then lives according to these limits; (2) as he lives according to his limits and freedoms, he has less cause to feel guilty for having broken them, or for having been confused about them; (3) as he lives according to the rules and regulations, he gives parents many opportunities for praise, which in turn stimulates him to continue his orderly behavior; and (4) it is ego-bolstering for the child to accomplish what is required of him."

Geisel's ideas were not very popular at first. But as years rolled by and the depredations of nondiscipline mounted, more students of human behavior came to similar conclusions. Discipline was to be administered with love—but it still would be discipline.

Last August at a conference of guidance counselors and school administrators in Potsdam, New York, Dr. William R. Carson, former psychiatrist at St. Lawrence State Hospital, Ogdensburg, New York, told the school people they ought not be afraid to use authority. But he warned, "Along with authority there must be genuine affection."

In public education, some brave souls are scouting the new trail. They aren't afraid of discipline; they see it as a form of love which guides the child toward healthy growth.

Toughest School Job in Town

San Francisco's James Dierke is such a man. In 1944 he was handed just about the toughest school assignment in town: the principalship of Everett Junior High. Everett, at that time, was a hotbed of delinquency. Tough youngsters from the Mission district came to school with knives, blackjacks and brass knuckles, which they weren't beyond using in the corridors or even in the classrooms. On several occasions they had set off the school fire alarms and once started a flood by unscrewing the faucets in the washrooms.

Dierke knew he was on trial. If he failed, the rowdies would have him out of there in no time. He thought of his former days as a coach and athlete (basketball star at San Francisco State College) and decided that the rules of the playing field might work.

"Boys, here's the pitch," he told them. "You play on our team and I'll do everything I can for you. But you try to bust up the game and, brother—watch out."

Dierke brought to Everett a combination of kindness and firmness which the youngsters had never known before. He didn't browbeat them, yet he knew that these boys had learned to respect only strength. And he didn't coddle them, because he knew they were contemptuous of the soft approach. He demanded of them, above everything else, responsibility. They were not lone wolves in the world; if they wanted to live they would have to let live. These lessons he pounded home.

In the five years Dierke spent at Everett he turned it into one of San Francisco's finest schools. By 1949 it was a show-school where San Francisco proudly sent visitors.

Dierke is now at Aptos Junior High in the well-behaved Forest Hill section.

COLLIER'S J. G. FARRIS

It is a different picture, but to him discipline is still a combination of friendliness and firmness. "I believe in the three R's, plus two more R's—rights and responsibilities," he told me. "But don't think you can get ideas like these across without plenty of time and interest and effort. You have to do it in a person-to-person relationship. You can't be an 'office principal.'"

Dierke described how he works through a discipline problem: "I start out by having the student describe to me exactly what happened. Then I let him analyze it. As he retraces each step, I ask him questions—'Do you think that was right?' 'What about the other fellow's rights?' Nine times out of ten the boy is fair-minded and he says, 'No, I don't think it was right.' When we're finished, he's learned a fundamental lesson: that in a democracy each person not only has rights, but responsibilities."

In Columbus, Ohio, Superintendent of Schools Novice G. Fawcett commented. "Even in a democracy, there is still a place where you must identify authority. In our schools the teacher is in charge."

At Indianola Junior High in Columbus, the tough discipline problems are handled by young, ruddy-faced Leslie M. Evans, the assistant principal, and like Dierke a former athlete. He played halfback on the Ohio University football team, and his boys know it is no easier to walk over him in school than it was on the gridiron. They also know that he is on their side so long as they play the game.

Evans described the four steps on the disciplinary ladder at Indianola. "The first step is to send the student in to me—that is, if the classroom teacher can't handle it. We have a talk and in most cases that's as far as we need to go. The student knows what the rules are: he knows we'll be fair and that's all we expect him to be.

"But if he gets in trouble again we move on to step two. We have a talk with his parents. Many parents will ask us to paddle the youngster, but although the law provides for that as a last resort we steer away from it wherever possible. We'd rather impress discipline on his mind than on his bottom.

"If the talk with parents doesn't help, we take the third step. This is detention for study. The student will be kept at school from 3:30 to 4:00 o'clock a sufficient number of times to impress a sense of responsibility upon him. If he cuts a class he'll be given three detentions to make up for it; if he cuts a day, five detentions.

"The fourth step and last resort for consistent impudence and incorrigibility is paddling—a rare step and one we hate to take. It is never done without consultation with parents. Where parents prefer to handle the matter at home, we work it out with them to withdraw some privilege such as going to the movies or skating.

"The important thing," Evans concluded, "is to imbue these youngsters with a democratic sense of fair play."

"Firm but fair" is a principle of discipline which is gaining ground and ultimately may end the vogue of permissiveness. Principal Muriel Alexander applies it well at Washington's Kelly Miller Junior High. "Children have to learn the right way first. They don't have any patterns of right and wrong. Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but I don't believe in free discipline," she told me.

School to Mrs. Alexander is a place where children develop into ladies and gentlemen, not rowdies. She calls her boys "sir" and her girls are "young ladies." The boys must wear ties to school and may not wear blue jeans; slacks and shorts are taboo for the girls. "School is white-collar desk work. We wear just what we'd wear in the adult world to go to an office," she explains to them.

I visited the school cafeteria. It was a picture of order, and of children enjoying their lunchtime. But it was no accident. Mrs. Audrey Black, assistant principal, uses a "double-time system," as she called it. A boy or girl who disrupts the half-hour lunch period is brought back to the cafeteria to practice good behavior for an hour.

In Minneapolis a former teacher told me how she learned a fundamental truth: that children actually like firm leadership.

"One day a boy in my class was rocking on the edge of his chair," she related. "I told him to stop rocking and sit down. He didn't—he kept on rocking. So I told him again to sit down. He taunted me and kept right on. I knew that he was testing me, and the class was waiting to see what I would do.

"I walked back and put my hand on his shoulder and lowered him right down into his seat. He shouted, 'You can't touch me!' I replied, 'I just did.'

"That boy looked up at me and was sort of numb for a few seconds. Then he said, 'I'm sorry.'

"We were great friends after that."

Why One Coach Lost Out

At Los Angeles High School, Principal Paul Webb remarked, "Teen-age boys and girls like to have teachers they can look up to. We had an assistant coach once who let the fellows call him by his first name. He lost their respect, and soon they began to take advantage of him. He lost out altogether."

A boy at East High School in Denver tried calling Principal Wymond J. Ehrenkrook by his first name. Ehrenkrook took the boy aside and told him with friendly firmness, "When you're old enough to shave and old enough to teach, then you'll be old enough to call me by my first name."

Principal Andrew F. Haynes of Fillmore Central School, Fillmore, New York, summed it up: "The pupil-teacher relationship should be close and friendly but not palsy-walsy." He feels that students who can slap a teacher on the back and call him "Buddy" usually carry away little respect—and less learning.

His rural school, which goes from kindergarten through senior high, rarely has disciplinary problems and never any it cannot handle. Not once in eighteen years as principal has Haynes had to expel a student. He has temporarily suspended half a dozen and four times has taken youngsters to nearby Cuba, New York, for a serious talk with the children's court judge.

"Our youngsters know there is a point to which they can go, and that's the end of it," Haynes remarked. "If they know they can't walk over you, they don't try."

If new-fashioned discipline is to be tried in your community, the brickbat of blame must first be laid aside. All over America I found blame being hurled back and forth. Teachers said of parents, "How can you expect discipline in school when the parents spoil their children at home—and then jump on us when we try to train them at school?" Many parents said, "We try to discipline our children at home. But how can we get anywhere when they are spoiled at school?"

Obviously the new discipline can only be effective if parents and teachers support one another. Parents must hold up the hand of the school, support rather than thwart the teacher. So must public opinion and, indeed, the courts (for the teacher is, as the laws of many states acknowledge, *in loco parentis*). The teacher, in turn, must stand by the parent as a helpful partner.

If parents and teachers do their jobs, there will be no problem with children. There never is—when we treat them *right.* ▲▲▲

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It's Safer in the City

By NORD RILEY

He was a muscle man without muscles, a lover without a love. But why couldn't gorgeous Miss Claflin see that he was *loaded* with potential!

TIM FOLEY hadn't blushed in fifteen years, but he did now. It was opening day at Camp Mohican, and Foley—the counselor of cabin four of the junior section—stood peering out the doorway at the groups of parents saying good-by to their young. The men, most of them no older than Foley, had pants on. Foley peered down at his own ghastly legs and flinched. In the uniform the camp provided its counselors he felt like a man caught outside in his underwear.

And just what are you doing here, anyway, he asked himself with belated wisdom, cowering in this shed like a naked old man? You ought to be out there with pants on, saying good-by to your own kid. You ought to have your arm around your wife and a father's tear in your eye. And what do you have, Foley, for your first thirty years' take? No kid, no wife, no job. Just a thirst. A thirst, a body on which the once-firm flesh has settled like a cold soufflé, and the complexion of a wet plaster wall.

For the first time Foley wondered whether old Buck Campbell had discerned the truth behind the letter Foley had sent him from California. At the time he wrote it, Foley had thought it witty, cunning and jocular, with the merest hint of condescension. But he had a feeling now that Buck hadn't been fooled by the insinuation that he, Foley, was tired of publicizing actors and was gorged on their money, and that he wanted only the good, simple life for a couple of months. It was sentiment, really, Foley had told Buck, that beckoned him back to his old college job in the White Mountains.

Sentiment, was it? Foley thought of his publicity office gone down the drain, of his broke and besotted cronies at the Horse and Hound Tavern. And then he thought of the tall and athletic Foley of a decade ago, hard-armed and fatless. Mourning his vanished youth, Foley felt the biceps of his right arm. "Liverwurst," he said bitterly.

"Tim," Buck Campbell said, poking his head in the door, "come on out and meet these people." And Foley, feeling large, white and indecently exposed, went out.

"Want you to know Miss Ivy Claflin," Buck said, "and Dennis, her brother. Dennis will be in your cabin. Ivy, Mr. Timothy Foley."

The Claflins were redheaded. The comely adult one was not much taller than her brother, and she had a redhead's hot green eyes and inflammable complexion; her sunburned nose was peeling daintily. "How do you do, Miss Claflin?" Tim said and shook her hand.

"I've got to be getting around," Buck said. "Any questions you want to ask, ask Tim." Then he sauntered away.

"Denny boy," Tim said, "put it there."

Denny sneered.

"You shake hands with your counselor!" said Miss Claflin, hunching her shoulders slightly.

"A real George counselor," Denny remarked, "the oldest and the fattest."

For the second time in fifteen years Foley blushed. He tried to suck in his stomach. "The oldest and the fattest," Foley said, "back for rendering."

"Let's face it," Denny said thoughtfully, "we've been swindled."

For a moment it appeared that Miss Claflin might spring upon her brother. "Denny, you'll find poison ivy around here somewhere. See if you can't sicken it while I talk to your counselor."

"He'll con you, kid," Denny said. "Watch him." He looked at Foley's white legs, his paunch and his jowls, snorted and left.

There was a silent moment then. "He didn't want to come at all," Miss Claflin said finally.

"Lots of them don't."

"They grow to love it though, don't they?" Miss Claflin asked.

"After a week they disown their parents," Foley told her.

"Actually, I'm quite pleased you're Denny's counselor," she told him gravely. "Some of the younger ones might not know how to handle him, but you look like you could take care of yourself—and him."

"If nothing else I can use my weight advantage," Foley said. "We'll get along, Denny and I."

She looked at him carefully. "Have you any children of your own, Mr. Foley?"

"No woman can love me," Foley said. He smiled down at her. "Have you? Any legal issue, I mean?"

"My brother is enough children, thank you." She gave him her hand and smiled. "Good-by, Mr. Foley, and good luck."

He watched as she sought out her brother and bade him good-by. Theirs was a passionate farewell: both Claflin faces grew inflamed; Denny clenched his fists; in a moment Miss Claflin stamped her foot and marched off stiffly.

WHEN camp routine began the next day, Foley was assigned to special chores. In the morning he taught campcraft; in the afternoon, tennis. Though he had not played for eight years, in college his serve was infamous and it was said that at the net he used not a racket but a shotgun. He felt that he remembered enough of the game to instruct children and, indeed, he was doing rather well until it came to D. Claflin's turn.

"Fatso," Denny said, "let's play a whole set."

So they did. Before the ecstatic junior section Denny impassively slaughtered Foley, whose grace and power was veritably that of a Spanish-American War veteran. Perspiration flooded him; his feet burned; he fell down storming the net. At 6-0, the set was an act of cruelty.

Though the rout diminished him in the eyes of the junior section and made discipline difficult, Foley didn't fret about it. He knew that with practice and better calluses he could whip the upstart. What worried him was Denny's stubborn joylessness: he openly loathed everybody. As the days passed, it seemed clear that the boy's only pleasure was in humiliating Foley. He demonstrated a real flair for it during an afternoon's swim one day.

Foley was on lifeguard duty when he spotted Denny thrashing his way in from the float. In eight feet of water Denny suddenly stopped swimming, sank, bobbed up, waved violently, gave one horrid gargle and sank again. In his take-off and approach, Foley's style was that of an elderly, earnest ox; but he got his hooks on the boy and, employing techniques that would have brought tears to the eyes of the Red Cross, dragged him to shore. With some frantic idea of administering artificial respiration, Foley got up—only to find his legs folding beneath him like warm taffy. He collapsed on top of Denny; in all his life he had never been so pooped. In the end Denny squirmed out from under Foley and got to his feet.

AS SOON as his audience had assembled, Denny said, "Getting so a guy can't even tread water around here without a porky old counselor trying to show off!" And with that, Denny staggered off toward cabin four.

When he was strong enough to sit up, Foley gazed with interest at the course Denny had taken. What he saw comforted him. Some hundred yards away behind a big sugar maple, Denny was losing his lunch.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Claflin showed up. "I hate to put a bruise on the Sabbath," she said, "but you and I, Mr. Foley, must have a talk. Bring your tourniquet."

Some distance down the lake, as soon as Foley had found a couple of rocks for them to sit on, Miss Claflin began bending his ear. "We're not going to stand for the stuff you've been pulling off around here," she told him. "Not the Claflins!"

"What stuff is that?"

"Lay off harassing my little brother!"

"There's no need to stand up on your rock and yell like that. Sit down, huh?" She didn't sit down, and so he smiled. "How did you learn I was hounding him?"

"Woman's intuition," Miss Claflin said, tapping

"I'm taking you wet rats over to my place," Collins said. "Are you deaf?" Foley said stiffly. "You're not taking us anywhere!"

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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COLLIER'S **"I've half a notion to join the civilians. There's opportunity for advancement in any one of a thousand jobs, good pay, good food, good medical attention, vacation every year, and retirement at 65 with Social Security . . ."** LOWELL HOPPES

her freckled brow, "and these!" She brandished a handful of letters.

Foley read the letters. Denny had accused him of everything from fraud at tennis to trying to hold his head under water. At the end of each dispatch Denny made a ringing appeal for liberation from this juvenile slave-labor camp.

"Dennis has a real talent," Foley said. "He ought to go into politics."

Miss Claflin's lips twisted in scorn.

"I don't recall actually trying to drown Denny," Foley went on, "though there have been so many times I've wanted to that I might have forgotten."

"Oh, I know you didn't try to drown him! The point is you can't handle Denny, so you're making life miserable for him. You're covering up your failure with persecution."

"Denny is an irritated boy," Foley said. "I wish I could find out what gripes him so much. I'd like to brighten him up but he won't give me the time of day. He despises the lot of us, me the most because I'm the boss. He's a lonely, irascible boy and it depresses me no end." He smiled with winsome sadness and was irrationally pleased when Miss Claflin got down off her rock.

"Oh," she said.

HE TOLD her about the tennis and the drowning. "I'm a plump, outmoded gentleman, Miss Claflin," he said, "and it's a shame Denny didn't get a counselor he couldn't whip."

Miss Claflin's eyes, cool while Foley had been making his pitch, had warmed and moistened. "I'm sorry I was so nasty," she said. "I suspect that behind that peeling face of yours there's a nice man." She offered to shake hands with him, and Foley, after a week of seeing no women, felt his knees tremble.

"If you'll promise not to jump up on your rock and holler again, I'd like to ask you something," he said. "If I could break out of this place some evening, would you share a malted milk with me in town?"

She pursed her lips. "Well, it would have to be furtive. You see, I—" She looked over Tim's shoulder and said, "Hi, Randolph." Four feet away, a man in long pants stood looking at them. "Meet Mr. Foley, Denny's counselor. Tim Foley, Randolph Collins the Third."

Collins apparently couldn't look at Foley with a straight face. "That's a cute outfit you wear," he said.

"And who might this enchanting snoop be?" Foley asked Miss Claflin.

"Denny's brother-in-law," Collins told him, "for all practical purposes. Remember that. I find it rather a bore to beat the bushes for my fiancée and an obsolete patrol leader."

Beneath his Mohican haircut Foley's scalp grew pink. The sound of a bugle ended what might have been combat. "Milk call," Foley said. "I'm pouring." Even his ears got red this time. "Good-by, Miss Claflin. And you too, Third."

Under the big beech tree Foley poured a glass of milk for Denny, who eyed him with sincere repugnance. "Shall I put a head on it for you, Denny?" he asked.

"You fat slob! I saw you sitting with Ivy on those rocks all da-de-da! Wanted to kiss her, didn't you?" The thought brought a minor convulsion to Foley's frame. "You leave my sister alone! She's Randy's girl and Randy can hammer the head off a smelly counselor!" He wiped the excess milk off his mouth and flicked it at Foley's chest. . . .

During the following week Foley observed that each afternoon, for a period of two hours or so, Denny eschewed the delight of the camp to disappear into the woods. One day Foley followed him. Denny hiked a mile through the woods to a fenced pond. Beyond the pond stood a white farmhouse, some four hundred yards away. Denny wiggled under the fence and crawled on down to a stand of cattails, where he was hidden from the house. Foley watched him take out a fishline and a jar of bait. He dropped off his shorts and waded out up to his hips and began to fish. When he hooked one he ran to shore, gave a terrible two-armed heave on the line and sent the fish sailing into a bush. Afterward, he banged it on the head with a rock. In twenty minutes he had five bass.

With his fish on a string, Denny dressed, crawled back under the fence and headed off to the left toward the highway. When Foley caught up to him, Denny was standing out on the highway peddling bass to motorists.

"Denny," Foley said, stepping out of the woods, "this is a cunning bit of merchandising."

Denny blanched; it appeared he would take to the hills with his fish, but a car was pulling up. "Fresh bass, mister?" He began wheedling. "Two for a buck. Please, mister!"

The driver, a tall, saturnine man in overalls, got out. He looked at the fish. He looked at Foley. "That's a wicked business to lead a child into."

"Is it? Who are you?"

"Me? Why, I own those fish. They come out of my pond. I raise 'em." His melancholy eyes fastened on Foley. "Don't get funny with me! I saw the two of you snakin' away from my pond!" He hurled his felt hat onto the macadam. "By dad, it's sinful! A grown man, a man hired to teach boys to act proper, stealin' a man's bass! Forcin' a poor kid to stand out on the road and sell 'em! By dad, that's gall!"

Denny stared in rapture at the farmer.

"Pop, look," Foley said, "this isn't at all what it seems. The boy was just trying to earn a buck with some old-fashioned Yankee enterprise, and he didn't realize—"

"Blaming the boy!" The outraged fish-raiser couldn't stand it. He wound up like a discus thrower and hit Foley on the left ear. Foley sank to his knees and fell forward on his elbows. Denny bolted.

"Damned gall, that's what it is!" the farmer said. He picked up his hat and departed, talking to himself.

In the ensuing quiet Foley waited on his hands and knees until his head cleared. From behind a roadside shrub Denny watched him. "Can't even lick an old man," he said.

Foley got wearily to his feet. He plucked bits of tarred gravel from his elbows and knees. He took a deep breath and then he turned to the boy: "Come along now."

They walked through the woods for five minutes, Denny trailing behind by twenty feet, before Foley felt calm enough to speak. He turned to look at the boy. "Why do you have to steal fish and sell them?" he asked.

"For seven dollars and eighty-seven cents," Denny said gloomily, "I can get a bus ticket to Grandma Claflin's."

AFTER taps that night Foley rolled a pair of slacks and a shirt into a bundle, sneaked down to a canoe and paddled across the lake to the highway. He changed clothes there and hitched a ride into the little town where the Claflins lived.

He telephoned Ivy from a drugstore. "It's Denny's dilapidated counselor," he told her. "Can you come down here and have a sandwich with me?"

"I don't know. If someone sees—"

"Miss Claflin, your brother's been extravagantly eccentric today."

"A professional call? I'll be right there, Counselor."

She drove up presently in a senile coupé. She glanced up and down the street. "Shake a leg," she said.

"All this skulking is unnecessary," Foley told her. "I know I have unforgettable legs, but with long pants on no one will recognize me."

"Who worries about an escaped counselor? Foley, I'm a hunted woman. Randy drops in on me every Wednesday night. He won't like it if I'm not home. He'll track me down. He has more connections than a switchboard."

"The Third is jealous? My, my. Does that indicate the man is insecure?"

"I don't know what it means," she said grimly. "All I know is that this is likely to aggravate him no end."

As they continued driving beyond

COLLIER'S **"My estimate, of course, is plus labor and parts"** JOHN DEMPSEY

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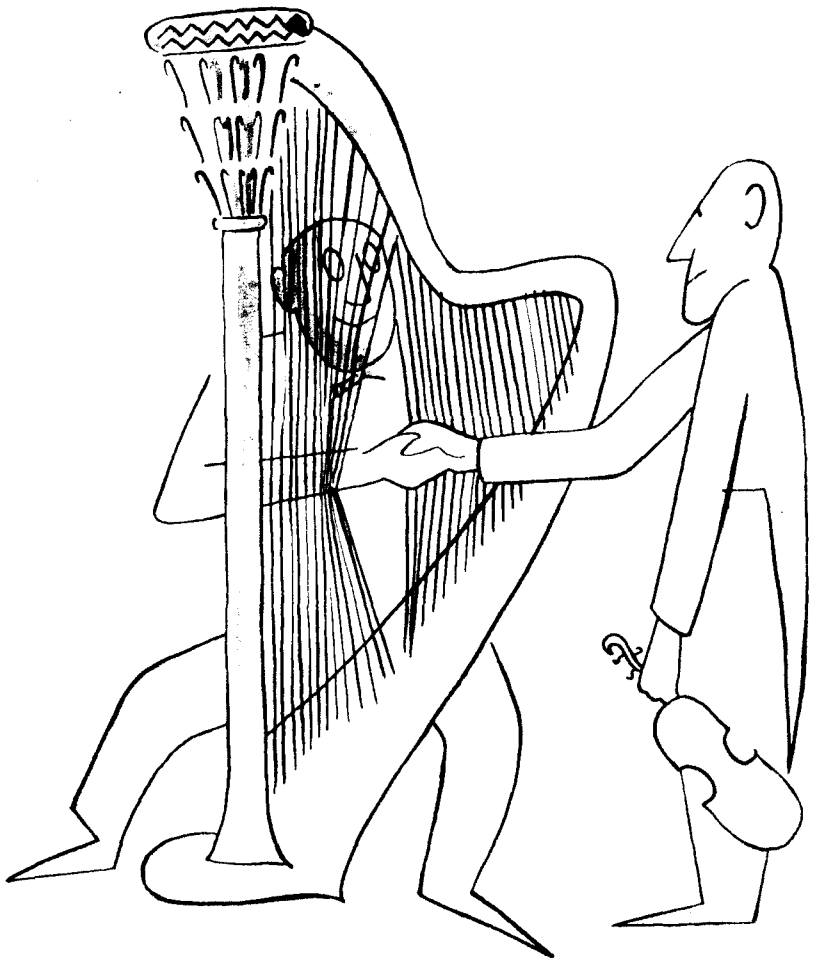

COLLIER'S BORIS NEDEL

the village limits, Foley asked, "Don't think me skittish, but where are you taking me?"

She hesitated and then said, "A place called Neckers' Nook." She turned onto a side road leading to the river and parked under a tree. Foley noticed a lot of other cars.

"Now don't get excited," she said. "It's simply that I've got to be stealthy. All we're going to do here is talk."

THEY sat a moment, wordless. From one of the other cars Foley heard giggling, the sound of affable scuffling. He tried to think about Denny and could not. He wondered if the healthy camp life was reasonable for a man of his age.

"What are you thinking about?" Miss Claflin asked softly.

"I was wondering what a man ought to do in such a situation, and I decided on this." He put one hand on her chin for accuracy and kissed her in a hearty, mountain manner.

After token resistance, Miss Claflin surrendered enthusiastically. Conversation slacked off. After a while Miss Claflin remarked cheerfully, "I'm a loose woman."

"How's that again?"

"Kissing a fugitive from a boy's camp like crazy while Randolph the Third stews."

"The Third, where does he stand? Is he in charge?"

"No papers have ever been signed; mainly, it's just that I've known him a long time. He comes up here every year to the Collins' summer place on the river. I guess he assumes I go with the place."

"And the Claflins—they come up every summer too?"

"The Claflins hang out in summer where they do in winter, in an old frame house on the edge of town. Dad's dead. I run a ready-to-wear in town."

She laughed. "You thought I was loaded, didn't you?"

He had; you had to be heavy in the hip pocket to send a boy to Camp Mohican. He pondered a moment. "I gather that Collins isn't obliged to go out and grub for roots?"

"Inherited a potful, Randy did." She sat up. "What do you mean by a crack like that?"

He was thinking of Denny and the proprietary way Collins had with the boy. "I was merely assuming that Collins was footing the bill for Den—"

"Why, you low-minded stinker! Get out! Get out of my car! Go on!"

Ah, the combustible Irish, Foley said to himself; they ought to have their roofs lined. He tried to restore peace, but she ruptured his sweet talk by opening the door and pushing at him.

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" he said as he got out. "This is getting inhuman! Do you want me to catch cold?"

She left him bathed in carbon monoxide. As he watched her taillights bobbing along the road he realized he had been playing before a packed house. The Neckers' Nook crowd gave him a nice hand as he began hiking back to town.

HE HEARD no more of Ivy until a week or so later when Buck Campbell dropped in to see him on the day Foley and ten of his small fry were leaving on a three-day canoe trip down the Connecticut.

"Few days ago a man who grows his own bass came in to holler at me," Buck said. "He had been poached. Was the boy Dennis Claflin?"

Foley told him the story. Buck chortled a while before getting down to business. "The boy is unhappy, isn't he? I gather you don't know why."

"It beats me, Buck."

"I'll tell you what I think. Bill Claflin, Denny's father, was my great friend. He died broke. I wanted to do something for his family, so I gave Dennis a free summer at camp. The trouble is, Denny didn't want to come. He wanted to stay home with his pals. But his mother and Ivy and I, we knew better. We figured he'd love it once he got here. We underestimated Denny."

"I still don't see why he's so griped."

"Isn't it possible that Denny, a proud kid, is ashamed of being here on a free ride? Can it be that he resents the wealthy boys around him, boys he is superior to in most ways?"

Foley nodded.

"Then work it out," Buck said. He stood in silence a moment, gazing across his lake. "Tim, it's time I told you how pleased I was when you asked to come back as a counselor. It proved to me that you have the great essential for this work—the heart for boys. Now, I've been running this camp for thirty-five years and I'm a bit of an antique. I'm going to ask you what I've asked no other man. Would you like to share Mohican with me? Be my partner?"

Foley stared at him.

Buck smiled, the wrinkles in his old face gathering at the corners of his mouth. "Think about it," he said.

Foley thought about it until around noon, when he and his brood launched their canoes in the river. After that he had no time. Almost immediately Reginald Hooley, aged eight, began throwing up and calling for his mother in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. It slowed them down, and when Foley finally spotted a patch of clean sand at a bend in the river he decided to camp. They had gone about a mile.

"Denny," he said, working on a plan,

COLLIER'S **"You wanted the dope on the Farrington case? Here he is!"** FRITZ WILKINSON

But

when was the last time you bathed your eyes?

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COLLIER'S **"Oh, she broke up with 'Honkkkk!' and 'Wooooooop! Wooooooop!' and she's been going with 'Beep! Beep! Beep!' for a month now . . ."** JEFF KEATE

"you'll look after Hooley tonight. He's empty now, I think, but he'll probably get scared. See that he's warm."

Denny and Hooley regarded each other. "Hey, Claf, partners, huh?" Hooley said, smiling wanly. "I'm kinda cold, Claf."

"Well, put on your jacket!"

"Can't."

"You can too."

"I can't either." Hooley rattled his teeth ingratiatingly. "Left it the last place I upchucked."

"Holy cow, your head's no better than your stomach!" But Denny took Hooley's hand and led him off to a blanket.

AT DUSK a powerboat pulled up to their campsite. Randolph Collins the Third and Miss Claflin were in it.

"Randy lives right over there," Miss Claflin explained, pointing to a mansion across the river. "We saw you making camp, so we dropped in to say hello to Denny."

Denny trotted up towing Hooley. "Can I go back with them?" Denny asked. "I live real close."

"No, Denny," Foley said, "we're camping."

"Oh, come now, fella, don't be stuffy," Collins said. "What's the harm in letting the boy spend a few hours with people he likes?"

Foley looked to Miss Claflin, who had been quiet. "I think," she said, "that the counselor knows what he is doing."

Denny threw his hands in the air. "A creep! A real creep, that dame!"

Foley walked with Miss Claflin back to the boat. "Thank you," he said. "Are you still mad at me?"

She smiled. "Not very."

"Miss Claflin," Foley said softly, "you're a dear." . . .

Not long after that, Foley and his troop turned in. Slumber on sand is enjoyed by certain reptiles and children, but it was shortly before midnight when Foley dropped off. He woke up shortly after midnight with a wet face; it was being drizzled on. For the next minute he lay there alternately cursing and whining. He had ten expensive children lying on the sand in the rain. Some began to howl.

"Men!" he bellowed. "Pull your ponchos on top of your blankets and stay where you are until I can get a lean-to built. Claflin, you grab your hatchet and come with me."

"You blown your stack?" Denny demanded. "It's raining!"

"Denny, if I have to root you out of there I might accidentally break both your arms."

Denny got up and followed him into the cold, black, dripping woods, where they began to cut saplings.

"How wacky can you get?" Denny said. "Why don't we just cross over the river to Randy's place?"

Foley was in no mood to explain why he had chosen to turn his back on the human comforts and live like a ground ape. It was so irrational he couldn't explain it to himself. It was so irrational it enraged him, and he hacked and slashed and swore like a woodsman with a flipped wig.

When he had cut enough poles he made the frame for the lean-to; then he went back to the campsite. "Men, latch onto your blanket rolls and follow me!" he called out in the dark. As they assembled behind him, he speculated gruesomely on the number who might be laid up with pneumonia because he was choosing to do it the hard way. He shivered. Then, wet and cold as a sourdough's dishrag, he lifted Hooley in his arms and stumbled off with his flock to the lean-to. "We'll fasten our ponchos together with blanket pins to make a roof," he said.

They stretched the pinned ponchos over the pole frame. With everyone inside and bedded down, Tim Foley grabbed a pail and started to put out the remnants of their fire. As he left he noticed that Denny, on his own, had disrobed Hooley clear down to his goose pimples and was rubbing him with a dry towel.

While he grubbed for live coals in the sand, Foley heard the powerboat coming back. He began swearing again. Presently, Collins and Miss Claflin trotted up in slickers.

"We came to the rescue, fella," Collins said. "We were at a dance when we heard it was raining."

Foley glowered at him. While he was spending his night like a cave man, Collins was dancing with Miss Claflin. "Go on back to your waltz," he said. "The boys are fine. Grand."

"Why must you be such an inhospitable jerk?" Collins said. "Round 'em up. I'll take 'em all in one trip."

"It's a splendid, exhilarating night for camping, and we're staying here," Foley said stiffly. "We have shelter and a fire."

"That I have to see," Collins said.

Foley led them over to the lean-to. As living quarters go, it would undoubtedly have been condemned, but of his boys Foley was suddenly and belligerently proud. Using techniques he had taught them, they had started a fire of their own. They were drying their blankets. And best of all, they were gay. Paternal fires warmed Tim Foley's heart.

Denny pulled his head out of the smoke. "Got a dumb old fire going out of wet wood," he said, and wiped away his tears.

"Aren't you freezing, dear?" Miss Claflin asked.

"Foley and I, we built this lean-to all by ourselves in the dark. Doesn't leak hardly at all." Denny looked at his sister. "You staying with us?"

Miss Claflin's hand found Foley's and squeezed it.

"Dennis, don't be a little idiot," Collins said. "I'm taking you wet rats over to my place where it's dry and warm."

"Third," Foley said, "what's the matter with you? You deaf? You're not taking us anywhere."

"I appreciate your wanting to play Daniel Boone for these youngsters, but I'm afraid I'll have to insist. Dennis will soon be one of my family."

In the flickering light, with rain dripping off his face, with his shoulders hunched and his trim, new body tensed, Foley grabbed Collins by his slicker front and said: "Third, listen: I'm going to pluck off your head, wrap it in fresh skin off your back and punt it across the river if you aren't gone in thirty seconds!" Then he shoved Collins backward into a bush. Miss Claflin gasped. Hooley clapped.

In his rage Foley turned to Denny. "And you can go along with the knothead if you want to!"

"How can I?" Denny said. "A poncho come loose and dumped a ton of water on ol' Hooley."

Collins got up. "Come on, Ivy. This is something for Buck Campbell to handle. The man is deranged."

As Foley watched Collins walking away, he began to understand what had happened: Denny had chosen to stay.

"Counselor," Miss Claflin said, "I'll thank you to step into the woods with me for a minute."

In the soft music of rain in the forest, she said, "Foley, you're a good man." She put her warm wet lips to his. "Come up and see me. Any night —including Wednesdays."

He held her a long time. Then she left him to his duties.

IN THE lean-to, the boys crowded together like a litter of pups. The roof held and they had dry blankets. For the first time since noon Hooley, sandwiched between Denny and Foley, stopped shivering.

As Foley listened to the rain on the rubber roof and to the sputter of the fire and held Hooley in his arms, the tightness in him drained away. He inventoried his blessings: he hadn't felt a thirst in a month; Buck Campbell had offered to share his camp with him; Miss Claflin was his for the wooing; and Denny, the morose exile, was in the fold. That was enough; his cup ran over. It didn't matter what the boy thought of him personally.

"Tim?" It was Denny, whispering across Hooley.

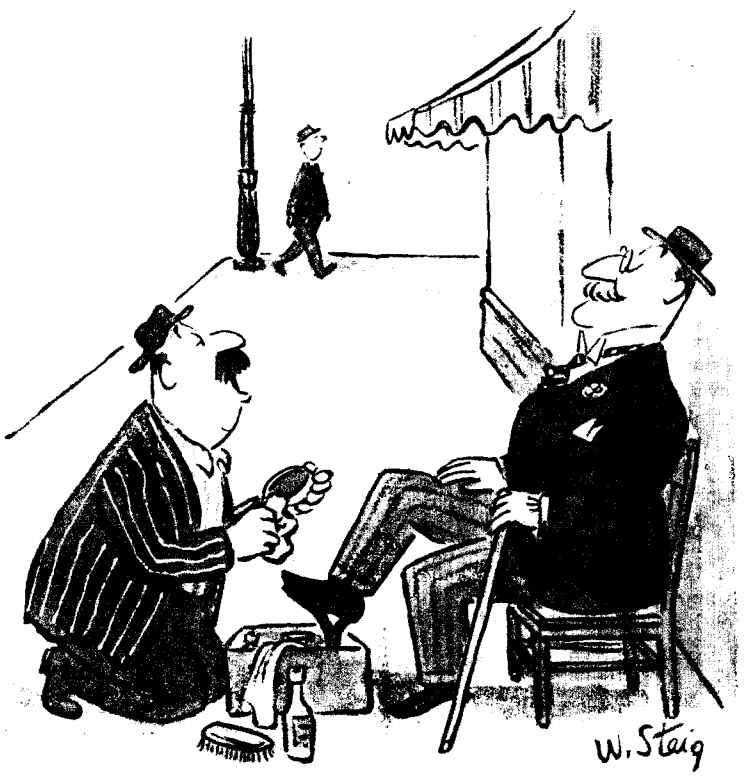
"Yeah?"

"You know what would've happened if you and Randy'd got in a real scrap?"

"No, not exactly."

"You'd have clobbered him."

—NORD RILEY



COLLIER'S **"How's business?"** WILLIAM STEIG

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"I had no idea ale was so wonderful."
"It isn't ordinarily; that's Ballantine Ale"

The popular host these days is likely to be found behind a well-filled tray of sparkling *green* bottles . . . serving his guests Ballantine—the *light* ale.

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When the Indian scout saved the young soldier [illegible] expect to be repaid. Perhaps what happened [illegible]

Three Days for REVENGE

By JACK SCHAEFER

THIS is a story of revenge. But revenge is an ugly word. It carries suggestions of hatred and personalized viciousness, and yet there are times when revenge is more accurately a plain balancing of accounts, an expression of one man's loyalty to another. It is a balancing of accounts, an expression of loyalty bridging many miles and many years, that is chronicled here.

This is a story, too, of three parts, three happenings, three individual bursts of violent action separated in time and place. I will not tell you whether these happenings were true in literal fact. That is no longer important at this date. But you should know that they could have been true. Such events did happen in America in the years of westward settlement. I will not even insist that you accept these three happenings as parts of just one story. I am content to present them in the hope you will understand them. And I will present them as you might come upon them, searching, as I have often done, through the records of that westward settlement—the old letters and books and newspapers that remain as a legacy to us out of the past. . . .

First, there is a letter, a letter written from a military post in the parched badlands of southern New Mexico Territory in 1885.

This letter was written by a soldier, a sergeant, a cavalryman, to his mother back home in Missouri. He wrote it lying on a cot in a curtained-off section of an adobe-and-log-walled barracks marked with a sign that said *Hospital*. He was a badly wounded, badly shaken man, profoundly grateful that he was alive and that he would live. The tone of his letter and a few hints in the text suggest that he was young without being youthful, maybe in his middle twenties, reasonably well educated for the time and the territory, a serious, capable man and a good soldier. He wrote the letter in segments on several different days, probably because he was too weak to do it all at once. His narrative of what had happened is rambling and understandably confused, but the main outline is clear and direct.

Geronimo was off the reservation again, he and his renegade Apaches off on their last and bitterest raiding campaign. Troops were out after them and this soldier, this sergeant, was with those troops. The Apaches were up to their usual trick of scattering to strike in many places at the same time, and the troops were spread thin in small detachments combing the territory. The detachment this sergeant was with had penetrated some rough country. The enemy smell was strong. The Indian scout leading the way slowed the pace till the horses were barely moving; he said the signs spoke trouble.

The lieutenant in command had the sense to figure that was warning enough and called a halt where rocks gave good cover in case of an attack. He sent the sergeant and the Indian scout on forward. There was no way of knowing whether the Apaches in the area had spotted the detachment yet. The plan was for those two to look over the ground ahead and try to locate the enemy, if possible without being seen. They were to go maybe three miles, but no farther. If nothing developed, they were to look for another easily defended spot and one of them was to slip back to bring up the full detachment. The lieutenant was a cautious man, a good officer. He was going to move now only from strong position to strong position, not risking his whole command in a possible ambush.

That's the picture to hold in mind—two men riding forward, two men obeying orders and riding forward into rough country with the enemy smell in the air around. One of them is the sergeant, the letter writer, a good soldier who is serious about the Army as a career and has won his stripes early in his second enlistment. The other is an Indian, a Minneconjou Sioux from the northern plains, a man well into middle age who has fought the white men in the vigor of his youth and seen his tribe dwindle in defeat, who has wandered far and has served now several years as a scout with the men he once fought. It is the letter writer who remains a shadowy figure, featureless, known only in character as revealed by his letter. It is the Indian who emerges in fairly clear focus, seen as the sergeant saw him.

To the sergeant he was not just an Indian, obscure in the anonymity of his race—in which all seem the same because of their very difference—but a man distinct and individual with the marks of a hard life upon him. He is a man of medium height. His eyes are small and black in a flat face pitted with old smallpox scars; and he limps with his right leg from a stiffness in the knee joint, and two fingers of his left hand are missing. He is a man hidden behind the blank wall of his flat expressionless face, nondescript in appearance in castoff Army-issue pants and shirt, yet a man on whose word an old-hand lieutenant would set the safety of his command.

They rode forward. They went cautiously, holding to cover, working upward as the land rose toward a long ridge athwart their course. They stopped. Ahead and beyond the ridge they saw a thin streamer of smoke floating upward. A signal? A campfire? They moved forward

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

Even as the scout pulled his horse to a stop, the sergeant could hear the Apaches' shouts

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COLLIER'S DICK ERICSON

again, even more slowly. They dropped into a gully that led toward the ridgetop. The Indian was in the lead, head up, eyes alert, nostrils wide in the slight wind. Suddenly he whirled his horse and waved to the sergeant to do the same and rode back down the gully at full gallop. As he passed the sergeant in the act of turning his horse, the first shots came from among rocks along the sides of the gully.

A bullet smashed through the sergeant's left leg, above the knee, and into his horse. The horse went down, but the sergeant was thrown free and rolled headlong, striking against a stone that tore a jagged gash along his jaw. As he rolled he saw the Indian scout diminishing into distance down the gulley and then the Apaches scrambling out from among the rocks up the gully and starting toward him. He did not know where his rifle was. It had been jarred from his grasp and lay somewhere beyond the dying horse. He could not stand but he pushed up, leaning on his left arm, and clawed at his service revolver. He had it in his right hand when a bullet smashed into his shoulder, and he was flat and helpless on the ground.

CURIOUSLY, he felt no pain in the shock of that moment. But everything about him was immeasurably distinct—the hard ground beneath and the cloud-streaked sky overhead, and beyond and above all else, the utter aloneness. He could hear the shouts of the Apaches coming, and somehow the sounds did not penetrate the silence that surrounded him. And into that silence and that aloneness came another sound that could penetrate, and that hit him as even the bullets had not. It was the sound of hoofs, and he moved and raised his head and twisted to look back down the gully. The Indian scout had whirled his horse again and was racing toward him, bent low along the straining neck, reaching with one arm to lash the frantic animal to greater speed. The Indian scout pulled the horse, spinning on its hind legs, to a stop by the sergeant and leaped off and scooped up the sergeant like a limp sack of grain and flung him over the horse's withers. The scout leaped again into the saddle and the heaving animal struggled into a gallop beneath the double burden.

How long they rode that way the sergeant could not know. The pounding of the horse's foreshoulders under him was an unbearable torment. He had time only to think that it was hopeless, that this horse was carrying double and the Apaches would have their own horses hidden near and be after them and overtake them, and then he dropped into darkness.

That was early afternoon. It was late afternoon when he regained consciousness for a few moments. He was lying in a tight crevice between two big rocks. All he could see was the sheer stone sides and the patch of deepening blue sky between. Then he was aware that an Indian with a flat pitted face, naked to the waist, was bandaging or rebandaging his shoulder with strips torn from an Army shirt. Again he had time for only one thought before the darkness rose and overwhelmed him. He thought that this Indian was doing a good job considering the fact two fingers of his left hand were missing.

Much later his mind flickered for a few seconds out of one darkness and into another, into the darkness of the moonless star-pointed night, and he was aware that he was being carried, not now over the withers of a horse, but over the thick shoulder and tensed upper arm of a man. He could hear the slow strained breathing of the man carrying him and then he knew nothing; and then drops of some raw stuff, rum or whisky, were raking his throat and he was lying on the ground about thirty feet from a small fire and the lieutenant was kneeling beside him. He tried to move and sit up, fighting the pain that streaked through his body.

"Easy," the lieutenant said. "You're not going anywhere. There's a lot of them out there. They've got us pinned down tight." And still the sergeant tried to move, to turn his head and look about, and the lieutenant understood. "He waited till dark to bring you in. But he's gone now. He slipped out again to make a try for reinforcements."

There it is, all that is needed. The rest of the letter is unimportant. What it chronicles is, in a sense, anticlimax. Reinforcements came and the Apaches sighted them and went farther into the badlands. The sergeant and two other wounded were sent back in a quartermaster's wagon. He was out of the campaign, out of the long later days of fighting and hard hectic riding and knew only by hearsay what those days brought. He was on a hospital cot with two bullet wounds, which the doctor said would leave a neat scar to remind him of what he had been through.

Lying there, writing his letter, this sergeant had plenty of time to think over what he could remember of what had happened, and to wonder what must have happened during the hours he was lost in the darkness and how an aging Indian with a limping leg got him away from Geronimo's Apaches and took him through to the safety of the detachment's rock barricade. That impressed him deeply and he wrote about it at length. But what impressed him more was the sudden shattering of his aloneness as he had lain helpless on the ground in the gully. His mind returned to that again and again. Three times the same brief sentence leaps out of the letter. *He came back.*

SECOND is an account of a court trial, which was included in a paperbound local history of a Kansas town. The trial occurred in 1898—a jump of thirteen years in time and several hundred miles northeastward in place. But the mind can make it in an instant.

This trial is cited in the town history as an example of lingering frontier conditions, of the kind of excitement that could still break forth in that part of Kansas near the turn of the century. The historian himself offers no hint of his sympathies in the case. He simply offers the facts established by the evidence and summarizes the testimony taken. Out of these facts and the varied testimony comes a plain picture of the event at issue and the reasons for the verdict given.

Background is important here. The town was close to an Army post, a cavalry headquarters and supply depot. Some people liked that, those who made money out of the soldiers, especially during the first week after each payday. Other people didn't like it, those with short memories who could forget the time when the presence of troops was a reassurance for settlers, and those afflicted with the urge to impose their brand of respectability on their fellows. There were periodic complaints about brawls and noisy disturbances in the saloons and disorderly houses, the places supported chiefly by the soldiers and the inevitable collection of rough and often unsavory individuals who congregated in the neighborhood of an Army establishment. A particular annoyance to many people seems to have been a small batch of Indians, most of them well along in years, who lived or, in the usual local phrase, squatted near the post with the apparent permission of the commanding officer, and had no visible means of livelihood.

That was the situation when a drastic change took place. Far off in Havana Harbor the battleship Maine was sunk. The United States declared war on Spain. The troops at this Kansas post were ordered East, en route to Cuba. Within ten days the post was deserted, except for the small squad left to dismantle it. An unnatural quiet settled over the outlying section of the town, which had annoyed so many respectable citizens. And out of that quiet came the sudden violence that precipitated the trial.

The key character was a bartender, a reckless, ready-tongued man. He must have had a quick temper and a streak of cruelty in him because his wife had left him and had been trying to divorce him on precisely those grounds. Yet he was liked well enough in the district, among the men at least, for some of them to chip in a few dollars apiece and pay his lawyer when he was brought to trial. And apparently he was a good hand at his job. His employer had kept him on month after month even though he was constantly overdrawn on his pay. It was a better than average bartending job too. He worked at the one saloon that had rarely been a target for complaints; it was not so much a saloon as a semiclub, a place where sandwiches as well as liquor were available, and where the officers of the post had been accustomed to gather when they came to town.

ON THIS particular morning the bartender had much on his mind. He was brooding over his family troubles—or so he said later; he was worrying about losing his job, which could have been true. Business had all but died with the departure of the troops a few days before. These morning hours were dull. They edged toward noon, and the only customers there were two beer drinkers fiddling with a deck of cards at a rear table. An old Indian, wrapped in a mangy buffalo robe de-

COLLIER'S **"Take this prescription and get it filled at a drugstore without a soda fountain"** JOHN DEMPSEY

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spite the warmth of the weather, came in and sat down at one of the front tables near the bar.

The bartender knew this Indian, knew him by frequent sight at least. It was unusual for an Indian to be in that saloon, but this Indian had been there often during the previous months, always with a group of middle-aged officers. He had sat at that same table in that same chair, not exactly a part of the group yet with it, sitting silent there with the officers and drinking the drinks they bought for him and sometimes nodding his head gravely at what was said. Now he was alone. The officers were hundreds of miles away, riding the rails toward the port from which they would embark for Cuba.

The old Indian sat stiff and still on the chair and the bartender watched him, and a familiar anger began to burn in the bartender's mind.

THAT was one job the bartender hated, serving drinks to those lousy Indians. What right did those smelly, thieving old relics—with their dirty, coppery skins and ugly faces—have to come into a white man's place and drink a white man's liquor and expect a white man to serve them? It was against the law to sell liquor to them anyhow, but his employer—and just about everyone else—ignored that law. The way to handle Indians was to throw the stuff to them by the bottle—sell them the cheapest, make them pay plenty and go drink themselves into a stupor outside in some gutter.

The old Indian raised a hand to catch the bartender's attention, as the officers had always done. "Whisky," he said, as the officers had always said. "The best."

For a moment the bartender fondled the thought of jumping over the bar and grabbing hold of the Indian and heaving him bodily out into the road. No. His employer was somewhere in the back room and would hear the noise, and his employer was in no mood to tolerate the loss of a customer, any customer. The bartender took a whisky glass and reached under the bar to the slop jar into which the dregs from customers' glasses were dumped. It had not been emptied for several days. He dipped the whisky glass in and brought it out dripping with the foul mixture. He walked around the end of the bar and to the table and set the glass on it. Fifty cents was the top price for a single drink. No one was ever expected to settle his score until ready to leave. But the bartender stood there looking down at the Indian. "One dollar," he said. "Now."

The old Indian looked up at him. Slowly he fumbled with one hand inside the discolored old buffalo robe. He took a long time finding what he sought. A slow satisfaction began to build in the bartender, and then suddenly faded as the Indian laid a silver dollar on the table. The bartender reached for it and the rekindled anger in his mind made his hand shake and he fumbled the coin and it fell to the floor and rolled. He bent to pick it up, and as he did so he heard a chuckle from back by the rear table, and the sound fanned the fire in his mind. He grabbed the coin and went again behind the bar and leaned against it, staring at the old Indian and the whisky glass filled from the slop jar.

The old Indian lifted the glass in his right hand. He looked around the table at the empty chairs and raised the glass a little higher, as if in salute. He put the glass to his lips and took a first swallow into his mouth, and his head bobbed forward and he spat the stuff out. Then he was still, sitting quietly in the chair, staring at the glass in his hand. He sat there motionless for perhaps a full minute. He rose, still holding the glass, and went straight to the bar and set the glass down and looked at the bartender. "Not good," he said.

Those were the last words the old Indian ever spoke, for the anger in the bartender flamed upward and destroyed all restraint. He reached and took the revolver that lay on the shelf beneath the bar and brought it up for the purpose, he said later, of forcing the complaining old fool to drink the stuff anyway. But the Indian read more than that in the man's eyes and dropped below the bar level to escape, clutching his old robe about him. The bartender leaned and reached over and fired. The bullet angled downward through the Indian's neck into his body. He crumpled to the floor and rolled over and was still. He was dead before the two beer drinkers at the rear table had risen to their feet to come running forward.

There had to be a trial so there was a trial. A man had been killed and in the presence of two witnesses. But no one was very enthusiastic about it. The prosecution was less than vigorous, simply went through the formalities. The old Indian was as alone in death as he had been those last moments in the saloon. His officer friends were far away, traveling toward a new military frontier. Even those of his own race quickly, and perhaps wisely, disappeared when they heard what had happened.

It was a peculiar trial in one respect. The original charge was murder. That was changed to manslaughter, then raised to murder again—at the request, no less, of the bartender's lawyer himself. But that lawyer knew what he was doing. He was aiming at a direct acquittal. He pleaded self-defense for his client. He avoided any mention of the fact that his client could have avoided the trouble simply by slipping behind the law forbidding the sale of liquor to an Indian, and the halfhearted prosecution obligingly overlooked that point too.

The lawyer brushed aside the fact that the old Indian was unarmed. How could his client have been certain that the old scarecrow didn't have a gun or a knife concealed under that buffalo robe and wasn't crouching down to pull it and then come after him? The jurymen jumped at that lead. They were out less than ten minutes—not guilty. "There was nothing to get excited about," one of them said later. "It was just an Indian. What's another one of them more or less?"

Just another Indian. The almost casual opening testimony, which was to establish some identity for this Indian, offered a few facts bearing on that point. When he was younger he had served as an Army scout. He walked with a stiffness in his right leg, and two fingers of his left hand were missing.

COLLIER'S **"I'm going to take a bath . . . what did you think?"** HERB WILLIAMS

THIRD is an article in a small weekly newspaper, published in a Montana mining camp, in 1901. The jump this time is three years and more than half a thousand miles. But again the mind can make it if the will prompts.

The man who wrote the article—probably the editor of the local weekly, because the paper could scarcely have supported more than a one-man staff—really cut loose in the writing. He filled nearly two columns of the single-sheet issue with it: wordy, bombastic, strongly personalized in the tradition of Western journalism of the period, well larded with highflying phrases about the up-and-climbing qualities of the enterprising settlement in glorious Montana in which he was privileged to live and hold a position of civic responsibility in the opening years of the bright new century called the twentieth. He was variously shocked, amazed, disgusted, startled and outraged at what had happened. He was thunderingly insistent that something should be done about it, but not quite certain what. It is quite possible that he wrote to some extent with his tongue in his cheek. That boom camp in Montana, even in 1901, was not exactly a quiet humdrum community.

A man had been killed.

Everyone knew him, so the writer said. Everyone knew everyone else in that tent-and-shack settlement, which was so new that the census of the year before had passed it by. He was the man who tended the bar in the larger of the camp's two emporiums devoted to the dispensing of liquid refreshment. Breathed there a citizen of the camp who had not gone into that emporium, tired and thirsty from grubbing gold or copper out of the stubborn unyielding rock, and been grateful to see that redheaded, talkative man waiting behind the bar to dispense that liquid refreshment? What if the name he used was *not* the name his parents had bequeathed him? He served good drinks. What if he *had* come up to Montana from down Kansas way with a somewhat vague reputation of being a dangerous man in anger? He served good drinks and with a flourish. He was free, white and well past twenty-one, with the usual supposedly inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And he was dead. Ah, the shifting fluctuations of fate.

SO MUCH for the journalistic rhetoric. What had happened was short and simple—and deadly serious. This man, this bartender, had opened the place as usual about ten o'clock in the morning. Most of the men of the camp were out at the diggings and had been for hours. He was fussing around behind the bar, wiping glasses and arranging them on a shelf. One customer was there, almost hidden in a corner, a miner whose wildcat claim had petered out and who was already starting the new day's drowning of his misfortune. And then a man wearing an old slouch hat and a shapeless old overcoat came in and went straight to the bar and spoke to the bartender in a low voice. The bartender whirled from the shelf and stared at the man and dropped the glass he was holding, and the man took a revolver from the right-hand pocket of the old overcoat and fired, drilling the bartender neatly through the heart. The man turned and saw the miner in the corner half out of his chair.

"Don't be in a hurry to follow me," the man said. The miner wasn't. The man went out the door and around the side of the shack and was gone. The only trace of him found afterward was a neatly rolled bundle under a bush a half mile away, the revolver and the hat wrapped inside the rolled overcoat. They offered no identification. Hoofprints of a horse were found nearby, but the trail faded out in the rocky country.

There is only one more point important. That miner was the sole eyewitness. The killing had happened so quickly and the man's hat had shadowed his face so completely that the miner had difficulty trying to describe him. It seemed to him, the miner said, that the man walked and stood very erect, like someone who had seen a lot of military service. And the miner thought, he wasn't certain, but he thought the man had a scar along the side of his jaw.

Of course that man had a scar. He had to have it. A scar made by a stone in a gully in New Mexico Territory sixteen years before. —JACK SCHAFFER

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Coop Gets Girl, Burt Gets

Kissin' Coop, in clinch scene from movie, Vera Cruz, accepts enthusiastic buss from new discovery, Mexican Sarita Montiel, with customary casual demeanor

Cooper, Lancaster play pals in film located in southern Mexico

Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster, sharing the screen for the first time, portray a pair of hard and fast gunmen as different from one another as their own true selves

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Snoozin' Coop, who can fall asleep anywhere at the drop of a ten-gallon hat, practices favorite off-hours occupation

Loafin' Coop, no man to talk when he can listen, ponders a communication delivered by Spanish-speaking Sarita in broken English and sign language

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Bullet

ARQUEES blinking out the message that Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster are co-stars in a horse opry may promise fat times for the box office, but casting like that means only grief for the men who plan the plot. Problem: Who gets the girl (Mexican actress Sarita Montiel)? What to do with the extra leading man?

Cooper and Lancaster are teamed for the first time in a south-of-the-border Western called Vera Cruz, filmed by Burt's own Hecht-Lancaster Productions. Both stars have built their fame on heroics and clinches, a consideration which provided a poser for actor and coproducer Lancaster: It's a wise businessman who sets up such double billing, but it's a brave performer who pits himself against the most sure-fire hero in the trade.

The co-stars play American mercenaries hired by the Emperor Maximilian in the 1860s to conduct a conniving court favorite (Denise Darcel) over a treacherous road. As pistol pals with a lust for loot and a leaning toward the ladies, they haven't an honest motive to call their own. While filming stretched over 10 weeks of blistering heat in south Mexico's historic bandit country, the script writers tried a series of climaxes built around a bang-up gun fight. But who was to win? Who to lose? Lancaster had a star's natural reluctance to bite the dust. For a while he thought he'd get off the hook by saving Cooper's life. But Coop is one movie *hombre* who always stands on his own.

The predicament dragged on. Meanwhile, from sunup to sundown, Lancaster was a one-man tornado, directing camera angles, fussing over details of script, make-up, music, wardrobe. He rested little, ate less. While Burt stewed, Coop snoozed, visited ruins, chatted with anyone who'd talk. Lancaster, fresh from another blood-and-gunfire film, Apache, practiced for the duel with Coop by incessantly flipping and twirling his pearl-handled Colt. Cooper just tilted his hatbrim lower, murmured, "Gettin' mighty fancy, aren't you, Burt?"

The finis? You just don't shoot The Old Cowhand. For coin in the coffer, a canny producer will stop a fictional bullet any time. —EVELYN HARVEY

Actor Lancaster bites the dust after dramatic gun duel with Cooper (l.), in climax of movie which will be released by United Artists in the fall

Coproducer Lancaster, who throughout filming was as devoted to work as Cooper was to relaxation, plots a script change with producer James Hill

Supervisor Lancaster pulls a punch to show director Robert Aldrich (r.), Coop (background) how to handle fight scene

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GENE TRINDL

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What's Wrong with the CAREFUL DRIVER?

By HAROLD L. SMITH with BILL FAY

Statistics show that drivers who exercise reasonable care have most of our traffic accidents. An expert tells why—and gives seven safe-driving rules to make you accident-proof

IF YOU drive an automobile, you probably have some definite opinions on how to prevent traffic accidents. You may believe that you can avoid serious accidents simply by avoiding high speed. If so, you are unduly optimistic. According to National Safety Council statistics, five out of six drivers in fatal accidents are not exceeding the legal speed limit.

Similarly, you may think that most accidents can be traced to poor driving conditions. Wrong again. Highway safety experts have determined that upwards of 75 per cent of all automobile accidents occur on good straight roads in clear, dry weather.

Finally, you may have the impression that most accidents are caused by reckless drivers. But that isn't correct either. An authoritative report by the President's Highway Safety Conference reveals: It is among the great bulk of drivers who ordinarily use reasonable care that nearly all accidents occur.

These facts pose a perplexing question: Why do careful drivers who travel at moderate speeds under good driving conditions have most of our traffic accidents?

I believe that careful drivers have so many accidents because they do not recognize traffic hazards quickly enough. They try to prevent accidents by escaping from hazards which they should be able to anticipate and avoid entirely. But I am convinced that any reasonably careful driver can develop into a safe, virtually accident-proof driver. Seven easy-to-remember rules will do the job—practice them until each becomes a firm driving habit.

Before discussing these seven rules, let's talk briefly about your own driving ability. Your safety rating depends on your answer to one question: How often do your tires skid on dry pavement?

Think for a moment. How many times have you heard your tires skid in the last week, month, year?

If you can recall even one skid in the last five years, you are not a completely safe driver. If you can recall numerous skids, you are a dangerous driver. Unless you improve your driving ability, you will become involved in an accident eventually.

Every tire squeal marks a potential accident

Author Harold L. Smith has supervised the instruction of more than 20,000 adults enrolled in driving classes at the Detroit Y.M.C.A., Ford Motor Company and Michigan Bell Telephone Company. Smith also serves as consultant on driver training for intercity bus lines and trucking companies. "I drove a car for the first time in 1926," he reports. "Since then, I have driven over a million miles without even a fender scratch." This article is based mainly on a report analyzing motorists' errors, written by Smith and auto industry safety authority John J. Cummings. Safety officials acclaim the report

1. Aim high. First of the safe-driving rules is to keep your eyes alert for driving conditions well ahead—at least half a block in town, half a mile in the country. If you concentrate on the car ahead of you, as at left, you may risk a rear-end collision when driver jams on brakes at intersection ahead. Aim high (right) and you are forewarned

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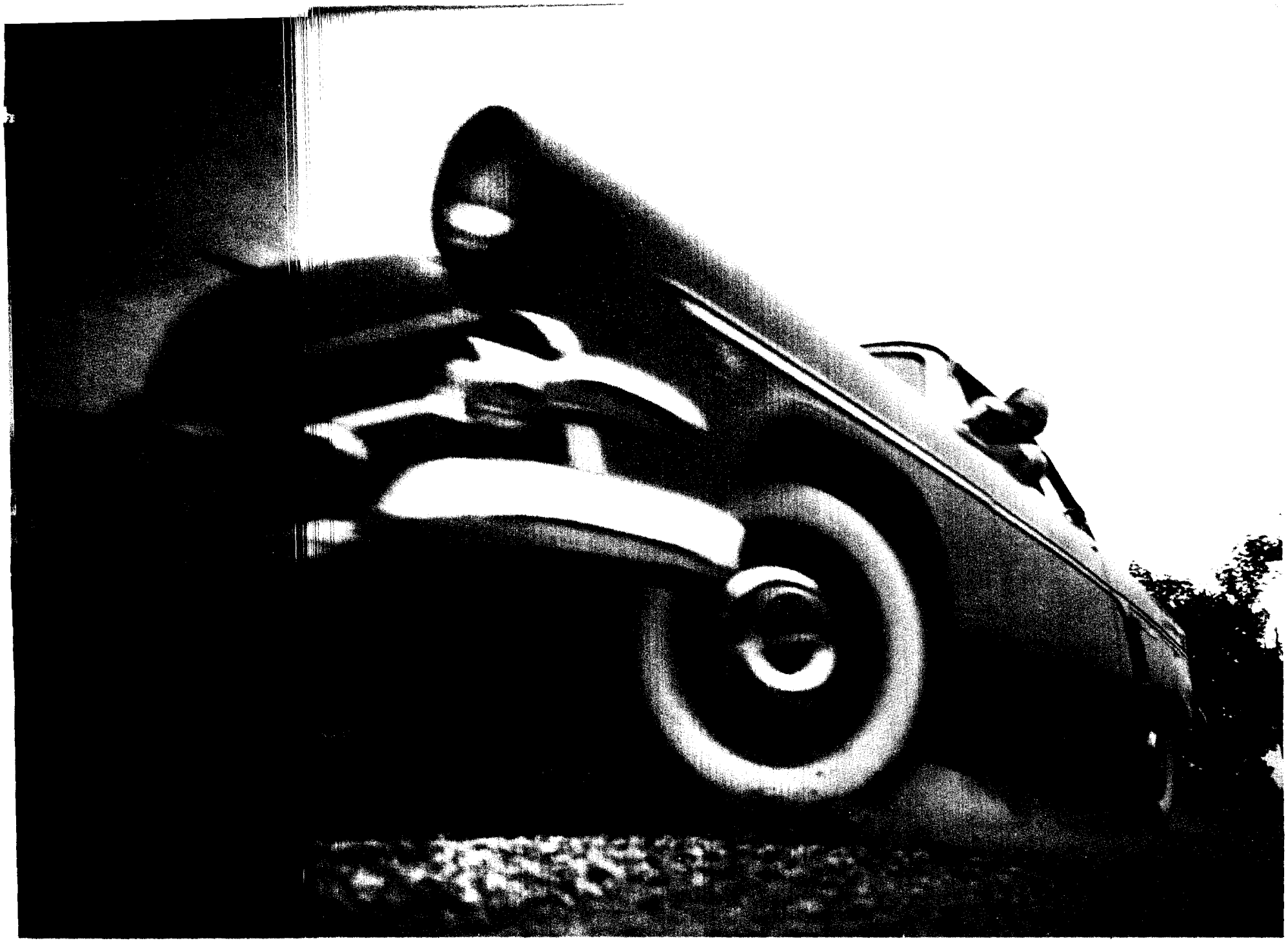

2. *Master the machine.* **Learn how to control your automobile under all conditions, especially in skids. Ignorance about what to do in an emergency can have tragic results. For example, if you start to skid and apply your brakes, you add to skid—your tires lose all ability to hold road**

which you barely averted by quick swerving or hard braking. Actually, you were escaping an accident hazard which a safe driver would have avoided.

A really safe driver, who recognizes traffic hazards in time to avoid them, can go from five to ten years without skidding tires on dry pavement. Here are the seven rules he follows—the rules that can make you an accident-free driver:

1. Aim high; watch out for traffic hazards at least half a block ahead in town, half a mile ahead in country driving.

Many drivers are chronic low aimers. They keep close watch on the car just ahead or, if the road ahead is clear, on their "steering guides"—the lines that mark the left and right edges of their traffic lane.

Every driver should cultivate the habit of aiming high—keeping his eyes alert for driving conditions well ahead. View the car in front of you merely as a silhouette in the over-all traffic picture; you can spot in advance any traffic hazard that may cause the car to alter speed or direction and be prepared for it.

Suppose you're on a crowded city street and are watching a half block ahead. Four cars ahead of you, a driver makes a sudden stop. Instinctively you move your right foot over to the brake pedal. You begin a smooth braking action even before the taillights on the car in front of you flash red.

But if you're a low aimer, you won't see that sudden traffic tie-up ahead. You won't have any advance warning that the car in front of you is about to stop until its taillights go on.

At 20 miles an hour, you travel nearly 30 feet in one second. You need at least one second to react to the flashing taillights of the car ahead of you, then lift your foot from the accelerator and jam on the brakes. Consequently, when you anticipate a braking action through high aim, at 20 miles an hour you provide yourself with at least a 30-foot safety margin in avoiding a quick-stop collision.

The same principle applies to country driving at much faster speeds. Then you must recognize hazards considerably farther ahead if you are to avoid them. For example, at 60 miles an hour your car travels 88 feet in one second. I have seen low aimers keep that accelerator pressed down as long as ten seconds after I spotted trouble ahead and took my foot off the gas. By the time they finally saw the hazard and got their brakes in action, their cars had traveled almost 1,000 feet closer to a collision.

As for your steering guides—depend mainly on your lower vision to pick out the boundaries of your traffic lane. Any time you must concentrate extra hard on finding your steering guides, the aim-high habit will cause you to slow down automatically.

2. Master the machine; learn how to control your car under any emergency condition.

A woman who joined one of my driving courses some months ago told me of an accident last summer in which her husband was killed and she was badly injured. They were on a vacation trip. Her husband was driving. He entered a curve too fast and the tires began to squeal. He made the fatal error of using the brakes. The car skidded off the road and crashed into a tree.

If you are a city driver or a 50-mile-an-hour rural driver, remember that it takes practice to handle your car at higher speeds. When you drive above your normal top speed, your touch on the car's controls can be tragically wrong. For example, if you start to skid on a curve and apply the brakes, you simply add to the skid—and your tires lose all their ability to hold the car on a curved path.

Most skids result from abrupt actions—accelerating too fast, turning too fast or braking too fast, especially on icy or gravel roads. The best way to stop a skid is to stay off the brakes and quit doing whatever started the skid. Try to steer in a straight line until the skid ends—or at any rate to steer on a course that will gradually take you away from danger.

A tire blowout on a straight road is not serious if you hold the steering wheel tight and do not use the brakes until the car loses speed. A blowout on a curve can be deadly. If your tires are not good, do not take a curve faster than 35 miles an hour.

What can you do if your brakes fail? Try pumping them. And pull up your parking brake (leave it on). As a last resort, shift to second gear (or "low" on automatic transmissions) and shut off

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

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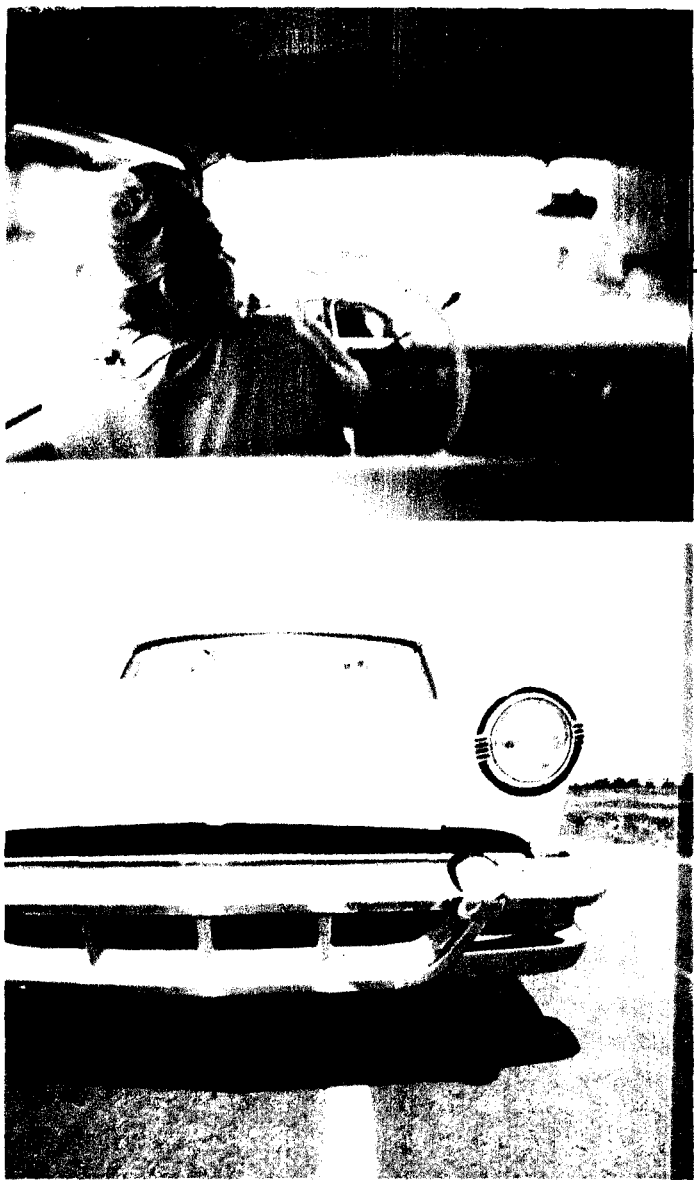

3. *Steer at your target.* It's the center of your driving path. Top: Never swerve blindly to left to avoid hazard on right. Bottom: Steer for center of lane, not left-hand boundary line

4. *Keep your eyes moving.* Check road to sides and glance at rearview mirror at least once every 20 seconds. Don't be fixed-stare driver who rivets eyes on road ahead to exclusion of all else

5. *Catch their eyes.* Make sure people who threaten your driving path are aware of your car. Use your horn, or at night flick your headlights up and down. Otherwise, there may be an accident

the engine. If you still haven't enough braking power, pick a crash spot off the roadway.

3. Steer at your target—the center of your driving path.

We have pointed out that the correct way to drive is to aim high and watch your guide lines mainly out of the lower part of your vision. However, we must add a vital point right here:

In steering, aim your car always at the center of your traffic lane. Many drivers give far too much attention to checking the edges of their lane when all they need do is look far ahead, aim for the center of the lane, and quit worrying! Failure to follow this simple steering rule explains lane-straddling and the common habit of allowing excessive clearance on the right side.

The very slow driver who refuses to "keep to the right" is usually influenced by the physical fact that he sits on the left side of his automobile. Consequently he allows—either consciously or unconsciously—extra clearance on the right side.

Actually, you sit only about 18 inches left of center when driving, and these 18 inches have no effect on steering. You can test this rule in a narrow driveway between obstacles—say a house on the left side and a fence on the right. If you steer for a spot in the center of the driveway, your car will travel precisely down the middle of the driveway between house and fence. Conversely, if you pay close attention only to the fence on your right, you instinctively will steer away from it and veer toward the house.

This experiment underscores one of the most important elements in safe steering: never attempt to steer away from a side hazard without first reaiming at a new, clear driving path. Most head-on collisions are caused by drivers who swerve blindly to the left into the path of an oncoming car at the slightest hint of danger to the right. If you find yourself in a tight spot with no safe driving path ahead, use your brakes. If you can't stop, hold the wheel steady and take your chances on a sideswipe collision. Sideswipes seldom produce serious accidents; head-on collisions are nearly always serious.

Two summers ago, I watched a green convertible move out into the middle lane of a three-lane road to pass a red sedan. As the convertible came abreast of the sedan, the sedan drifted slightly left. The driver of the convertible swerved sharply away from the sedan into the extreme left lane—and crashed head on into a truck approaching from the opposite direction. Six people died in that crash because the driver of the convertible swerved blindly away from a side hazard (the sedan) instead of steering down the center of the middle lane—his correct target.

Remember that if you can see a clear path ahead slightly wider than your car, you can get through without swerving. Your car is only about six feet wide, so any traffic lane not seriously crowded from the sides is wide enough.

4. Force your eyes to keep moving.

If you want to be an accident-free driver, force your eyes to keep moving in a regular pattern, checking the road ahead and to the sides, and glancing into the rear-vision mirror at least once every 20 seconds.

This habit not only keeps you constantly alert to dangers from all directions, but it also prevents you from taking on the fixed stare of a person whose eyes are open but whose mind is not on the job of driving.

Recently, I took a ride with a prominent Detroit attorney who wanted to know why he's been having a series of accidents. He was a typical fixed-stare driver. He focused all his attention forward. In less than half a mile, he committed three dangerous errors as a result of this habit.

First, he accelerated the moment a traffic light flashed green, without first glancing to the sides to make sure all cross traffic had halted. Second, he swerved out to pass a car without checking to see if another car was coming up his left side. Third, he braked abruptly for a right turn without giving a warning signal or checking his rear-vision mirror.

The attorney was not conscious of his mistakes. He was concentrating so heavily on possible hazards ahead of him that he was unaware of potential hazards from the sides and rear. He was a careful driver, but not a safe one.

5. Catch the eyes of people who may threaten your driving path.

In a recent newspaper report on a fatal accident, the driver admitted he saw the woman standing in the street several hundred feet before his car struck her. "I didn't expect her to walk into my path," he said.

When someone makes an unexpected move that threatens your driving path, the reason almost always is that he either did not see your car, or thought you intended to keep out of his way. Unless you are sure of the attention and intention of such a person, catch his eyes! Use your horn or at night flick your upper and lower headlight beams. You can generally tell, by his actions or from seeing his head turn your way, whether it is safe to proceed.

Be wary of any car that is close behind another car, in "passing position"—whether it is an oncoming car or one you are following. Make sure the driver in passing position knows you are near before you start any action that could trap you if he also changed position.

Finally, do not rely too greatly on traffic lights or stop signs. Accidents at traffic lights nearly always occur in the first few seconds after the light changes. A driver approaches too fast on the green light and decides to keep going when the light changes. The other driver starts up when he gets the green light, without checking the sides. In light traffic, be alert also for the driver who approaches too fast on a side street. If he sees no traffic on the main street at the moment, he may not stop despite a stop sign at the intersection.

6. Never drive blindly.

A driver for a home-delivery milk company told me recently of a collision his truck had with a car at an uncontrolled intersection (a street corner that has no stop signs for traffic on either street). "I can't understand it," he told me. "I was only going 20 miles an hour. Why, I have driven that street so many years that I could drive it blind." He *was* driving blind, I told him. He knew his route so well that he had grown overconfident.

At 20 miles an hour, your stopping distance is at least 44 feet. That speed is far too fast to approach an intersection where side-street traffic does not need to stop. If you meet a car there, you have no chance to avoid a crash.

Even an expert driver must be alert to reduce speed when he cannot be certain his path will remain clear at some point up ahead. The danger increases with higher speeds. At 50 miles an hour, you need about 200 feet to stop. At 70, you need about 350 feet.

But just holding down your speed won't make you safe. The fact is that four of every five fatal accidents happen at speeds of less than 50 miles an hour—again mostly because of blind driving. Some drivers kill themselves by taking their eyes off the road to watch a bee that got into the car or to talk to someone in the rear seat. Others fail to reduce speed near the top of a hill although they cannot see what lies just over the crest. Still others fall asleep at the wheel.

"Bumper chasing" is another dangerous form of

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blind driving. You should leave at least one car space ahead for each 10 miles of speed. If you cannot always do it in heavy city traffic, at least stay far enough back so you can watch the whole line-up ahead. Get your foot on the brake, ready to act, the moment any car in line seems likely to stop.

On a rural road, do not closely follow the car ahead of you while waiting for a chance to pass. Stay a safe distance behind as you watch for a break in oncoming traffic. Pick up passing speed as the last oncoming car gets near. Then you will be going fast *before* you swing into the passing lane. You can pass much more quickly and safely this way.

Hold down your speed on nights when visibility is poor. Dim the lights on your instrument panel; keep your windshield and headlights wiped extra clean.

A final word of caution on city driving: Always exercise extra care in the traffic lane nearest the curb. I always shudder at the sight of a driver who fails to keep his speed down as he travels along the curb or alongside a line of parked cars. A pedestrian may step blindly into his path, or another driver may trap him by pulling blindly out from the curb.

7. Make your car blend smoothly into the flow of traffic.

Even heavy traffic flows along smoothly until and unless one of two conditions arises. Either a driver in a single lane stops or drives too slowly, or he makes a right-angle or diagonal turn into or across another lane.

Frequently the driver responsible is what might be called a "special-purpose" driver. His mind is concentrating on something other than fitting his car into the traffic pattern. He may be in a hurry, he may want to pass the car ahead, he may be searching for a parking space, he may want to "teach a lesson" to a driver whose actions annoy him, or he may simply want to loaf along and "day-dream." Whatever is on his mind, it has taken his thoughts off driving—and he may be heading for trouble.

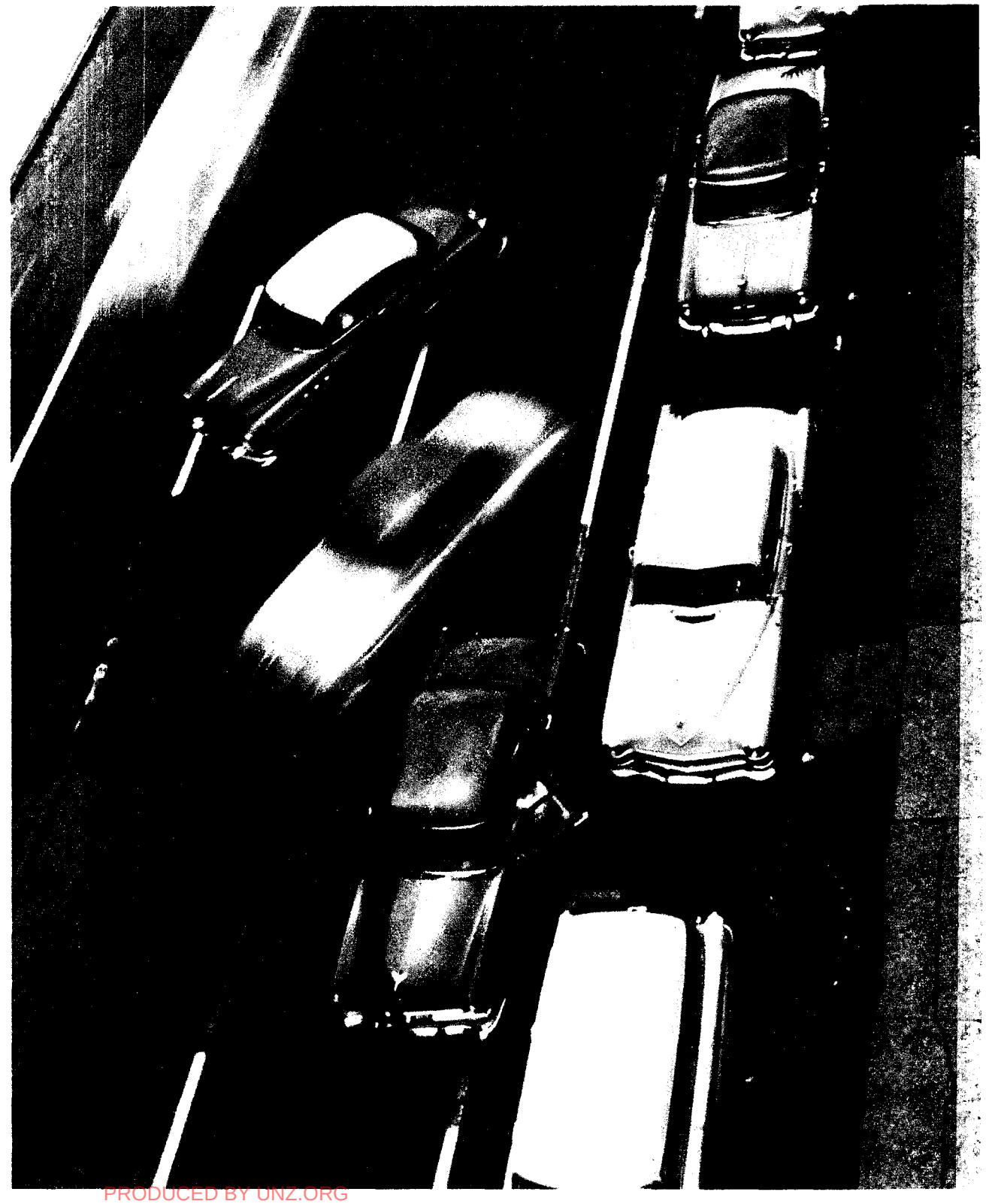
Accident reports are full of stories like this one: A driver is rushing someone to a hospital. He looks at a red traffic light and literally does not see it; he drives straight through. Or he wants to turn left across the path of an oncoming car and thinks he has time to do it safely. The result: both he and his passenger land in the hospital. But if he had been concentrating on watching the flow of traffic and blending his car into it, he would have completed his mission safely.

Accidents usually occur only when two drivers get so preoccupied with their own special purposes that they see too late that one is crowding or blocking the other. When moving along in the main traffic stream, never allow your car to set up a serious resistance to another vehicle. If you want to do something other than "float along" in the main traffic stream, if you see someone else doing something different, if you see a spot where someone might cause a speed or direction conflict—watch your blending. Make sure your driving path is clear; be certain you let other drivers know your intentions.

These, then, are the seven rules that can make you not only a careful driver, but a safe driver. Memorize them. Build your driving habits around them. They will help you keep away from near misses and those occasional crumpled fenders which today cost so much to repair. And if you ever get into a really tight spot in traffic, these driving habits will greatly increase the odds that you will take the correct action in that decisive moment before your last escape route is blocked. In short, the seven driving rules can save your life.

6. Don't drive blindly. **Always be sure that you're not driving too fast to stop safely within the limits of your clear-driving path or unobscured vision. Keep your windshield clean of grime. Don't be a "bumper chaser" or let your eyes wander while you talk to passengers in car**

7. Blend with the flow of traffic. **Never block a traffic lane. Here a double-parked car forces two following cars to veer sharply right to avoid a rear-end crash. Driver of parked auto should have kept moving smoothly in traffic stream until she could find clear parking space**



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"Oh, Stat," Marian said, and then he was holding her pressed against him

The Only Game in Town

Stat Hunter was back in the big league—but he had to win more than a pennant before he'd be happy

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

THE LAST OF THREE PARTS

The Story: When STAT HUNTER reached the end of his playing days in the majors, he took a job managing a Class C club in upstate New York. Baseball was his life, even though it had caused his wife, MARIAN, who wanted more than an off-season marriage, to leave him, taking their small daughter, JANET, with her. On the Conway club, Stat had two enemies: JOE WHITTIER, an ambitious, hot young second baseman, and WALT CORIO, a man who had been kicked out of organized ball for gambling and was staging a comeback under an alias. And there was a local girl, JO ANN, who hoped Hunter, Whittier or Corio would take her away from Conway—she didn't care which, she liked ballplayers. Then Stat found out Corio was trying to put the fix on Conway games, via Whittier; the kid needed money to pay off his own gambling debts. Stat kicked Corio off the team and allowed Whittier to be traded up and out of the Philadelphia Bears' farm system. Then Stat was called up to Philadelphia—to manage the Bears. If he got them into the first division, he would be permanent manager. Jo Ann tried to coerce Stat into taking her with him. He wouldn't, but he did take SIMON NORTH, a young pitcher. In Philadelphia, Stat got the team going, but he found now that baseball was not his whole life—he wanted Marian and Janet back. Then, on the final Western trip, with the Bears only one game ahead of the fifth-place team, Stat got word that Janet had disappeared. He left the club to go join the search, wondering if this was the revenge both Corio and Jo Ann had threatened, if Janet had been kidnaped.

STAT HUNTER turned the radio off when the announcer finished the story about Janet. The highway leading toward Marian's father's farm stretched out straight before him. The needle of the speedometer of the rented car hovered over the 80.

Up ahead, Stat saw lights, lights that moved crazily across the highway as if a railroad flagman were up there, going about his business. He started braking the car, and the tires squealed as he came to a stop just in front of the roadblock. A state trooper came over and shined his flashlight in Hunter's face.

"You in a hurry?" the trooper said.

"I'm Stat Hunter."

"Push over," the trooper said. He got in behind the wheel of the car and leaned out the window and called to two other troopers, "This is Stat Hunter now. I'll take him in."

One of the other troopers moved the barricade almost to the side of the road, and the car started again. The trooper did not look at Hunter as he talked.

"There's no trace of her, and that's a good sign. Everybody's up looking in the Black Woods now. You know where that is?"

"Yes," Hunter said. "What about a kidnap?"

"Don't know," the trooper said. "They've got a nine-state alarm out for Walt Corio and they're watching the busses and the trains and the planes. No sign of him."

"Where'd you say they were now?" Hunter asked. "The people looking. In the Black Woods?"

"In and around there." The trooper shivered momentarily in the early-morning cold. "They worked that way from the house."

"Let's go there, then."

The trooper glanced at Stat Hunter, and said, "Okay."

At the next side road he turned to the left, almost without reducing speed, and they swayed onto a narrow macadam surface. The area known as the Black Woods, a forest of almost ten square miles, seemed to be approaching them from the grayness on the right up ahead. The trooper brought the car to a stop beside a cornfield that separated the woods from the road.

"We'll walk it from here," the state trooper said.

The field was wider than Stat Hunter had imagined, and when they got to the woods, the trooper said, "I don't know what you want to do. I don't know whether they've covered this part or not."

"Well," Hunter said, "I suppose one

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Tough problems these are, indeed. For in gas turbine engines, you need metals that hold their strength and also resist oxidation and corrosion at jet-high temperatures. In turbine wheels and buckets, where hot gases spin parts at 22,000 rpm, metals have a tendency to stretch under the tremendous force at high temperature. (Metallurgists call this "creep.") So you need a metal with high creep strength, too.

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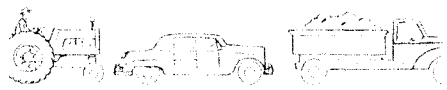
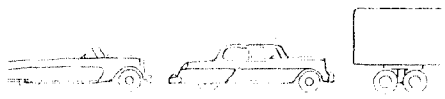


ON THE ROAD

STOP AT THE GRIZZLY



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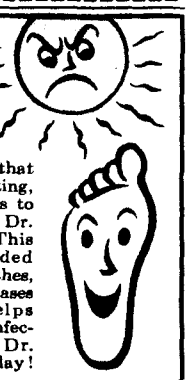

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way's as good as another. What do you think? Should we try to find the others?"

"I think so," the trooper said. They walked for maybe twenty minutes, the trooper wigwagging his flashlight all the time. Every so often great dull formations of rock showed up in the light from the policeman's torch.

"Plenty of caves in here," the trooper said. "I played in them when I was a kid."

"Have they looked in all of them?"

"We got to find the searchers first to find out. There's some noise up ahead. Wait. Listen for a minute."

There was some noise up ahead, some voices. The trooper cupped a hand to his mouth and shouted, "Halloooo!"

He did it twice more. After a bit, a light shone among the trees and two men appeared on a ridge, looking down.

"Police," the trooper said. "I got Stat Hunter with me."

The information was relayed back by the men on the ridge, and within moments it seemed that the forest was alive with men. There were other troopers, old men, young men, some boys, farmers and townsfolk. They came clustering around Stat.

For a while, in the midst of the awkward phrases of encouragement and hope, Andrew Hunter said nothing. He shook a lot of hands, nodded his head, murmured a few words.

Then he saw Marian.

His wife—he would always think of her as his wife, never as his former wife—seemed all alone as she came into the clearing.

"Stat," she said in a small, tired voice. She looked exhausted, but to Andrew Hunter's eyes, she was beautiful. She said, "Oh, Stat," and then he was holding her to him.

"Tired?" he asked.

"No." Her voice betrayed her exhaustion.

"We can talk later," he said. "You stay here. Stay right here and rest."

"We been aiming to start on the old treasure caves off back of the ridge," one of the farmers said. "Don't you worry about anybody missing a cave, Stat. You can come along with us."

They climbed up over the rocks to a formation containing a series of caves and tunnels. There were two main caves, and Hunter went with ten other men as they started working into them.

They were in the caves more than an hour, and now Stat knew they would not find Janet there. A wild, hopeless sense of loss engulfed him, and he leaned against the inner wall of one of the caves, his eyes pressed against the back of his hand.

WALT CORIO did not know he was the object of a nine-state kidnap alarm; and the city of Conway, New York, did not know that Corio had come back to town. The only person who knew he was back was the girl, Jo Ann, whom he went to see the night he got back.

The next night—the night of the search for Janet Hunter—Corio took Jo Ann to the Black Widow, the gambling joint operated by the man who had tipped Stat off on Whittier and Corio.

"To get some money off your friend Bird," Corio said to Jo Ann.

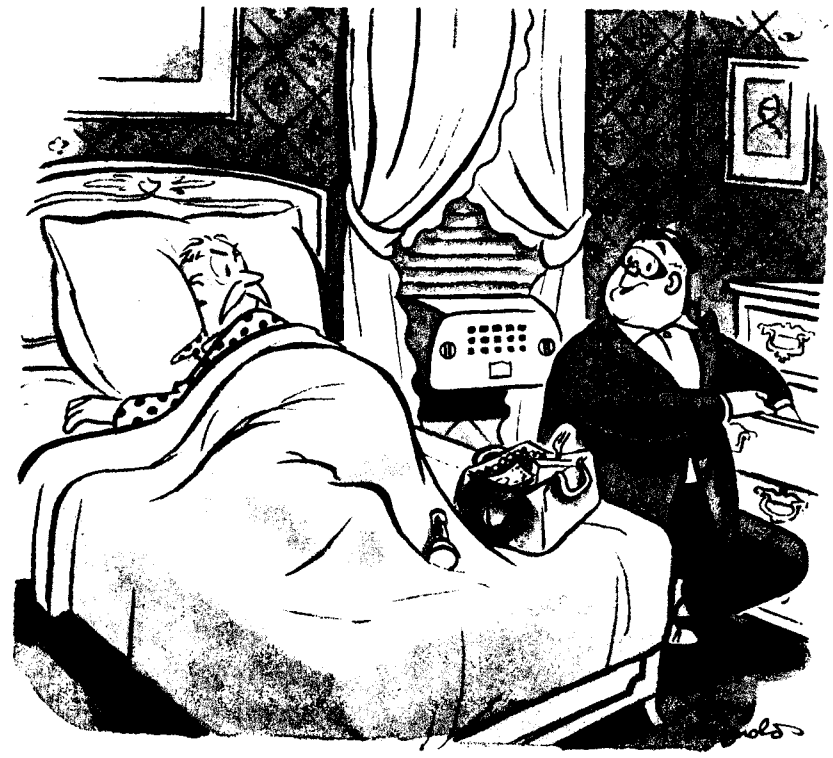
"He won't give you any," she said.

"No?"

They saw Bird in his office at the Black Widow.

"I'll do the talking," Walt Corio said.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S **"I figgered it was too hot to work t'night, then I noticed you got air conditioning"** LARRY REYNOLDS

"It's just as well," Bird said, "since I haven't got anything to say to you. Hello, Jo Ann. Do we have a date for Saturday night?"

"She has no more dates with you," Corio said. "That's number one. Number two, what I want from you is ten thousand dollars."

"So much?" Bird said quietly. "My."

"I need money."

"I imagine you do."

"And you're running an illegal operation."

"The police want you more than they want me."

"Maybe," Corio said, "but the Black Widow is a stationary target. I'm not."

"I see," Bird said. "So you're threatening me."

Corio grinned. Then he laughed. It was the first time he had laughed in many weeks. And as he was laughing, the door to the office opened, and two men stood there. One of them was Arnold Margolies, the sports editor of the Conway Times. The other was a photographer.

"I thought I recognized you when you came in," Margolies said to Corio. "Get them, Andy. The girl too."

Corio sprang. He knocked down the camera just as the flash went off, and he ran through the doorway.

Margolies watched him go. "They'll get him," he said quietly. "It's only a matter of time. You want to hear something funny? There's a kidnap alarm out for Corio in Nebraska. You know who? Stat Hunter's daughter. No, sit right where you are, Mr. Bird. This is still a story, so we might as well have your picture to go with it."

Bird said, "Anything about the operations downstairs?"

"Yup."

"Maybe we can talk this over."

"No, we can't, Bird," Arnold Margolies said.

"Damn it!" Bird said. "Damn it!"

The girl, Jo Ann, said nothing. . . .

How long Stat stood leaning against the wall of the cave he did not know. He was next aware of men suddenly running. Then someone yelled, "Hey, Stat! Stat! Hurry up, come here!"

Hunter stumbled out into the daylight. He felt himself steadied by someone who grabbed his arm. Off to the left there were three rocks, angled together so they formed a tiny cave all their own. A group of men stood around the opening. One of them turned and said, "Here's Stat. Let him through." They stepped back, and Andrew Hunter moved in between them and bent over, looking into the opening in the rocks. Behind him, two men held their flashlights focused on the ground just inside the cave.

STAT looked down dully. What he saw first was a state trooper, half sitting against the inner wall. The trooper was looking down.

Janet Hunter lay on the floor of the cave. She wore blue jeans and a plaid shirt, and there was a ribbon, still tied, in her hair.

The state trooper looked up at Stat Hunter. He said, "She's asleep. She's all tuckered out."

Andrew Hunter kneeled beside his daughter.

There were voices from outside.

"Here's Doc Kline now."

"Let him through in there."

Stat felt hands, gently insistent, upon his shoulders. He turned and saw a tired-looking, gray little man wearing enormous horn-rimmed glasses.

"Doctor," the little man said. "Let me get in there."

Andrew Hunter started to get up, and as he did, Janet awoke. She looked straight up at her father, and there was no surprise in her face. After a moment, she smiled.

"You see, Daddy?" she said. "I knew I was going to find you."

"Find me?"

She nodded seriously. "I decided I was going to wait till you were in St. Louis, because it was the nearest city where your team goes."

Hunter blinked, and moistened his lips. And then the doctor leaned over Janet with his stethoscope.

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Somebody behind Stat Hunter said, "The ambulance is out back of Charley Berghoff's place."

The doctor crawled out of the cave. "Everything seems to be all right."

"I'll carry her," Stat said. The state trooper in the cave helped Janet outside, and then Stat picked her up and held her with his face in her hair, his face wet with tears. He looked up and saw Marian standing there.

STAT HUNTER rejoined the Bears in Philadelphia, on a Sunday. They had split the six games played in his absence, and he waited for someone to allude to the fact that he had taken all that time away from the club to conclude a mission that actually had been accomplished within twelve hours after he left. But no one said anything, except to tell him, as many of the Bears and the sports writers did, that they were happy everything had turned out well at home.

The Bears won five in a row for Stat, and now the Philadelphia club had a four-game swing over St. Louis in fifth place. The big news now was that Chicago was losing.

With less than two weeks to go, the standings of the first division read:

	W	L	Pct.	G.B.
New York	87	57	.604	—
Boston	86	60	.589	2
Chicago	80	65	.552	7½
Philadelphia	77	67	.535	10

But Stat was not too hopeful.

All ten of Philadelphia's remaining games were against first-place New York and second-place Boston—two at Boston, two at New York, one more (a rescheduled game) at Boston, then three with New York and a final pair with Boston. Chicago, meanwhile, had three second-division Western clubs to deal with.

They were on the train for Boston when Ollie Marcus, the Philadelphia scout, came into Stat's compartment. He sat down across from Stat, and put his feet up on the seat.

"Proud of yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes," Hunter said. "Shouldn't I be, Ollie?"

"You ought to be damn' proud. You picked up eleven games in this race in less than two months. You've got a shot at third place."

"Not the best shot in the world."

"Not the worst either. You heard what Boston did this morning?"

Hunter shook his head.

"Called up an old pal of yours from Indianapolis. Guy's been going good in the Association. Joe Whittier."

Stat Hunter said nothing for a time. Then he asked, "Are they going to use him?"

"Start him, probably. Kingman's got pneumonia. They've got nobody else."

Hunter shook his head two or three times. "Problems. Get rid of one and you get another."

"You want to talk about it?"

"What?" Hunter knew Marcus was referring to Marian, and he knew Marcus knew he knew. "I don't know, Ollie. I just don't know. I'm in love with her. I know that."

"What about Marian?"

Hunter slammed the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. "She's got a point, Ollie. She's been fairly happy, and she's been fairly peaceful. She doesn't want to go back to it the way it was, when she was married to a guy who didn't know his elbow from left field and never gave a damn one way or the other." Hunter was using his hands as he talked. "I don't think she minded it for her sake, but she hated the way it worked out with Janet. What time I had, I wasn't spending with my daughter. You know."

"Well, you certainly have changed," Marcus said.

"Marian said she believed that. But it was all pretty emotional, the circumstances of our being together again for the first time since the divorce. I asked her to come back with me, and she said no, she wanted to wait till the season was over because she wanted to be by herself and think about it."

"She doesn't mind the ballplayer's life the way she used to?"

"It wasn't the ballplayer's life she minded. It was the ballplayer."

"Well, then," Marcus said, "it looks good for you."

"I hope so," Hunter said. "I only hope so. But I've made promises to her before and I always wound up the same Stat Hunter. She sits down by herself now to dope it out, she can ask herself what's the use? And if she figured that way, she wouldn't come back."

"Never mind. Besides, there's Janet. You know how she feels. Don't you think Marian knows it too?"

"It wasn't that way," Stat said. "I mean, it wasn't as if she liked one of us and didn't like the other, or was playing us off against each other. How can you explain it? Some of the kids she played with were needling her about not having a father. Then, before anybody knew what was happening, she'd taken off."

Marcus shrugged.

"Besides," Hunter said, "you get back to where you started, Ollie. I asked Marian to come with me and she said no."

"Okay," Marcus said. "Let's talk about Boston. Today's Friday. Tonight and tomorrow at Boston. Sunday two games at New York. Monday off. Tuesday at Boston. The rest of the week in Philadelphia. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, New York. Saturday and Sunday, Boston. All single games. I suppose you noticed the schedule."

"What about it?"

"New York and Boston are going for the pennant and they don't play each other at all the rest of the way in. That means they aren't saving any pitchers for each other. We'll get their big men."

Hunter nodded and looked out the window.

IN BATTING practice that night, Bill Avery was struck on the ankle by a batted ball. One small bone was broken, and Andrew Hunter became the regular center fielder for the Philadelphia Bears.

On his way out there, before the game, he passed Joe Whittier and said hello, but Whittier kept looking straight ahead. Then the line-ups went up on the scoreboard, and Hunter saw that Whittier was starting. Trouble, Stat Hunter said to himself.

Hunter moved Jesse Goodman up to second in the batting order, put himself up third. McNeil and Goodman had made out and Hunter was at bat in the start of the first inning when a roar went up from the crowd. It was the sound that can only mean information on the scoreboard. Hunter looked and saw that New York had scored six runs in the top half of its first inning in the other night game in the East. That made Boston unhappier than Philadelphia, even though, to all intents and purposes, it eliminated the Bears from a mathematical shot at the pennant;

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one New York victory or one Philadelphia defeat would do it, and six New York runs in the first inning suggested a New York victory.

Stat Hunter flied out, but, with Hines going for his twentieth victory and pitching expertly, Boston got only one hit over the first four innings. In the fifth, the Bears scored twice—and it was the hind end of the batting order that did it. Connover, Kramer and Hines all singled and McNeil flied deep for the pair of scores.

But in the last half of the sixth inning, Joe Whittier got his first major-league hit, a double that hit first base, bounced high over the head of Dog-Face Martin, and rolled out along the right-field line. The next man grounded out, sending Whittier to third, and the next one flied to Stat Hunter a step back from his normal playing depth. Hunter took the ball with his hands up in front of him and cut loose. Never at any time did the ball exceed ten feet in height. It hit the dirt for the first time on a line between the pitcher's mound and home plate, and flew on the single bounce low and true into the mitt of Jack Connover. Connover had Whittier by eight feet and, in the collision at the plate, dropped the ball. Philadelphia's lead was down to one run now, 2 to 1.

Then in the last of the seventh, with the crowd bellowing in the home team's behalf, Boston got to Hines for a walk and then a single to center that sent the front runner to third. Again there was a fly ball to Hunter in center field, this one a shorter loft on which he had to come in five or six steps. He caught the ball and saw the runner break from third. For an instant, he misread the play as a bluff break, but he threw home anyway, and got the man—in a close call this time that brought the Boston manager out of the dugout in raging protest.

So Whittier had told them. Not that they did not know anyway, but they had not faced Hunter personally this season, and they might not have been certain. No, Whittier had told them: The old man makes one good throw and his arm's dead. Run him.

GERALD HINES pitched grimly, almost bitterly, the rest of the way. Defensively, Hunter still could go and get them, breaking instinctively as few outfielders could do—only Joe and Vince DiMaggio, and Henrich, and Terry Moore and a bare handful of others in Stat Hunter's time. And in a make-or-break situation, his arm might still have a throw left. No, there was no point in Hunter's taking himself out of there.

Hines won it, 2 to 1, for his twentieth. New York had won its game, and now led Boston by three games—four in the lost column. Chicago lost, and now the Bears were only a game and a half out of third.

Saturday, Hobo Bates beat Boston 7 to 1. New York also lost. Chicago lost again, and the Bears were half a game out of third place.

In New York on Sunday, North struck out nine and still lost the opener 3 to 0, but Milt Sampson pitched an exciting one-hitter and Stat Hunter got four hits as the Bears won the second game 7 to 0. Chicago also divided, and still held third place by half a game. Boston won its game.

Everybody was off Monday. Tuesday the Bears were back in Boston for a night game, and Boston beat Jaretski 5 to 2, scoring one run and setting up another on Hunter's arm. Chicago was idle, but New York was winning. Now the standings were:

	W	L	Pct.	G.B.
New York	90	59	.604	—
Boston	88	62	.587	2½
Chicago	81	68	.544	9
Philadelphia	80	69	.537	10

New York, Chicago and Philadelphia each had five games left to play. Boston had four.

New York came into Philadelphia hoping to lock it up. They were scheduled for afternoon games Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Stat Hunter was scheduled, unaware, for a meeting Wednesday morning. She was waiting for him in the lobby when he came down for breakfast.

He saw her, and his first impulse was to get out of there, but she came up to him immediately, encircling his arm with her own.

"Well," he said. "Jo Ann. What brings you to Philadelphia?"

"You know what brings me to Philadelphia, Mr. Manager. Want to buy me breakfast?"

Hunter said, "I'm surprised you didn't come up to my room and shoot me, Jo Ann."

"I considered it," she said.

They went into the coffee shop and ordered breakfast. She was, he told himself, a pretty girl, but not for him. Aloud, he said, "When are you going to give up?"

"Why should I?"

"If you wanted to get out of Conway and wanted to get yourself a ballplayer, then you blew it," Hunter said to her. "Instead of Whittier or Corio or me, you should have latched on to Simon North. There's one with a real future."

"I grew up with Simon," Jo Ann said.

"That's the irony of it," Stat said. "He was the only local boy on the whole Conway team."

"It doesn't matter though," she said. "Those others didn't mean anything. The only one who cared at all was Whittier, and he saw how it was with me and you."

"How was it?" Hunter asked.

"You know how it was. Joe Whittier got mad at you when I told him about it."

"Drink your orange juice, Jo Ann."

SHE went on talking: "Corio came back to town and got chased again, and now do you know what's left for me? Bird, that's who. And they cracked on his dice game."

Hunter said, "Did you really come to Philadelphia just for this?"

She looked at him. "You're not still thinking of her, are you? Your ever-loving wife?"

Stat sighed. "Why don't you just give up, Jo Ann?"

She lifted her glass. Then, with a swift, sudden movement she threw the orange juice in his face.

Hunter sat there motionless for a moment. Then he reached for the napkin in his lap. As he did, the manager of the coffee shop came bustling over.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Hunter? Anything we can do for you?"

"Yes," Stat said. "See that this young lady gets on a train for Conway, New York."

Jo Ann put up no opposition. "I just hope you come back to Conway and beg me to take up with you again," she told Hunter. "See what I say then." . . .

Hunter watched the Philadelphia Bears go through their pregame practice. A few changes here, some strengthening in the catching and on the bench over the winter, and they

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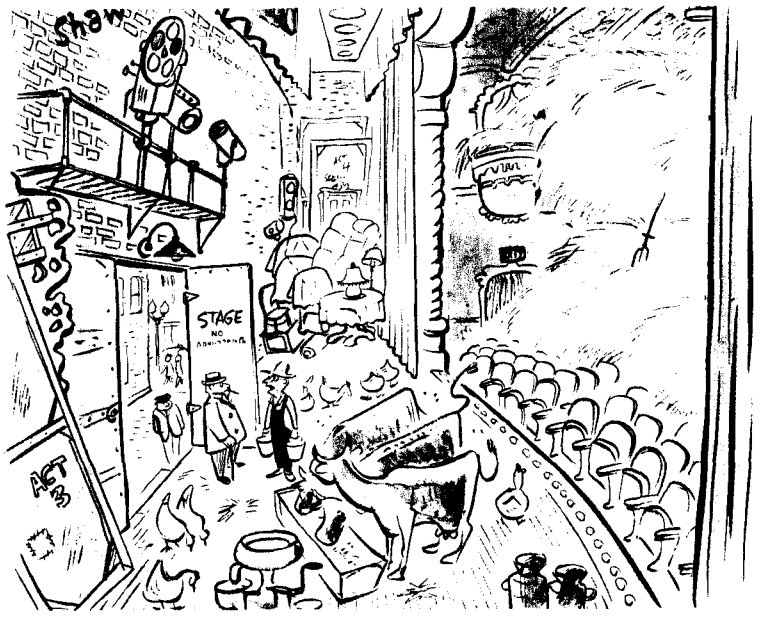

COLLIER'S **"Oh, they're all upstate in my barn for the summer!"** DICK SHAW

could take a run at the pennant next year. But now they were after third place. The difference in the individual shares from the World Series, depending upon whether you finished fourth or third, was not immense, but the Bears had something now that they had not evidenced when Stat Hunter replaced Morrison as manager. It was a deceptively simple something. They wanted to win.

Stat felt pride within him as he watched them working out before the game. The irritations and antagonisms that he had found when he took over the team had subsided; the players were loose, and they were optimistic too. They looked like a club that planned to win three straight from New York, which was more than optimism.

But today, Wednesday, Hines was going, and he was strong. In the third inning, Philadelphia scored. With two out, McNeil and Goodman both drag-bunted, and New York messed them up one after the other. Then Stat Hunter got the pitch he wanted, a pitch he had not seen since his return to the majors. It was a screwball, a trifle high, a trifle inside. The pitcher had wanted it to break more than it did, and even then he was taking a chance.

Hunter hit it as far as he had ever hit a ball in his life. It was headed for the upper deck in left field, but as it traveled it seemed to keep rising, and it cleared the roof for a three-run homer, a shot that went at least four hundred feet.

Every last one of his players had come up onto the lip of the dugout to applaud him when he got there. The stands, more than half filled on this weekday in late September, rocked in salute.

Philadelphia won the game, 5 to 1, for Hines's twenty-first. Chicago won too. Boston did not play.

THE next day it was Hobo Bates's turn. He had not done well against New York on the season, but New York was tight now. Holding first place since mid-May had built up the strain, and it was telling. They were a good club, and they figured for the pennant, but they were not going to win it this way. They might back in—percentages, and their edge in the lost column, suggested they would—but then they would not be rested for the World Series. In the other league, the pennant had been clinched a week ago.

Today, Thursday, Bates shut them out. He threw nothing but slow stuff, and New York was hitting in a smokestack all day long.

Stat Hunter, in center field, had eight put-outs. His arm, by now, was next to useless, but he did not have to make a play with it.

Bates took his shutout 6 to 0, and the next day there was a crowd of twenty-five thousand to watch the last game of the year between the teams. First, Milt Sampson, the right-hander who had thrown the one-hitter against New York the previous Sunday, was going today for the Bears. Second, Chicago had lost its game yesterday, and now Philadelphia was tied for third place. Boston had won its game, too, and New York's league lead was down to one game.

Sampson was throwing no one-hitters today, and Stat had to juggle pitchers and hitters all through the game. But Philadelphia finally won it, 5 to 4, to finish a sweep of the league-leaders.

In night games, Boston won and Chicago lost. Throughout the country, excited fans read the standings now:

	W	L	Pct.	G.B.
New York	90	62	.592	—
Boston	90	62	.592	—
Philadelphia	83	69	.546	7
Chicago	82	70	.539	8

Tomorrow Boston would be in town.

Stat Hunter slept only a little. Early in the evening he had received a visit from Harvey Gilbert of the league office. Gilbert came right to the point.

"Stat, we want nothing but baseball tomorrow and Sunday."

"What do you think you're going to get?" Stat asked.

Gilbert gestured in irritation. "You know what I mean. The way it stands now—with Boston winning its night game—the pennant can't be decided till Sunday. If then. We're giving you Tim Nance's team." Nance was the best umpire in the league, and the three other umpires with him all were good. "Your series is more important than the series New York will be playing, because you're in third place and New York's playing a second-division club. The umpires are going to go all out to go along with you. But the first pitcher sticks a ball in somebody's ear, there's going to be trouble. We're telling the same to the other club."

"Nobody's going to throw at any heads," Hunter said.

"Listen," Gilbert said, "this is my job. Just play baseball." . . .

Stat didn't want to use Tom Jaretski, but he was the only pitcher he had left. Jaretski said he felt all right, and Dave Donald, the coach, caught his warmup throws, and Donald said Jaretski's stuff was good.

"Okay," Hunter said, and then the bell was ringing, and over the public-address system came the strains of The Bears March, and the Philadelphia team was up and out of the dugout—Watson and Goodman running side by side, stride for stride, till the former stopped at third base while Goodman kept going into left field; McNeil and Stat Hunter going out together; Kramer trotting by himself to second base; Kyle Smith high-stepping out along the right-field line; Dog-Face Martin stopping at first base; Connover and Jaretski coming out together.

Jaretski took five throws, and then Connover started the ball around the infield.

Jaretski poised, studied, came around and delivered, and the Boston leadoff man fell sprawling away from the high inside fast ball. The big crowd bellowed, and Tim Nance, umpiring behind the plate, came striding out with his mask off, talking as he came.

It had been a slip, but there were specific orders out against a pitch like that. In center field, Stat Hunter worked the gum vigorously in his mouth. It was going to be a long game.

BUT nothing of further note happened until the top of the third. Then Jaretski went high and inside against another batter—Joe Whittier. This time, it was no accident.

Amid the rumbling thunder from the stands, Stat Hunter came in at a lope from center field. Jaretski, Connover and Nance were at the mound. Jaretski's voice was an angry snarl.

"You heard what the bush-leaguer called me! What do you mean don't pitch him that way? I'll murder him with the next one!"

One of the extra qualities that made Tim Nance a great umpire was the set of eyes he had in the back of his head. He turned now just in time to see Whittier advancing from the plate, bat held menacingly in hand.

"Get back where you belong, mister," Nance said evenly, "or I'll have you thrown out of baseball." The way he said it somehow conveyed the impression that he knew every last detail of Joe Whittier's background, including the money and the gamblers—and Jo Ann.

Whittier stopped where he was.

"And don't open your mouth again," Nance said.

Whittier went back to the plate.

"Now, you," Nance said to Jaretski. "I don't care what they call you. Another head ball and you're out of here. If your manager opens his mouth, he's out too. Does everybody understand?"

Jack Connover, the catcher, said, "Come on, let's play ball." Without having said anything, Hunter whacked Jaretski and went back to center field.

The noise from the crowd blended into the encouraging shouts of the Bears in the field and the furious bench jockeying from the Boston dugout. Joe Whittier hit the next pitch to left field for a single.

Jaretski was keeping him close. Three times he threw to Dog-Face Martin, and twice Whittier had to get back on his hands. Then Jaretski threw to the next man, and the hitter hung

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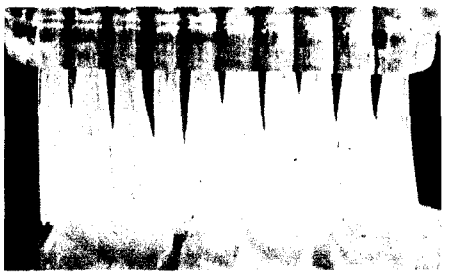

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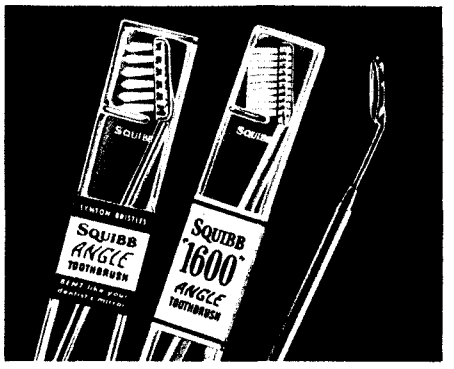

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out the clothes over the head of Bob McNeil.

Stat Hunter fielded the ball with his gloved hand, and saw that Whittier had made the turn at second and was digging for third. The ball left Stat Hunter's hand like a rifle shot. It drilled on the fly into Lynn Watson's glove, two inches above the ground on the infield side of third base and Whittier came sliding right into the tag. Watson had hardly moved from the time he took up position to receive the ball till the umpire called Whittier out.

NOW there was one away, but the Boston pitcher singled cleanly to right field, sending the runner to third; and when the leadoff man followed with a scoring single to left, Hunter waved for Moses Jones. Jaretski fumed on the mound, waiting for the relief man to get there.

Jones took over, in his own leisurely but nevertheless businesslike way. He delivered the first pitch to the next batter and was off the mound so fast that the man coming in from third base on the bunt was hung up. They ran him down, and when the man who had been on first base tried to make it to third, Connover tossed to Bob McNeil covering for the double play.

Still, it was a 1-to-0 game, and Boston's best right-hander, a twenty-three-game winner, was working against the Bears. It went that way to the seventh inning. Then Joe Whittier threw away Steve Kramer's ground ball. Kramer wheeled, dug for second, and beat the throw. It was a two-base error, and there were none out.

Andrew Hunter did not hesitate. If Kramer, leading off, had reached first base instead of second, then he would have had Moses Jones bat for himself and sacrifice the man to second. That way, Jones could still pitch the eighth and ninth.

But the man was already in scoring position. Hunter said, "Charley!" and Larsen stood up and went and got three bats. "Bring him in," Hunter said.

Larsen let the count go to two-and-one, and then he hit the ball deep to center field. Kramer had his hind foot on second base; on the catch he took off and was into third standing up.

Bob McNeil turned from the on-deck circle and came over to the dugout. "Bunt, Stat?"

"No, sir," Hunter said to him. "Hit the ball." The squeeze would be expected. Assuming that it worked, it would tie the score and leave the bases empty with two out. Then for the rest of the game, the Bears would have a second relief man going against Boston's top right-hander. With a man only on third base now, there could be no force play. The thing was to hit away—especially with the Boston infield automatically drawn in.

McNeil went up to hit, the noise of the crowd imploring, and Stat Hunter felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Moses Jones.

"Stat," he said, "I just had a vision."

Moses Jones believed in people having visions. If nothing else, it was a handy way to explain the home runs that were hit off his pitching.

"What's that?" Hunter said.

"They gonna pick that man off on the first pitch."

There was no time to think about it. Hunter flashed the take sign to Dave Donald, coaching at first. Donald relayed it to Mike Schwartz at third. McNeil at the plate got it from Donald. Kramer at third got it from Schwartz. The pitch rode in high and outside for ball one and the Boston catcher whipped the ball to third. Steve Kramer was standing right on the bag. But the catcher's throw took off. It was a full three feet over the third baseman's frantic, leaping clutch. The Boston shortstop had come over to back it up, but he had no play. Kramer was over, standing up, with the tying run.

Now the stands rocked with noise. McNeil grounded out, but Jesse Goodman singled out over second, and Stat Hunter moved to the plate.

He took strike one over the inside corner, then two balls, both inside. The next pitch he fouled back. He almost swung at the next one, but held back as it dipped and broke in. It was a close call, but Tim Nance, back of the plate, had it right. He called ball three.

It was the full count, and Stat Hunter preferred it that way. It meant that Goodman, a fast man, could break from first on the pitch with perfect immunity. And the pitcher would be throwing a strike. Walking Hunter now would bring up Dog-Face Martin, with Goodman in scoring position.

There were three men working in the Boston bull pen, and there was a sudden tumultuous outburst from the crowd. The scoreboard said New York had scored four runs in the sixth inning to go ahead in its game, 6 to 2.

The pitch came in and Stat Hunter lined the ball over the shortstop's head. The left and center fielders were moving together and back. The ball struck in between them, and the center fielder, reaching desperately, grabbed it with his bare hand before it could get by him. Hunter raced for second. He would have held up, to make sure that Goodman scored before the third out was made at second, except that he knew he had the throw beaten.

He was in there ahead of the throw, and still Joe Whittier went for the tag. He brought his glove across Hunter's face in a stinging sweep. Then, just to make sure, he brought it back again the other way.

WHAT happened then became something that Stat Hunter never could really remember. He could remember himself wrestling in the dust with Whittier, the hard feel of Whittier's knuckles on his mouth, like a man digging a posthole there. He remembered thinking to himself, if only vaguely: This is good—the longer this goes on, the more time North and Lindeman have to heat up in the bull pen.

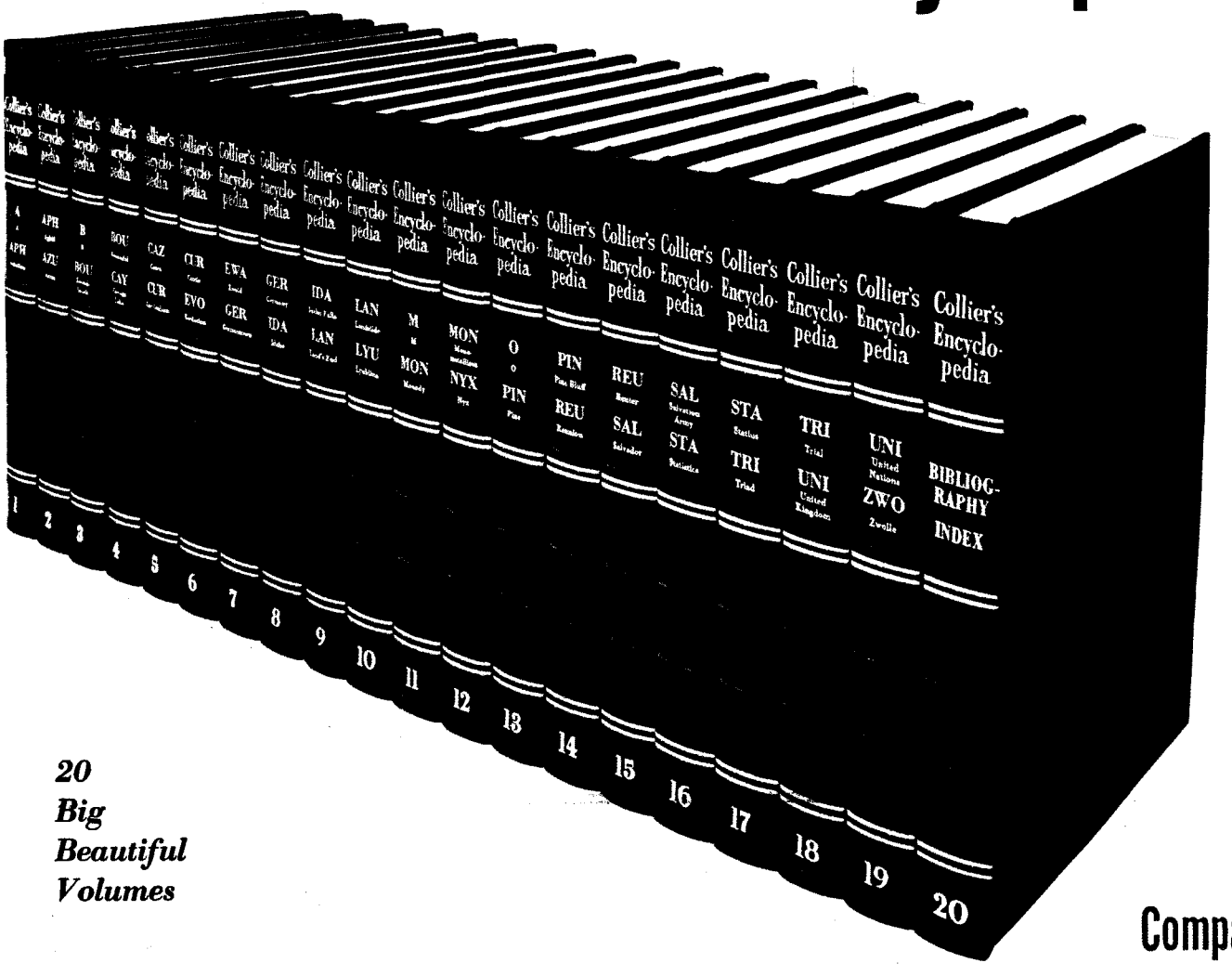
Uncertainly, he could remember being pulled away from the younger man, he could remember Tim Nance, the umpire, saying, "All right. This is a big one, and I say this to you: I'm not throwing you out, either of you. I'm reporting this to league headquarters. There will be one more chance. Just one. You know me. I say just one, I mean just one. Anything that happens

The Pliable Sex

Time's processing—so Darwin claimed—
Turned monkeys into men,
And women, ever since, have aimed
To turn them back again.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Collier's Encyclopedia--*a Moderr*



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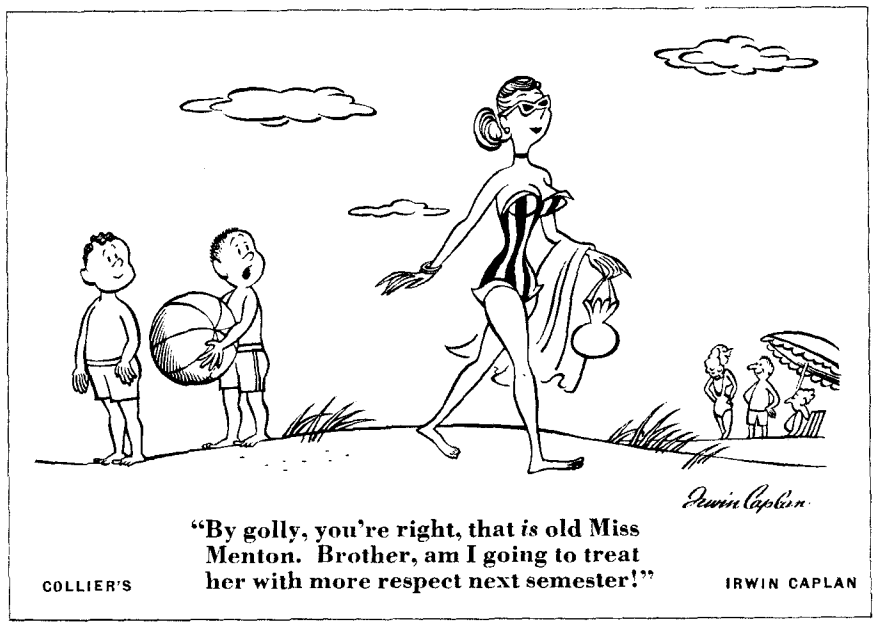

COLLIER'S **"By golly, you're right, that *is* old Miss Menton. Brother, am I going to treat her with more respect next semester!"** IRWIN CAPLAN

today, the guy that gets thrown out for it will not play tomorrow either. You have my word on that. I want everybody on this field to understand that. You ought to be out of here automatically, both of you. You've heard the way it's going to be."

Nance looked around. "Now, one minute flat to clear this field."

They cleared the field. Stat Hunter's lip was cut. He ran his tongue over the open place and led off second base. But he stayed there. Dog-Face Martin struck out.

The bull pen telephoned to Hunter that North was throwing better than Lindeman, and with only two innings to go the manager called for his young fast-baller. He told Lindeman to keep working. It was foresight, but for a kind of eventuality Stat Hunter had not envisioned. Whittier was the leadoff man for Boston, with Philadelphia ahead 2 to 1 in the top of the eighth inning, and the second pitch Simon North threw sailed straight for the batter's head.

WHITTIER reeled and fell flat in the dirt, and Nance brooked no explanation. He threw North out of the game. When Hunter got to the mound, Nance said, "The next pitcher I throw out, you go with him. I warned you about that. I told you, Stat."

Hunter said, "All right. You're running the game. I'll never prove it to you, but my man didn't throw intentionally at him."

"No?"

"No. If he had—and I wouldn't have blamed him—he would have done it with his first throw. Why waste a pitch?"

Then Hunter handed the ball to Paul Lindeman and went back to his position in center field.

Kyle Smith saved Lindeman with a deep running catch of Whittier's belt to right center, but the next man doubled to the opposite corner. Lindeman got the next one on a ground ball to Lynn Watson, the runner holding, but the next man singled on a line to center field.

Hunter, coming in on the run, went up in the air to spear the first bounce and fired for the plate. The ball struck just to the side of the pitcher's mound, and desperately Stat Hunter hoped for the miracle. A sharp throw would nail the runner, but this one, fired with accuracy and with initial speed, lacked propulsion. Stat Hunter's eyes told him now what his shoulder had told him a moment before. There was nothing on the ball.

Jack Connover, the catcher, was waiting tensely at the plate, his mask off, his body swung to half-face the runner coming in from third, waiting to get the ball on the bounce.

He got it on the bounce—the third bounce. The runner was across before the ball got there.

The next hitter tore into the ball and put it off the right-field wall on the fly. The runner, who had gone to second on Stat Hunter's throw-in, scored standing up. He would not have scored from first base.

Thereby was Stat Hunter responsible for both the tying and winning runs. He had Geller finish pitching the inning, pinch-hit Potts for him in the last of the eighth, used Matson in the ninth. Boston still won the game, 3 to 2, and with New York winning remained tied for the lead. Chicago had lost 7 to 5 to St. Louis, so the Bears still had third place by a game and could get no worse than a tie for third on the year, with the season ending tomorrow. Even then Chicago would have to win and Philadelphia would have to lose for Chicago to get the tie.

Even so, Stat Hunter was in an angry mood when he got to the clubhouse. He was angry at himself, and it was a futile kind of anger, for there was no longer anything he could do about his arm.

For a moment, he entertained the wild notion of going after Whittier in the Boston clubhouse, but he failed to see any good that would do. The news would get out, and he would end up by being suspended from playing in tomorrow's game, and he wanted to play in that game. It would, undoubtedly, benefit the Philadelphia Bears if he did, but that was not his reason. His arm told him what the reason was. Tomorrow's would be the last major-league game he would ever play.

IN THE morning, Stat and Ollie Marcus took a cab to the ball park together. The day was cloudy, and there was a damp feeling in the air, and the news was that in New York it had rained all morning and showed no signs of letting up. If New York could not play, then it would be strictly in Boston's hands: the pennant.

Marcus said, "Drop off with me for a minute at the North Philadelphia Station. I've got some friends coming in."

"So what do you want from me?" Stat Hunter asked.

"So you're in the cab with me. Take five minutes off."

"What happens if the train's late?"

"The ball game doesn't start till two

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o'clock this afternoon," Marcus said. "I guarantee you'll be there in time."

"I hate waiting for trains," Stat Hunter said.

"It'll give you something to worry about," Marcus said. "I'm trying to get your mind off the game. You've already got a contract for next year. You're the manager. Quit worrying. You look like you haven't slept for a week."

"That was a lousy game to lose yesterday," Hunter said. "And you know who lost it for us, don't you?"

Marcus nodded. "Lindeman. He's not a clutch pitcher."

"My throwing didn't help any."

"Somebody had to get the ball out there for you to throw it. Every time I looked up while he was pitching, somebody was hitting a long one. We'll work on some pitchers for you between seasons."

Hunter leaned back, took out a package of gum and put two sticks in his mouth. "You know what?" he said after a moment. "I'd like to win this one today about twenty to nothing."

"Let's settle for one run more than they get," Marcus said.

"I would have settled for that yesterday," Stat said.

THEY pulled up outside North Philadelphia Station. Marcus looked at the big clock and said, "We're late!"

"Maybe your train's late too."

"I hope so."

"Who's coming in?"

"Couple of prospects," Marcus said. "Good ones. Maybe they can help you. They've always wanted to meet a big-league manager. That's why I brought you along."

"You're always sweet to the prospects, aren't you?" Stat Hunter said.

"Invariably," Marcus said, and they got out of the cab and went inside. The blackboard said the train from Pittsburgh and Chicago was fifteen minutes late.

"See?" Marcus said. "Five minutes to wait."

They went upstairs together to the overhead platforms, and Hunter said, "Why'd you come here for? This train stops at Thirtieth Street."

"I know," Marcus said, "but this way you're only five blocks from the ball park." He stopped a porter and said, "Where is car B6 going to be in that train from Chicago?"

"Back there someplace," the porter said, and Hunter and Marcus went back along the platform.

The train pulled in, and as it slowed down Marcus found car B6 and started loping alongside, keeping up with the open door of the car. The conductor set down his little stool, and the first person he helped off the train was Stat Hunter's daughter Janet. Marian came down the steps behind her. "I'll see to the baggage," Marcus said. . . .

Stat Hunter realized that this was the first time in his long baseball career that he had ever chewed an entire pack of gum at once. He said to Gerald Hines in the clubhouse, "I've got news for you. We're going to win this one."

"That's no news for me," Hines said. He looked up and grinned. "I heard you and Marcus had to go to the station this morning."

"Is there anybody on the club who doesn't know about it?"

"Not to my certain knowledge," the pitcher said.

The Bears were dressing now, going out onto the field in twos and threes. There was a bunch of newspapermen sitting in the dugout when Stat Hunter got there. Most of them were Boston writers. One of them said, "You hear the news, Stat?"

For a moment, Hunter had the wild thought that they knew about it too. But he could see they were thinking of nothing but baseball. Poor stupes, he thought, and said, aloud, "No. What happened?"

"New York was rained out."

Hunter peered out at the Philadelphia sky. It was gray and threatening, but there still was no rain.

"Well," he said, "that leaves it up to us."

"It leaves it up to Boston, you mean," the newspaperman said.

"Us too," Stat Hunter said.

Another writer said, "You got your line-up ready?"

"Same line-up," Hunter said. He took a line-up card out of his pocket and went over and put it up on the side wall of the dugout just over the water cooler, fastening it to the wall with a strip of adhesive tape from a roll next to the trainer's bag. *McNeil, Goodman, Hunter, Martin, Smith, Watson, Connover, Kramer, Hines.*

"You think there's going to be trouble today, Stat?"

"What kind of trouble?"

"Like yesterday."

"Not unless they start it."

Marian and Janet sat in the front row of a box next to the Philadelphia dugout. Hunter went over to them and smiled and said, "Good seats?" What a question, he thought. I sound like one of the writers. What were they supposed to say—No, bad seats?

Marian smiled. Her blue eyes were at once possessive and fond. She said, "Stat Hunter, how many pieces of gum have you got in your mouth?"

He answered juicily. "Whole pack."

"Stat!" she said.

"Bawl me out," he said happily, and pushed his fist gently against his daughter's nose, and went back down into the dugout.

They took a home run away from him in the first inning. The Boston left fielder took it off the rim of the wall with an uncanny leap, and it had the effect of bringing Andrew Hunter back to the ball game. He said to himself, these guys are going for six thousand bucks a man. If it was you, you might jump pretty high yourself.

Hines was pitching beautifully. He allowed one hit over the first four innings. The Bears were hitting Boston's pitcher, but the Boston fielders were having a day. They were making play after play. In the second inning, with the bases loaded and one out, the Boston third baseman had stolen a grounder backhandedly along the line and converted it into a double play. The shortstop had made an improbable scoop and threw far to his left for a put-out on Steve Kramer, and it seemed to Stat Hunter that every time he looked up, one of the Boston outfielders was skidding in for a belly catch or climbing one of the walls.

IT WAS not until the sixth inning that somebody scored. Then it was Philadelphia. More accurately, it was Dog-Face Martin. Hunter singled and Martin crashed a home run over the right-field barrier, and the packed stands went wild.

Hines went out to pitch the seventh. Boston got a run off him—on a walk, a single to right, and a fly ball to Jesse Goodman.

Philadelphia led now 2 to 1. One-run games, Stat Hunter said to himself. They ought to be outlawed.

They came that way to the top of the ninth inning, and here Boston's lead-off man singled. Jones, Sampson and Bates all were going in the Philadelphia bull pen. The rule said the visiting team always went for the win, the home team for the tie, but Boston was going for the tie now with everything it had. The next batter sacrificed. Hines came off the mound and fielded it well and had a potential play at second base, but he wanted one runner on, not two, and he played it safely back to first,

COLLIER'S "This wouldn't happen if your wife wrote legibly" SID GORDIN

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where Steve Kramer came over to take the throw.

On the mound again, Gerald Hines took off his cap and ran the sleeve of his sweat shirt over his forehead. Then he steadied, threatened a throw to second base, and pitched to the plate. The batter was a big man, and Hines was giving him nothing. He got behind three-and-one and lost the next one to the umpire rather than put it through for the man to hit. The man walked.

JOE WHITTIER was up now. He hit the first ball pitched, hit it directly into the ground. It rebounded sky-high, and when Kramer, waiting for it to come down, grabbed it and threw to first, the throw was in the dirt and wide, and Dog-Face Martin made a sprawling save to prevent an advance. Whittier had it beaten anyway, and they gave him a hit.

Now the bases were loaded; there was one out. Stat Hunter did not call for time. Hines still had it, and he did not want to wait between batters.

Hines went to the full count on the Boston hitter. It was the Boston left fielder, Haggerty, a good hitter but not too dependable in the pinch.

He had good eyes, though, Haggerty did, and he would just as soon force the tying run over by walking.

Gerald Hines gave him his fast ball, and Haggerty hit it. It came almost lazily out toward center field. Moving as the bat came around, running to his left to get under the ball, Stat Hunter gauged the play. The runner on third was waiting, ready to break on the catch.

There had been a day when Stat Hunter's arm might have got the ball to the plate in time, but this was not the day. Boston knew it.

The ball was coming down. Hunter stayed a full stride back of its declining arc, so that at the last moment he could move forward and take it coming in, his body traveling in the direction of home plate.

He could see Hines off the mound now, racing to get behind the catcher and back up the throw. The crowd, roaring like a giant waterfall, seemed suddenly very far away.

Hunter caught and threw almost in the same motion. Later, he would agree with everyone else—the sports writers included—that this was the greatest throw he ever made.

The noise of the crowd now rose in an impossible crescendo. Head down, the Boston runner rocketed toward the plate. He did not understand the sound the crowd made. He thought it was for him.

But Stat Hunter had thrown the ball to first base.

Too late, Joe Whittier wheeled—stunned—and dived back for the bag.

Dog-Face Martin, a man who in years to come would bless the unknown angel that had kept him close to first base so he would be in position to take a throw he did not expect, caught it waist high, his hands stretched out in front of him, leaning out from the bag, just as he would take an infielder's throw. That was the double play.

First place was New York's. Third place was Philadelphia's, even though Chicago won its final game.

It was Stat Hunter that the players carried joyfully to the clubhouse. He ordered two rounds of beer for his players and did not mind anything or anybody, not even the sports writer who asked him what—in his studied opinion as manager—had been the key play of the game.

THEY had a suite at the Bellevue-Stratford, and they had dinner sent upstairs. Andrew Hunter had a very solemn discussion, about baseball, with his daughter.

"Daddy," she said, "why did everybody stand up when nothing was happening?"

He determined, after a little questioning, that she was talking about the seventh-inning stretch. It seemed to fascinate her.

"And why," she said, "did that man fall down at the end?"

"What man?"

"I don't know what man," Janet said. "He fell down on his face."

"She means Whittier," Marian said.

"Well," Stat Hunter said, "that particular man had been meaning to fall down on his face for a long, long time."

"Well, I wouldn't have done it in front of all those people if it had been me," Janet said.

The telephone rang, and Hunter answered. It was Ollie Marcus. He said, "When are we going to get together to talk over next season?"

Stat Hunter said, "There is a kind of language that would answer your question, but there are ladies present."

"Speaking of language," Marcus said, "you ought to hear Whittier's. They're sending him back to the minors. Any slob who wanders off first base on a fly ball needs—ah—seasoning. Good-by."

"So long," Stat said. He hung up, and, as an afterthought, picked up the receiver again and got the switchboard. "We won't want any more calls up here this evening," he told her.

HE WENT back to the table, and Marian wanted to know who it had been on the telephone, and Hunter told her. He said, "He wanted me to get together to discuss next season."

"Oh?" Marian said.

"Yes," Hunter said. "Oh." He went around the table and kissed her, and it got to the point where it made their daughter fidget. She pulled at Hunter's sleeve.

"Daddy," she said, "you never asked me about the surprise."

"What surprise?"

"The one I wrote you about. You know."

"Oh, yes. Well, what was it?" He remembered now that he'd thought the surprise was probably a pony.

"A chicken," Janet said. Her eyes were large. "A real new-born live baby chick." She started matter-of-factly on her dessert. "It only lived four days."

"You don't say," her father said.

"And I even let it sleep in my bed," Janet said.

Marian Hunter said, "Chickens belong with other chickens."

"You said it," Stat said.

"Well, next time I won't do it again," Janet said. She looked at her parents with interest. "Are you going to get married?"

Hunter looked at his wife. Then he said to Janet, "Yes, ma'am."

"Again?" Janet said.

Her mother smiled and nodded.

"And then will Daddy go away again?"

"No," Andrew Hunter said.

"Well, will we live with Grandpa?" Janet asked.

"No," Marian said, "we're going to have a house all our own. It's going to be a house near Philadelphia where we are now, and when Daddy goes away it will only be for trips with his team and he'll always come home."

"And I'll have a dog," Janet said. "I'll have a black dog with a white spot on his head, up over—you know—where his brain is inside, and at night he can sleep on my bed but not in it, so he doesn't get sick like my baby chick did."

"That sounds like a good program," Andrew Hunter said. "If that was all I had to worry about I'd consider myself a lucky man."

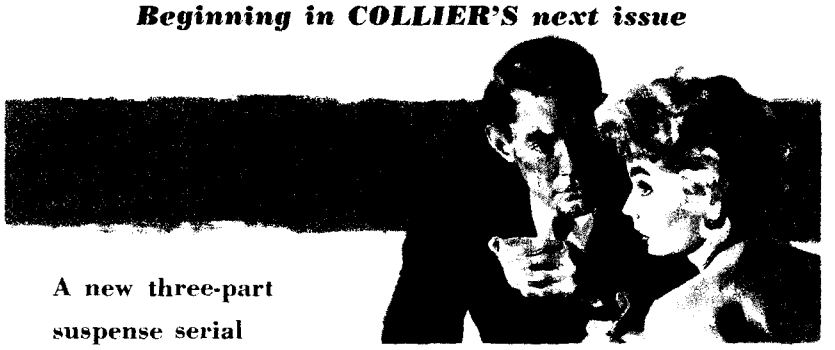
"And just what," his wife said to him, "do you have to worry about?"

Stat Hunter thought about it. "Nothing, I guess."

"Well," she said, "why don't you worry about not having anything to worry about for a while, till Janet goes to bed and the man comes to take the dinner dishes away, and then maybe you'll stop worrying altogether."

This happened. —CHARLES EINSTEIN

Beginning in COLLIER'S next issue



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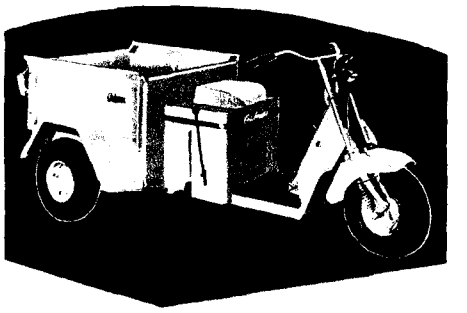

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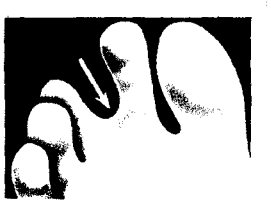

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A demon with his irons, deadly with his putter, pint-sized Bruce Haskell amazes the experts. For this brilliant youngster, golf is child's play

A FRECKLE-FACED ten-year-old named Bruce Haskell is well on his way to replacing the big Municipal Pier as St. Petersburg, Florida's, outstanding attraction. At an age when most boys have trouble playing miniature golf, Bruce is a four-foot ten-inch, 97-pound links prodigy who gets around a regulation-size course with the skill—if not the strength—of a professional.

Three years ago, when he was seven, Bruce trailed his older brother, Craig, to a junior golf clinic to take up the game. Craig, now twelve, soon gave up golf completely for baseball. But Bruce stuck with it and was breaking 100 almost before he could count that high. Now, in a typical round on his 6,300-yard home course, the Sunset Golf and Country Club, he'll wind up in the high 70s or low 80s.

Andy Mocsary, the flabbergasted professional who was Bruce's golf tutor, credits most of the boy's amazing skill to two factors: Bruce's double-jointed hands, which give him a remarkably strong grip on his clubs; and constant practice to improve his game. "Bruce will play 100 holes in an average summer week," says Mocsary. "All he needs to start wrecking par right now is the added distance on his shots that will come with normal growth as he gets older."

Even now, the husky ten-year-old is powering the ball 180 to 200 yards off the tee. But it's his amazing accuracy with irons and on the green that leaves adults bug-eyed. In his best round, a 77 last summer when he was only nine, Bruce rammed in two 25-foot putts, a 35-footer, and dropped a three-iron approach shot 18 inches from the pin.

Many embarrassed golfing elders, who play with far less success, have company right in Bruce's household. Father Ralph Haskell, a week-end golfer who manages an oil firm's office, has trouble breaking 90. —JOHNNY STEEN

odigy holes 15-foot practice putt. He often es time out during round to work on putting

Balls dropping in and around basket from 35 feet out show why nine iron is boy's favorite

Accurate with all clubs, Bruce landed this wood shot on green 170 yards away

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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HARRY DEVLIN

After the Brawl

NOW THAT THE Army-McCarthy hearings have been history for a month, and the soap operas have reinherited the daytime TV channels, we should like to do a final review of the long-run show from Washington, and try to summarize its effect—aside from the subcommittee's report.

We suppose the effect can be summarized in one word: damage. The legislative operations of Congress must have been delayed. The morale of the armed forces certainly could not have been heightened by the hearings. And our friends in other countries were obviously bewildered and dismayed by the goings on, with a consequent impairment of American prestige. But the greatest damage, we believe, occurred in the millions of homes where the televised proceedings were seen and heard.

Incidentally, this is not a rap at television. The wrangle over Private Schine, with all its ramifications, was of wide public interest, and the TV people had the same duty to cover it as the press and radio. And technically the television production was good. It's the script and the performances that concern us here.

The recent hearings were not the first Congressional proceedings to be broadcast, to be sure. But networks have been greatly extended and millions of sets have been sold since Senator Kefauver & Company had their crime-busting act on the air some three years ago. So it is safe to assume that more than half the people who viewed the Army-McCarthy hearings had never seen Congress in action before.

Probably they had formed some preconceptions. If they had envisioned Congressional procedure as something marked by statesmanship, responsibility, befitting seriousness and, above all, dignity, they must have suffered a rude disillusionment. But if they were among those who thoughtlessly sneer at politics and politicians—and we have listened to many such—their unflattering opinion could have been intensified.

It's too bad, for both houses of Congress have men of wisdom and intellectual stature who treat their positions with respect, who are patriots first and partisans second, and who deserve the country's thanks. Some such men were on the subcommittee which investigated itself on television. But in general the hearings seemed to us as pretty much of a disgrace to the tradition of a Senate where great men have served, great words have been spoken and great decisions made.

What must many Americans have thought, knowing that tradition but seeing government in action for the first time! It was a carnival, a sprawling, brawling travesty. It was a performance to shame some of the leading participants, who seemed to forget that their hammy hokum and snarling words were being seen across the country and heard around the world.

How much damage was done cannot be calculated. But fortunately the carnival is over. Now let us hope that responsible members of party and government will take over and, without any further side-show diversions, guide us wisely through the crises that face the country. And let us also hope that those citizens who were shocked by the recent burlesque of responsible government will be assured that some of the performers are not typical of the men in the Capitol who, through the years, have helped to make America great and strong and just.

Lie, Lie Again

NOT EVEN that past master of the Big Lie, the late Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels, quite matched the achievements in the field of prevarication which were reached by the Communist representatives at the inconclusive conference on Korea at Geneva. At least Goebbels' untruths were intended as propaganda, and were aimed at a captive audience which was pretty well insulated from reality. But the Soviet, Red Chinese and North Korean diplomats told their whoppers to a United Nations delegation which certainly knew how baldly and deliberately the Communists were distorting the facts.

We refer to the repeated charges by Molotov, Chou En-lai and Nam Il that the United States—and, by inference, the United Nations—was the aggressor in Korea. That line of talk, of course, has been used off and on for propaganda purposes for four years. But to repeat it at a serious international discussion among high government officials is almost incredibly cynical.

Molotov said that "United States aggressive circles must be prevented from turning South Korea into a springboard for unleashing a new war in the Far East." Chou has branded the UN as a belligerent. Nam has spoken of "armed intervention in Korea under the UN flag." We repeat these typical statements now because we do not feel they got the public attention they merited during the abortive Geneva talks.

Now, the Communists knew perfectly well who started the war in Korea, and why it was started, and why the United Nations intervened. The UN was able to act because of the providential fact that the Soviets were staying away and sulking at the time. And the UN behaved as it was intended to under such circumstances. The Charter envisioned united action in the event of aggression or invasion, and the machinery already existed to get the action under way. This also the Communist delegation knew.

Neither the Communists nor the Nazis were the first to use fabrication as an instrument of policy or public influence. But, in a somewhat happier day, governments did get down to discussing their differences with candor and realism when the diplomats got together. Geneva, however, was just one more indication that the distorted view of international relations which the Russians and their stooges continually take prevents the free world from doing business with them under normal, traditional conditions.

There is not much for the American government and its friends to do in these circumstances except be firm and patient and hopeful. But, in the line of firmness, there is one existing and positive course which we believe the United States should hold to: the opposition to Communist China's admission to the United Nations. There is enough Communist opposition to world peace and good will in the UN already. The Red Chinese should not be allowed to shoot or lie or bluff their way in to join the other obstructionists who block the way toward the UN's ideals and objectives.

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